OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS ENGLISHED,

BY

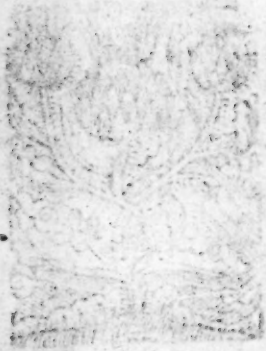
GEO. SANDYS.

The Sixth Edition.



LONDON,
Printed by *J. F.* for *A. Roper*, *R. Thomlins*, and *G. Sawbridge*. 1669.

Qa
A20 - LQ 10.574.6*
Harvard College Library
Salisbury Fund
September 27, 1938



TO THE

Moſt High and Mighty Prince

CHARLS,

King of Great *Britain*, *France*, and *Ireland*.

SIR,

YOur Gracious Acceptance of the firſt Fruit of my Travels, when You were our Hope, as now our Happineſs, hath actuated both Will and Power to the finiſhing of this Piece; being limn'd by that unperfect Light which was ſnatcht from the hours of the Night and Repoſe: For the Day was not mine, but dedicated to the Service of Your Great Father and Your ſelf; which had it proved as fortunate, as faithful in me and others more worthy, we had hoped, e're many Years had turned about, to have preſented You with a rich and well-peopled Kingdom, from whence now; with my ſelf, I only bring this Compoſure,

Inter Victrices Hederam tibi ſerpere Laurus.

It needeth more then a ſingle Denization, being a double Stranger, ſprung from the Stock of the ancient Romans, *but bred in the New world, of the rudeneſs whereof it cannot but participate; eſpecially having Wars and Tumults to bring it to light, inſtead of the Muſes. But however unperfect, Your Favor is able to ſupply, and to make it worthy of Life, if You judg it not unworthy of Your Royal Patronage. Long may You live to be, as You are, the Delight and Glory of Your People; and ſlowly, yet ſurely, exchange Your mortal Diadem for an immortal. So wiſhes*

Your Majeſties moſt humble Servant,

GEORGE SANDYS.

Qq

CHARLS.

Y.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

The First Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

The World form'd out of Chaos. *Man is made.*
The Ages change. The Giants Heav'n invade.
Earth turns their bloud to Men. Jove's *Flames con-*
Lycaon, *now a Wolf. The World is drown'd.* (*found*
Man-kind cast Stones restore: All-quickning Earth
Renews the rest, and gives new Monsters Birth.
Apollo Python *kil's: heart-wonded, loves*
Lust-flying Daphne: *She a Lawrel proves.*
Jove Io *made a Cow, to mask foul Deeds.*
Hermes *a Herdsman,* Syrinx *chang'd to Reeds.*
Dead Argus *Eyes adorn the Peacocks Train.*
The Cow to Io Jove *transforms again.*

OF Bodies chang'd to other shapes I sing.
Assist, you Gods, (from you these Changes spring)
And from the World's first Fabrick to these Times
Deduce my never-discontinued Rymes.
The Sea, the Earth, all-covering Heav'n unfram'd,
One Face had Nature, which they *Chaos* nam'd:
An undigested Lump; a barren Load,
Where jarring Seeds of things ill-join'd abode.
No Titan yet the World with Light adorns;
Nor waxing *Phœbe* fill'd her wained Horns;

Nor hung the self-pois'd Earth in thin Air plac'd;
Nor *Amphitrite* the vast Shore imbrac'd.
With Earth was Air and Sea: the Earth unstable,
The Air was dark, the Sea un-navigable:
No certain form to any one assign'd:
This that resists. For in one body joyn'd,
The Cold and Hot, the Dry and Humid fight,
The Soft and Hard, the Heavy with the Light.
But God, the better Nature, this decides,
Who Earth from Heav'n, the Sea from Earth divides;
And purer Heav'n extracts from grosser Air.
All which unfolded by his prudent Care
From that blind Mass, the happily dis-joyn'd
With strifeless Peace He to their Seats confin'd.
Forthwith up sprung the quick and weightless Fire,
Whose flames unto the highest Arch aspire.
The next, in Levity and place, is Air.
Gross Elements to thicker Earth repair,
Self-clog'd with weight. The Waters flowing round
Possess the last, and solid *Tellus* bound.
What God soever this Division wrought,
And every part to due Proportion brought;
First, lest the Earth unequal should appear,
He turn'd it round in figure of a Sphear:
Then Seas diffus'd, commanding them to roar
With ruffling Winds, and give the Land a Shore.
To those he added Springs, Ponds, Lakes immense;
And Rivers, whom their winding Borders fence.
Of these not few Earth's thirsty Jaws devour;
The rest their Streams into the Ocean pour;
When in that liquid Plain, with freer Wave,
The foamy Cliffs in stead of Banks they lave.
Bids Trees increase to Woods, the Plains extend,
The rocky Mountains rise, and Vales descend.
Two equal Zones, on either side, dispose
The measur'd Heavens; a fifth, more hot then those.
As many Lines th' included Globe divide.
I'th' midst unsufferable Beams reside:
Snow cloaths the other two: the Temperate hold
'Twixt these their Seats, the Heat well mixt with Cold.
As Earth, as Water upper Air out-weighs;
So much doth Air Fire's lighter balance raise.
There he commands the changing Clouds to stray;
There Thundering terrours mortal minds dismay;

And,

And, with the Lightning, Winds ingendring Snow:
Yet not permitted every way to blow,
Who hardly now to tear the World retrain,
(So Brothers jarr) though they divided reign.
To *Persis* and *Sabæa Eurus* flies,
Whose Gums perfume the blushing Morn's up-rise.
Next to the Evening, and the Coast that glows
With setting *Phœbus*, flowry *Zephyrus* blows.
In *Scythia* horrid *Boreas* holds his Reign,
Beneath *Bootes* and the frozen Wain.
The Land to this oppos'd doth *Auster* steep
With fruitfull Showrs, and Clouds which ever weep.
Above all these he plac'd the liquid Skies;
Which, void of earthly Dregs, did highest rise.
Scarce had he all thus orderly dispos'd,
Whenas the Stars their radiant Heads disclos'd,
(Long hid in Night) and shone through all the Skie.
Then, that no place should unpossessed lie,
Bright Constellations and fair-figured Gods
In Heav'nly Mansions fixt their blest Abodes:
The glittering Fishes to the Flouds repair,
The Beasts to Earth, the Birds resort to Air.
The nobler Creature, with a Mind possest,
Was wanting yet, that should command the rest.
That Maker, the best World's Original,
Either him fram'd of Seed Celestial;
Or Earth, which late he did from Heav'n divide,
Some sacred Seeds retain'd to Heav'n ally'd;
Which with the Living Stream *Prometheus* mixt,
And in that artificial Structure fixt
The form of all th' all-ruling Deities.
And whereas others see with down-cast Eyes,
He with a lofty Look did Man indue,
And bade him Heav'n's transcendent Glories view.
So that rude Clay, which had no Form afore,
Thus chang'd, of Man the unknown Figure bore.
The *Golden Age* was first; which uncompell'd,
And without Rule, in Faith and Truth excell'd.
As then there was nor Punishment nor Fear;
Nor threatning Laws in Brass prescribed were;
Nor suppliant crouching Prisoners shook to see
Their angry Judge: but all was safe and free.
To visit other Worlds no wounded Pine
Did yet from Hills to faithless Seas decline.

Then un-ambitious Mortals knew no more,
But their own Countrie's Nature-bounded Shore.
Nor Swords nor Arms were yet: no Trenches round
Besieged Towns, nor strifeful Trumpets sound:
The Souldier of no use. In firm Content
And harmless Ease their happy days were spent.
The yet-free Earth did of her own accord
(Untorn with Plows) all sorts of Fruit afford.
Content with Nature's un-enforced Food,
They gather Wildings, Straub'ries of the Wood,
Sowr Cornels, what upon the Bramble grows,
And Acorns, which *Jove*'s spreading Oke bestows.
'Twas alwaies Spring: warm *Zephyrus* sweetly blew
On smiling Flowers which without setting grew.
Forthwith the Earth Corn (unmanured) bears,
And every year renews her golden Ears.
With Milk and Nectar were the Rivers fill'd,
And Honey from green Holly-Oaks distill'd.
But after *Saturn* was thrown down to Hell,
Jove rul'd; and then the *Silver Age* befell:
More base then Gold, and yet then Brass more pure.
Jove chang'd the Spring (which alwaies did indure)
To Winter, Summer, Autumn, hot and cold:
The shortned Springs the Year's fourth part uphold.
Then first the glowing Air with fervor burn'd;
The Rain to Ice-sicles by bleak Winds turn'd.
Men Houses built, late hous'd in Caves profound,
In plashed Bowers and Sheds with Osiers bound.
Then first was Corn into long Furrows thrown,
And Oxen under heavy Yoaks did groan.
Next unto this succeeds the *Brazon Age*;
Worse natur'd, prompt to horrid War and Rage;
But yet not wicked. Stubborn *Ir'n* the last.
Then plushless Crimes which all degrees surpast
The World surround. Shame, Truth and Faith depart:
Fraud enters, ignorant in no bad Art;
Force, Treason, and the love of wicked Gain. (strain;
Their Sails those Winds which yet they knew not
And Ships, which long on lofty Mountains stood,
Then plow'd the impractiz'd Bosom of the Floud.
The Ground as common earst as Light or Air,
By Limit-giving Geometry they share.
Nor with rich Earth's just nourishments content,
For Treasure they her secret Intrails rent;

The powerfull Evil which all Power invades,
By her well hid and wrapt in *Stygian* Shades,
Curst Steel, more curſed Gold, ſhe now forth brought;
And bloudy-handed War, who with both fought.
All live by Spoil. The Hoſt his Gueſt betraies;
Sons, Fathers-in-law: 'twixt Brethren Love decaies.
Wives Husbands, Husbands Wives attempt to kill;
And cruel Step-mothers pail Poiſons fill.
The Son his Father's haſty Death deſires:
Foil'd Piety, trod under foot, expiers.
Aſtrea, laſt of all the Heav'nly Birth,
Affrighted leaves the Bloud-defiled Earth.
And that the Heav'ns their ſafety might ſuſpect,
The Giants now celeſtiall Thrones affect;
Who to the Skies congeſted Mountains rear.
Then *Jove* with Thunder did *Olympus* tear;
Steep *Pelion* from under *Oſſa* thrown.
Preſt with their Burthen their huge Bodies groan,
And with her Children's Bloud the Earth imbru'd:
Which ſhe, ſcarce throughly cold, with Life indu'd,
And gave thereto, t' uphold her Stock, the Face
And Form of Man: a God-contemning Race,
Greedy of Slaughter, not to be withſtood;
Such as well ſhews that they were born of Bloud.
Which when from Heav'n *Saturnius* did behold,
He ſigh'd, revolving what was yet untold,
Of fell *Lycaon*'s late inhumane Feaſt.
Juſt Anger, worthy *Jove*, inflam'd his Breaſt.
A Synod call'd, the ſummoned appear.
There is a Way well ſeen when Skies be clear,
The *Milky* nam'd; by this the Gods reſort
Unto th' Almighty Thunderer's high Court.
With ever-open Doors, on either hand,
Of noble Deities the Houſes ſtand:
The Vulgar dwell diſperſt: the chief and great
In Front of all their ſhining Manſions ſeat.
This glorious Roof I would not doubt, to call,
(Had I but boldneſs lent me) Heav'n's *White-hall*.
All ſet on Marble Seats, he leaning on
His Ivory Sceptre, in a higher Throne,
Did twice or thrice his dreadful Treſſes ſhake;
(The Earth, the Sea, the Stars (though fixed) quake)
Then thus, inflam'd with Indignation, ſpake:

I was not more perplext in that sad time
For this World's Monarchy, when, bold to climb,
The Serpent-footed Giants durst invade,
And would on Heav'n their hundred Hands have laid.
Though fierce the Foe, yet did that War depend
But of one Body, and had soon an end.
Now all the Race of Man I must confound,
Where-ever *Nereus* walks his wavy Round.
And this I vow by those infernal Floods
Which slowly glide through silent *Stygian* Woods.
All Cures first sought; such Parts as Health reject
Must be cut off, lest they the sound infect.
Our Demi-gods, Nymphs, Sylvans, Satyrs, Fawns,
Who haunt clear Springs, high Mountains, Woods and Lawns,
(Since yet on them we please not to bestow
Celestial Dwellings) must subsist below.
Think you, you Gods, they can in safety rest,
When me (of Lightning and of you possest,
Who both at our Imperial pleasure sway)
The stern *Lycaon* practis'd to betray?
All bluster, and in Rage the Wretch demand.
So when bold Treason fought with impious hand
By *Cæsar's* Blood t' out-race the *Roman* Name,
Mankind and all the World's affrighted Frame
Astonish'd at so great a Ruine, shook:
Nor thine for thee less thought, *Augustus*, took,
Then they for *Jove*. He, when he had suppresst
Their Murmur, thus proceeded to the rest:
He hath his Punishment; remit that Care.
The manner how, I will in brief declare.
The Times accus'd, (but as I hop'd bely'd)
To try, I down from steep *Olympus* slide.
A God, transform'd like one of Humane birth,
I wandred through the many-peopled Earth.
'Twere long to tell what Crimes of every sort
Swarm'd in all parts; the truth exceeds Report.
Now past fear-dreadfull *Menalus* Confines,
Cyllene, cold *Lycæus* clad with Pines,
There where th' *Arcadians* dwell, when doubtful Light
Drew on the dewy Chariot of the Night,
I entred his unhospitable Court.
The better Vulgar to their Pray'rs resort,
When I by Signs had shewn a God's repair.
Lycaon first derides their zealous Pray'r;

Then

Then said, We straight th' undoubted truth will try,
Whether he be immortal, or may die.
In dead of Night, when all was whist and still,
Me in my Sleep he purposed to kill:
Nor with so foul an Enterprise content,
An Hostage murthers from *Molossia* sent.
Part of his sever'd, scarce-dead Limbs he boils;
Another part on hissing Embers broils.
This set before me, I the House o're-turn'd
With vengeful Flames, which round about him burn'd.
He, frighted, to the silent Desart flies;
There howls, and Speech with lost endeavour tries.
His self-like Jaws still grin: more then for Food
He slaughters Beasts, and yet delights in Bloud.
His Arms to Thighs, his Clothes to Brist'es chang'd;
A Wolf; not much from his first Form estrang'd:
So hoary hair'd, his Looks so full of Rape,
So fiery ey'd, so terrible his Shape.
One House that Fate, which all deserve, sustains:
For through the World the fierce *Erinnys* reigns;
Youl'd think they had conspir'd to sin. But all
Shall swiftly by deserved Vengeance fall.
Jove's words a Part approve, and his Intent
Exasperate; the rest give their Consent.
Yet all for Man's Destruction griev'd appear,
And ask what Form the widowed Earth shall bear?
Who shall with Odours their cold Altars feast.
Must Earth be onely by wilde Beasts possest?
The King of Gods re-comforts their Despair,
And biddeth them impose on him that Care;
Who promis'd, by a strange original
Of better People to supply their Fall.
And now about to let his Lightning fly,
He fear'd lest so much Flame should catch the Sky,
And burn Heav'n's Axle-tree. Besides, by Doom
Of certain Fate he knew the time should come,
When Sea, Earth, raviſht Heav'n, the curious Frame
Of this World's mass, should shrink in purging Flame.
He therefore those *Cyclopean* Darts rejects,
And different-natur'd Punishments elects:
To open all the Floud-gates of the Sky,
And Man by Inundation to destroy.
Rough *Boreas* in *Æolian* Prison laid,
And those dry Blasts which gathered Clouds invade,

Out flies the South, with dropping Wings, who shrouds
His terrible Aspect in pitchy Clouds; (Showrs
His white Hair streams, his Beard big-swoln with
Mists bind his Brows, Rain from his Bosom pours:
As with his Hands the hanging Clouds he crusht,
They roar'd, and down in Showrs together rusht.
All-colour'd *Iris*, *Juno*'s Messenger,
To weeping Clouds doth Nourishment confer.
The Corn is lodg'd, the Husband-men despair;
Their long Year's Labour lost with all their Care.
Jove not content with his Æthereal Rages,
His Brother's auxiliary Flouds ingages.
The Streams convented; 'Tis too late to use
Much speech, said *Neptune*; all your Powers effuse,
Your Doors unbar, remove whate're restrains
Your liberal Waves, and give them the full Reins.
Thus charged, they return their Springs unfold,
And to the Sea with headlong Fury roll'd
He with his Trident strikes the Earth: she shakes,
And way for Water by her motion makes.
Through open Fields now rush the spreading Flouds,
And hurry with them Cattel, People, Woods,
Houses, and Temples with their Gods inclos'd.
What such a Force (un-overthrown) oppos'd,
The higher-swelling Water quite devours,
Which hides th' aspiring Tops of swallow'd Tow'rs,
Now Land and Sea no different Visage bore;
For all was Sea, nor had the Sea a Shore.
One takes a Hill: one in a Boat deplores,
And where he lately plow'd, now strikes his Oars;
O're Corn, o're drowned Villages he sails.
This from high Elms intangled Fishes hales.
In Fields they Anchor cast, as Chance did guide;
And Ships the under-lying Vineyards hide.
Where Mountain-loving Goats did lately graze,
The Sea-calf now his ugly Body laies.
Groves, Cities, Temples, cover'd by the Deep,
The Nymphs admire: in Woods the Dolphins keep,
And chase about the Boughs: the Wolf doth swim
Amongst the Sheep: the Lion (now not grim)
And Tigres tread the Waves: swift Feet no more
Avail the Hart, nor wounding Tusks the Boar.
The wandring Birds, hid Earth long sought in vain,
With weary Wings descend into the Main.

Licen-

Licencious Seas o're drowned Hills now fret,
And unknown Surges airie Mountains beat.
The Waves the greater part devour; the rest
Death with long-wanted Sustenance oppresst.
The Land of *Phocis*, fruitfull when a Land,
Divides *Aonia* from th' *Athæon* Strand;
But now a part of the insulting Main,
Of sudden-swelling Waters a vast Plain.
There his two Heads *Parnassus* doth extend
To touched Stars, whose Tops the Clouds transcend.
On this *Deucalion*'s little Boat was thrown:
With him his Wife: the rest all overflown.
Coryeian Nymphs and Hill-gods he adores;
And *Themis*, then oraculous, implores.
None was there better, none more just then he:
And none more reverenc'd the Gods then she.
Jove when he saw that all a Lake was grown,
And of so many thousand Men but one,
One of so many thousand Women, left;
Both guiltless, pious both; and all bereft:
The Clouds (now chac'd by *Boreas*) from him throws:
And Earth to Heaven, Heaven unto Earth he shews.
Nor Seas persist to rage: their awfull Guide
The wilde Waves calms, his Trident laid aside?
And calls blew *Triton*, riding on the Deep.
(whose Mantle Nature did in purple steep)
And bids him his loud sounding shell inspire,
And give the Flouds a signal to retire.
He his wreath'd trumpet takes (as given in charge)
That from the turning bottome grows more large:
To which when he gives breath, 'tis heard by all,
From far-uprising *Phœbus* to his fall.
When this the watery Deity had set
To his large mouth, and sounded a retreat;
All Flouds it heard, that Earth or Ocean knew:
And all the Flouds, that heard the same, withdrew.
Seas now have Shores: full streams their channels keep:
They sink, and hills above the waters peep.
Earth re-ascends: as Waves decrease, so grow
The forms of things, and late-hid Figures shew.
And after a long day, the trees extend
Their bared tops; with mud their branches bend.
The World's restor'd. Which when in such a state,
So deadly silent, and so desolate,

Deucalion saw, with Tears which might have made
An other Flood, he thus to *Pyrrha* said:
O Sister! O my Wife! the poor remains
Of all thy Sex, which all in one contains!
Whom humane Nature, one Paternal Line,
Then one chast Bed, and now like Dangers joyn!
Of what the Sun beholds from East to West
We two are all: the Sea intombs the rest.
Nor yet can we of life be confident;
The threatning Clouds strange Terrours still present.
O what a heart wouldst thou have had, if Fate
Had ta'n me from thee, and prolong'd thy Date!
So wild a Fear, such Sorrows, so forlorn
And comfortless, how couldest thou have born?
If Seas had suck'd thee in, I would have follow'd
My Wife in death, and Seas should me have swallow'd.
O would I could my Father's Cunning use,
And Souls into well-modell'd Clay infuse.
Now all our mortal Race we two contain,
And but a Pattern of Man-kind remain.
This said, both wept; both Pray'rs to Heav'n addres,
And seek the Oracle in their Distress.
Forthwith descending to *Cephisus* Flood,
Which in known Banks now ran, though thick with Mud,
They on their Heads and Garments water throw,
And to the Temple of the Goddess go,
At that time all defil'd with Moss and Mire;
The unfrequented Altar without Fire.
Then humbly on their Faces prostrate lay'd,
And kissing the cold Stones, with fear thus pray'd:
If Powers Divine to just Desires consent,
And angry Gods do in the end relent,
Say, *Themis*, how shall we our Race repair?
O, help the drown'd in Water and Despair.
The Goddess, with Compassion mov'd, reply'd,
Go from my Temple; both your Faces hide;
Let Garments all unbraced loosly flow;
And your great Parent's Bones behind you throw.
Amaz'd, first *Pyrrha* Silence breaks, and said,
By me the Goddess must not be obey'd;
And, trembling, Pardon craves: her Mother's Ghost
She fears would suffer, if her Bones were tost.
Meanwhile they ponder and re-iterate
The words proceeding from ambiguous Fate.

Then

Then *Promethides Epimethida*
Thus recollecteth, loſt in her Diſmay:
Or I the Oracle miſunderſtand,
Or the juſt Gods no wicked thing command.
The Earth is our great Mother; and the Stones
Therein contain'd I take to be her Bones.
Theſe, ſure, are thoſe we ſhould behind us throw.
Although *Titania* thought it might be ſo,
Yet ſhe miſdoubts. Both with weak Faith rely
On aiding Heav'n. What hurt was it to try?
Departing with Heads veil'd and Cloaths unbrac't,
Commanded Stones they o're their Shoulders caſt.
Did not Antiquity avouch the ſame,
Who would believ't? the Stones leſs hard became:
And as their natural Hardneſs them forſook,
So by degrees they Man's Dimenſions took,
And gentler-natur'd grew, as they increaſt;
And yet not manifeſtly Man expreſt:
But like rough-hewn, rude marble-Statues ſtand,
That want the Work-man's laſt Life-giving hand.
The Earthy parts, and what had any Juyce,
Were both converted to the Body's uſe:
Th' unflexible and ſolid turn to Bones:
The Veins remain that were when they were Stones,
Thoſe thrown by Man the form of Men indue:
And thoſe were Women which the Woman threw.
Hence we a hardy Race, inur'd to pain:
Our Actions our Original explain.
All other Creatures took their numerous Birth
And Figures from the voluntary Earth.
When that old Humour with the Sun did ſweat,
And ſlimy Mariſhes grew big with Heat;
The pregnant Seeds, as from their Mother's Womb,
From quickning Earth both Growth and Form aſſume.
So when ſeven-chanell'd *Nile* forſakes the Plain,
When ancient Bounds retiring Streams contain,
And late-left Slime ætherial Fervors burn,
Men various Creatures with the Glebe up turn.
Of thoſe, ſome in their very time of Birth;
Some lame; and others half alive, half earth.
For Heat and Moiſture, when they temperate grow,
Forthwith conceive, and Life on things beſtow.
From ſtriving Fire and Water all proceed:
Diſcording Concord's ever apt to breed.

So

So Earth, by that late Deluge muddy grown,
When on her Lap reflecting *Titan* shone,
Produc'd a world of Forms; restor'd the late,
And other unknown Monsters did create.
Huge *Python*, thee against her will she bred;
A Serpent whom the new-born people dread;
Whose Bulk did like a moving Mountain show.
Behold, the God that bears the silver Bow
(Till then inur'd to strike the flying Deer,
Or the swift Roe, who every Shadow fear)
That terrour with a thousand Arrows slew,
And through black Wounds the clouted Poison drew.
Then left the well-deserved memory
Of such a Praise in future times should die,
He instituteth celebrated Games
Of free contention, which he *Pythia* names.
Who ran, who wrastled best, or Rak'd the ground
With swiftest Wheels, the Oken Garland crown'd.
The Lawrel was not yet: all sorts of Boughs
Phœbus then bound about his radiant Brows.
Peneian Daphne was his first belov'd.
Not Chance, but *Cupid*'s Wrath, that fury mov'd.
Whom *Delius* (proud of his late Conquest) saw,
As he his pliant Bow began to draw;
And said, Lascivious Boy, how ill agree
Thou and these Arms, too manly far for thee!
Such suit our Shoulders, whose strong Arm confounds
Both Man and Beast with never-missing Wounds;
That *Python*, bristled with thick Arrows quell'd,
Who o're so many poys'ned Acers swell'd.
Be thou content to kindle with thy Flame
Desires we know not; nor our praises claim.
Then *Venus* Son; self-praised ever be:
All may thy Bow transfix, as mine shall thee.
So far as Gods exceed all Earthly Pow'rs,
So much thy glory is excell'd by ours.
With that he breaks the Air with nimble Wings,
And to *Parnassus* shady Summer springs:
Two different Arrows from his Quiver draws,
One Hate of Love, the other Love doth cause.
What caus'd, was sharp, and had a golden Head:
But what repuls'd was blunt, and tipt with Lead.
The God this in *Peneis* fixt: that struck
Apollo's Bones, and in his Marrow stuck.

Forth-

Forthwith he loves; a Lover's name she flies:
And, emulating un-wed *Phœbe*, joys
In Spoils of salvage Beasts and Sylvan *Lares*;
A fillet binding her neglected Hairs.
Her many sought: but she, averse to all,
Unknown to Man, not brooking such a Thrall,
Frequents the pathless Woods; and hates to prove,
Nor cares to hear, what *Hymen* is, or Love.
Oft said her Father, Daughter, thou dost owe
A Son-in-law who Nephews may bestow.
But she who Marriage as a Crime eschew'd
(Her Face with blushing Shamefac'd-ness imbu'd)
Hung on his Neck with fawning Arms, and said,
Dear Father, give me leave to live a Maid:
This Boon *Diana*'s Sire did her afford.
He, too indulgent, gave thee his Accord:
But thee thy excellency countermands;
And thy own Beauty thy Desire withstands.
Apollo loves, and faine would *Daphne* wed.
What he desires, he hopes; and is mis-led
By his own Oracles. As Stubbles burn,
As Hedges into sudden blazes turn,
Fire set too near, or left by chance behind
By Passengers, and scatter'd with the wind:
So springs he into Flames: a Fire doth move
Through all his Veins; Hope feeds his barren Love.
He on her Shoulders sees her Hair untrest.
O what, said he, if these were neatly drest!
He sees her Eyes, two Stars, her Lips which kiss
Their happy selves, and longs to tast their Bliss:
Admires her Fingers, Hands, her Arms half-bare;
And, Parts unseen conceives to be more rare.
Swifter then following Winds away she runs,
And him, for all this his Intreaty, shuns.
Stay, Nymph I pray thee stay: I am no Foe.
So Lambs from Woolves, Harts fly from Lions so;
So from the Eagle springs the trembling Dove:
They from their Deaths; but my pursuit is Love.
Wo's me, it thou shouldst fall, or Thorns should race
Thy tender Legs, whilst I inforce the Chase!
These Boughs are craggy: moderate thy Haste;
And, trust me, I will not pursue so fast.
Yet know who 'tis you please: no Mountaineer,
No home-bred Clown, nor keep I Cattel here.

from

From whom thou fly'st thou knowst not, (silly Fool!)
And therefore fly'st thou. I in *Delphos* rule;
Ionian Claros, *Lycian Patara*,
And Sea-girt *Tenedos* do me obey.
Jove is my Father. What shall be, hath been,
Or is, by my instructive Rays is seen.
Immortal Verse from out Invention springs,
And how to strike the well-concording Strings.
My Shafts hit sure: yet he one surer found
Who in my empty Bosom made this Wound.
Of Herbs I found the virtue; and through all
The World they me the great Physician call.
Ay me, that Herbs can Love no Cure afford!
That Arts, relieving all, should fail their Lord!
More had he said, when she, nimble with Dread,
From him and his unfinisht Courtship fled.
How graceful then! the Wind, that obvious blew,
Too much betray'd her to his amorous View,
And play'd the Wanton with her fluent Hair.
Her Beauty by her Flight appear'd more rare.
No more the God will his Intreaties lose,
But, urg'd by Love, with all his force pursues.
As when a Hare the speedy Grey-hound spies,
His Feet for Prey, the hers for Safety plies;
Now bears he up, now, now he hopes to fetch her,
And with his Snowt extended strains to catch her:
Not knowing whether caught or no, she slips
Out of his wide-stretch'd Jaws and touching Lips.
The God and Virgin in such Strife appear;
He, quickned by his Hope, she, by her Fear.
But the Pursuer doth more nimble prove,
Enabled by th' industrious Wings of Love.
Nor gives he time to breathe: now at her Heels,
His Breath upon her dangling Hair she feels.
Clean spent and fainting, her affrighted Blood
Forsakes her Cheeks. She cries unto the Flood,
Help, Father, if your Streams contain a Power.
May Earth, for too well pleasing, me devour:
Or, by transforming, O destroy this Shape,
That thus betrays me to undoing Rape.
Forthwith a Numness all her Limbs possest,
And slender Films her softer Sides invest.
Hair into Leaves, her Arms to Branches grow:
Her late swift Feet, now Roots, are fast there low.

Her

Her graceſull Head a leafy Top ſuſtains.
One Beauty throughout all her Form remains.
Still *Phœbus* loves. He handles the new Plant,
And feels her Heart within the Bark to pant;
Imbrac'd the Boke, as he would her have done,
And kiſt the Boughs: the Boughs his Kiſſes ſhun.
To whom the God, Although thou canſt not be
The Wife I wiſh'd; yet ſhalt thou be my Tree.
Our Quiver, Harp, our Treſſes never ſhorn,
My Laurel, thou ſhalt evermore adorn;
And Brows triumphant, when they *Io* ſing,
And to the Capitol their Trophies bring.
Thou ſhalt defend from Thunder's blaſting Stroke
Auguſtus Doors, on either ſide the Oak.
And as our un-cut Hair no Change receives;
So ever flouriſh with unfading Leaves.
Here *Pæan* ends. The Laurel all allows:
In ſign whereof her gratefull Head ſhe bows.
A pleaſant Grove within *Æmonia* grows,
Call'd *Tempe*, which high ragged Cliffs incloſe.
Through this *Peneus*, pour'd from *Pindus*, raves,
And from the bottom rowls with foaming Waves,
That by ſteep Down-falls, tumbling from on high,
Ingender Miſts, which Smoak-like upward fly;
That on the dewy tops of Trees diſtill,
And more then neighbouring Woods with Noiſes fill.
Here, in a Cave, his Court and reſidence
The great Floud keeps, here Juſtice doth diſpenſe
To Streams, and gentle Nymphs that Streams frequent.
The Flouds that native were with one conſent
Firſt thither came, as yet at ſelf-Debate,
Whether to comfort or congratulate.
Cool *Sperchius*, flow *Amphryſus*, *Apidan*,
Swift *Æas*, *Enipeus* that troubled ran.
Then forthwith thoſe who (as their Sources bend)
To Seas their Waves (with Wandring weary) ſend.
All but old *Inachus*; who in his Cave's
Obſcure Receſs with Tears augments his Waves;
For *Io* mourns as loſt; nor yet knows he
Whether above or under Earth ſhe be:
But ſhe, whom he not any-where could find,
He thinks is no-where: Fear diſtracts his Mind.
As from her Father's Streams the Nymph return'd,
Saturnius, ſeeing her, in Paſſion burn'd.

O Vir-

O Virgin worthy *Jove*, whose Bed must bless
What God I know not, though a man no less;
Here in these Woods, said he, or these repose,
Whilst thus the World with fainting Fervor glows.
Nor fear among the salvages to vente'r:
A God protecting, thou maist safely enter.
Nor one of vulgar Rank; but he that bears
Heav'n's Sceptre, and the Clouds with Thunder tears.
O! fly not. (for she fled.) The pastures past
Of *Lerna*, and *Lyrcan*'s gloomy Wast,
He in the Air a sable Cloud display'd,
Caught, and devirginates the strugling Maid.
Meanwhile with wonder *Juno* doth survey
Those dusky Clouds that made a Night of Day:
And finding that they neither took their birth
From vap'rous Streams, nor from the humid Earth,
For her mist Husband searcheth Heav'n, as one
To whom his Stealths so often had been known.
Whom when she could not find deceiv'd am I,
Or wrong'd, she said, Down from th' enamell'd Sky
She slides to Earth: The foggy Clouds withdraw
At her command. Her coming *Jove* fore-saw,
And changes *Inachis* into a Cow;
Whose Form even *Juno* pleas'd, demanding how
She thither came, whose was she, of what Herd;
As ignorant of what she more then fear'd.
Jove feigns (her Importunity to shift)
Her born of Earth. *Saturnia* begs the Gift.
What should he doe? Be cruel to his Love?
Or, by denying her, Suspicion move?
Shame that persuades, and Love doth this dissuade.
But stronger Love Shame under foot hath laid.
Yet doubts, if he should such a thing deny
His Wife and Sister, 'twould the Fraud descry.
Obtain'd, not forthwith Fear the Goddess left;
Distrusting *Jove*, and jealous of his Theft,
Untill delivered to *Argus* guard.
An hundred Eyes his Head's large circuite starr'd;
Whereof, by turns, at once two onely slept;
The other watch, and still their stations kept.
Which way so-e're he stands, he *Io* spies;
Io, behind him, was before his eyes.
By day she graz'd abroad: *Sol* under ground,
He hous'd her, in unworthy Halter bound.

On

On Leaves of Trees and bitter Herbs she fed;
(Poor soul!) the Earth, not alwaies green, her Bed;
And of the Torrent drinks: With Hands up-heav'd.
She thought to beg for Pity: how deceiv'd!
She low'd, when she began to make her Moan;
And trembled at the Voice which was her own.
Unto the Banks of *Inachus* she stray'd;
Her Fathers Banks where she so oft had play'd.
Beholding in his Stream her horned Head,
She starts, and from her self, self-frighted, fled.
Her Sisters nor old *Inachus* her knew.
Which way so-e're they went, she would pursue
And suffer them to stroke her; and doth move
Their wonder with her strange expressed Love.
He brought her Grass: she gently lick'd his hands,
And kist his Palms; nor longer tears withstands.
And had she then had Words, she had display'd
Her Name, her Fortunes, and implor'd his Aid.
For Words, she Letters with her foot impreſt
Upon the Sand, which her sad Change profest.
Wo's me, cry'd *Inachus* his Arms he throws
About her snowy Neck. O wo of woes!
Art thou my Daughter throughout all the Round
Of Earth so sought, that now, not found, art found!
Less was thy Loss, less was my Misery:
Dumb wretch, (alas!) thou canst not make reply.
Yet, as thou canst, thou dost: thy Lowings speak,
And deep-fetch'd Sighs that from thy Bosom break.
I, ignorant, prepair'd thy Marriage-bed:
My hopes a Son-in-law and Nephews fed,
Now from the Herd thy Issue must descend.
Nor can the length of time my Sorrows end,
Accurst, in that a God. Death's sweet relief
Hard Fates deny to my immortal Grief.
This said, his Daughter (in that shape belov'd)
The Star-ey'd *Argus* far from thence remov'd;
When, mounted on a Hill, the wary Spy
Surveys the Plants that round about him lie.
The King of Gods those Sorrows she indur'd
Could brook no longer, by his fault procur'd;
But calls his Son, of fulgent *Pleias* bred,
Commanding him to cut off *Argus* Head.
He wings his Heels, puts on his Felt, and takes
His drousie Rod, the Tow'r of *Jove* forsakes,

And

And, winding, stoops to Earth. The changed God
His Hat and Wings lays by, retains his Rod;
With which he drives his Goats, (like one that feeds
The bearded Herd) and sings t'his slender Reeds.
Much taken with that Art, before unknown,
Come, sit by me, said *Argus*, on this Stone:
No place affordeth better Pasturage,
Or Shelter for the Sun's offensive rage.
Pleas'd *Atlantiades* doth him obey,
And with discourse protracts the speedy Day:
Then, singing to his Pipe's soft Melody,
Endeavours to subdue each wakefull Eye.
The Herds-man strives to conquer urgent Sleep:
Though seiz'd on half, the other half do keep
Observant Watch. He asks who did invent
(With that he yawn'd) that late-found Instrument.
Then thus the God his charmed Ears inclines:
Amongst the *Hamadryade Nonacrines*
(On cold *Arcadian* Hills) for Beauty fam'd
A *Naias* dwelt, (the Nymphs her *Syrinx* nam'd)
Who oft deceiv'd the Satyrs that pursu'd,
The rural Gods, and those whom Woods include;
In Exercises and in chast Desire
Diana-like, and such in her Attire,
You either in each other might behold;
Save that her Bow was Horn, *Diana*'s Gold:
Yet oft mistook. *Pan* crown'd with Pines, returning
From steep *Lycæus*, saw her, and, Love-burning,
Thus said, Fair Virgin, grant a God's Request,
And be his Wife. He ceast to tell the rest.
She from his Prayers fled, as from her Shame,
Till to smooth *Ladon*'s sandy Banks she came:
There stopt; implores the liquid Sisters Aid,
To change her Shape, and pity a forc'd Maid.
Pan, when he thought he had his *Syrinx* claspt
Between his Arms, Reeds for her Body graspt.
He sighs; they, stirr'd therewith, report again
A mournfull Sound, like one that did complain.
Rapt with the Musick, Yet, O sweet, (said he)
Together ever thus converse will we.
Then of unequal wax-joyn'd Reeds he fram'd
This seven-fold Pipe: of her 'twas *Syrinx* nam'd.
Thus much about t'have said, *Cyllenius* spies
How leaden Sleep had seal'd up all his Eyes.

Then,

Then, silent, with his Magick rod he strokes
Their languisht Lights, which sounder Sleep provokes;
And with his Faulchion lops his nodding Head:
Whose Bloud besmear'd the hoary Rock with red.
There lies he, of so many Lights the Light
Put forth; his hundred Eyes set in one Night.
Yet that those starry Jewels might remain,
Saturnia fixt them in her Peacock's Train.
Inflam'd with Anger and impatient Hast,
Before said *Io's* eyes and thoughts she plac'd
Erinnys Snakes; and through the World doth drive
The Conscience-stung, affrighted Fugitive.
Thou, *Nile*, to her long Toil an end didst yield.
Approching thee, she on thy Margent kneel'd;
Her Looks (such as she had) to Heav'n up throws.
With Tears, Sighs, Sounds (expressing wordless Woes)
She seemed *Jove* t' accuse, as too ingrate,
And to implore an end of her hard Fate.
He clips his Wife, and her intreats to free
Th' unjustly plagu'd. Be confident (said he)
She never more shall cause thy Grief or Fear.
His Vow he bids the *Stygian* Waters hear.
Appeas'd, the Nymph recover'd her first Look,
So fair, so sweet: the Hair her Skin forsook;
Her Horns decrease; large Eyes, wide Jaws contract;
Shoulders and Hands become again exact;
Her Hoofs to Nails diminish: nothing now,
But that pure White, retains she of the Cow.
Then on her Feet her body she erects,
Now born by two. Her self she yet suspects,
Nor dares to speak aloud, lest she should hear
Her self to low, but softly tries with Fear.
Now she, a Goddess, is ador'd by those
That thine in linen Stoles where *Nilus* flows.
Hence sprung *Jove's Epaphus*, no less divine;
Whose Temples next unto his Mother's joyn.
Equal in Years (nor equal Spirit wants)
The Sun-got *Phaeton*; who proudly vaunts
Of his high Parentage, nor will give place.
Inachides puts on him this Disgrace:
Fool, you your Mother trust in things unknown,
And of a Father boast that's not your own.
Vext *Phaeton* blusht: his Shame his Rage repells:
Who straight to *Clymene* the Slander tells;

And,

And, Mother, said he, (to your grief 's increase)
I, free, (and he so lofty) held my peace;
Asham'd that such a tainture should be lay'd
Upon my blood, that could not be gain-said.
But if I be descended from above,
Give proof thereof, and this Reproach remove.
She hangs about her Neck; by her own Head,
By *Merops*, by his Sisters Nuptial Bed,
Intreats her to produce some certain Gage,
That might assure his question'd Parentage.
Mov'd with her Son's Intreaty, more inflam'd
With indignation to be so defam'd,
She casts her Arms to Heaven; and looking on
Sol's radiant Orbe, thus said, I swear, my Son,
By yon fair Taper that so bright appears
With far-projected Beams, who sees and hears;
That Sun whom thou behold'st, who Light and Heat
Affords th' informed World, did thee beget.
If not, may he to me deny his Sight;
And to my eyes let this be his last Light.
Nor far removed doth his Palace stand;
His first Uprise confines upon our Land:
If that thy heart do serve thee, thither goe,
And there thy Father of thy Father know,
Hereat joy'd *Phaeton* enlightned grew;
Whose tow'ring thoughts no less then Heav'n pursue.
His *Æthiopia* past, and *Inde* which fries
With burning Beams, he climbs the Sun's Uprise.

OVID's

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE SECOND BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Rash Phaeton *fires the World. His Sisters mourn*
His Tragedy; who into Poplars turn;
Their Tears to Amber; Cygnus *to a Swan.*
Jove Phœbe-*like,* Calisto *found a man:*
Her, Juno *made a Bear: She, and her Son,*
Advanced stars, that still the Ocean shun.
Coronis, *now a Crow, flies* Neptune's *fright.*
Nictimine *is made the Bird of Night.*
The too-officious Raven, late so fair,
Is plum'd with black. Ocyroë *grows a Mare.*
Phœbus *a Heardsman:* Mercury, *twice such;*
Who turns betraying Battus *into Touch.*
Envious Aglauros, *to a Statue, full*
Of her minde's spots. Love Jove *converts t' a Bull.*

SOL's lofty Palace on high Pillars rais'd
Shone all with gold, and stones that flame like blaz'd
The Roof of Ivory, divinely deckt:
The two-leav'd silver-doors bright rales project.
The Workmanship more admiration crav'd:
For, curious *Mulciber* had there ingrav'd
The Land-imbracing Sea, the orbed Ground,
The arched Heavens. Blew Gods the billows crown'd;

Shape-

Shape-changing *Proteus*, *Triton* shrill, the tall
Big-brawn'd *Ægæon* mounted on a Whale,
Gray *Doris*, and her Daughters, heavenly-fair:
Some sit on Rocks, and dry their Sea-green Hair;
Some seem upon the dancing Waves to glide;
Others on backs of crooked Fishes ride.
Amongst them all no two appear the same,
Nor differ more then Sisters well became.
The Earth had salvage Beasts, Men, Cities, Woods,
Nymphs, Satyrs, rurall Gods, and crystal Flouds.
Above all these Heav'n's radiant Image shines,
On both sides deck'd with six refulgent Signs.
To this bold *Phaeton* made his Ascent,
And to his doubted Father's presence bent;
Yet forc'd to stand aloof: for mortal sight
Could not endure t'approach so pure a Light.
Sol, cloath'd in Purple, sits upon a Throne
Which clearly with transcent Emralds shone.
With equal-reigning Hours on either hand,
The Daies, the Months, the Years, the Ages stand:
The fragrant Spring with flowry Chaplets crown'd:
Wheat-ears the brows of naked Summer bound:
Rich Autumn smear'd with crusht *Lyæus* Bloud:
Next hoary-headed Winter quivering stood.
Much daunted at these sacred Novelties,
The fearfull Youth all-seeing *Phœbus*, spies;
Who said, What hither drew thee, *Phaeton*,
Who art, and worthily, my dearest Son?
He thus reply'd, O thou refulgent Light,
Who all the World rejoycest with thy sight,
O Father, if allow'd to use that name,
Nor *Clymene* by thee disguise her Shame,
Produce some Sign that may my Birth approve,
And from my thoughts these wretched Doubts remove.
He from his Brows his shining Raies displac'd,
And, bidding him draw near, his Neck imbrac'd.
By Merit, as by Birth, to thee is due
That name, said he, and *Clymene* was true.
To clear all Doubts, ask what thou wilt, and take
Thy granted Wish. Bear witness, thou dark Lake,
The Oath of Gods, unto our eyes unknown.
These words no sooner from his Lips were flown,
But he demands his Chariot, and the sway
Of his hot Steeds, to guide the winged Day.

The

The God repents him of the Oath he made,
And, shaking his illustrious Tresses, said,
Thy Tongue hath made mine err, thy Birth unblest.
O, would I could break promise. This Request,
I must confess, I onely would deny.
And yet, dissuade I may. Thy Death doth lie
Within thy Wish. What's so desir'd by thee
Can neither with thy Strength nor Youth agree.
Too great Intentions set thy thoughts on fire.
Thou, mortal, dost no mortal thing desire;
Through Ignorance affecting more then they
Dare undertake who in *Olympus* sway.
Though each himself approve; except me, none
Is able to supply my burning Throne.
Not that dread Thunderer who rules above
Can drive these Wheels: and who more great then
Steep is the first Ascent, which in the prime *Jove*?
Of springing Day fresh Horses hardly climbe.
At Noon through highest Skies their course they bear,
Whence Sea and Land even we behold with fear.
Then down the Hill of Heav'n they scour amain
With desperate Speed, and need a steady Rein;
That *Tethys*, in whose wavy Bowers I lie,
Each Evening dreads my downfall from the Skie.
Besides, the Heav'ns are daily hurried round,
That turn the Stars to other Motions bound.
Against this Violence my way I force,
And counter-run their all o're-bearing Course.
My Chariot had, can thy frail Strength ascend
The obvious Poles, and with their force contend?
No Groves, no Cities fraught with Gods, expect;
No marble Fanes with wealthy Offerings deckt.
Through salvage Shapes and Dangers lies thy way:
Which couldst thou keep, and by no errour stray;
Between the Bull's sharp Horns yet must thou go,
By him that draws the strong *Æmonian* Bow,
The deathfull Scorpion's far out-bending Claws,
The shorter Crab's, the roaring Lion's Jaws.
Nor easie is't those fiery Steeds to tame,
Who from their mouths and nostrills vomit Flame.
They, heated, hardly of my Rule admit;
But, head-strong, struggle with the hated Bit.
Then, lest my Bounty, which would save, should kill,
Beware, and, whilst thou maist, reform thy Will.

A Sign

A Sign thou crav'st, that might confirm the mine:
I by dehorting give a certain Sign;
Approv'd a Father by Paternal Fear.
Look on my Looks, and reade my Sorrows there.
O, would thou couldst descend into my breſt,
And apprehend my vexed Souls unreſt.
And, laſtly, all the wealthy World behold:
Of all that Heav'n enrich, rich Seas unfold,
Or on the pregnant-boſom'd Earth remain,
Ask what thou wilt, and no Repulſe ſuſtain.
To this alone I give a forc'd Conſent;
No Honour, but a true-nam'd Puniſhment.
Thou for a Bleſſing beg'ſt the worſt of Harms.
Why hang'ſt thou on my Neck with fawning Arms?
Diſtruſt not, we have ſworn; but ask, and take
What thou can'ſt wiſh: yet wiſer Wiſhes make.
In vain dehorted, he his Promiſe claim'd,
With Glory of ſo great a Charge inflam'd.
The willful Youth then lingring *Phœbus* brought
To his bright Chariot by *Vulcan* wrought:
The Beam and Axletree of maſſie Gold;
On ſilver Spokes the golden Fillies roul'd;
Rich Gems and Chryſolites the Harneſs dekt,
Which *Phœbus* Beams with equall light reflect.
Whilſt this admiring *Phaeton* ſurveys,
The wakefull Morning from the Eaſt diſplaies
Her purple Doors, and oderiferous Bed
With plenty of dew-dropping Roſes ſpred.
Clear *Lucifer* the flying Stars doth chaſe,
And, after all the reſt, reſigns his place.
When *Titan* ſaw the Dawning ruddy grew,
And how the Moon her ſilver Horns withdrew,
He bad the light-foot Hours without delay
To joyn his Steeds. The Goddeſſes obey,
Who from their lofty Mangers forthwith led
His fiery Horſes, with *Ambroſia* fed.
With ſacred Oil anointed by his Sire,
Of virtue to repulſe the rage of Fire,
He crowns him with his Rays; then thus began
With doubted Sighs which following Woes fore-ran:
Let not thy Father ſtill adviſe in vain.
Soe, ſpare the Whip, and ſtrongly uſe the Rein.
They of their own accord will run too faſt
'Tis hard to moderate their flying Haſt.

Nor

Nor drive along the five directer Lines.
A broad and beaten path obliquely windes,
Contented with three Zones, which doth avoid
The distant Poles; the Track thy Wheels will guide.
Descend thou not too low, nor mount too high,
That temperate Warmth may Heav'n & Earth supply.
A lofty course will Heav'n with Fire infest;
A lowly, Earth: the safer Mean is best.
Nor to the folded *Snake* thy Chariot guide,
Nor to the *Altar* on the other side.
Between these drive. The rest I leave to Fate;
Who better prove, then thou, to thy own state.
But while I speak, behold, the humid Night
Beyond th' *Hesperian* Vales hath ta'ne her flight.
Aurora's Splendour re-inthrones the Day.
We are expected, nor can longer stay.
Take up the Reins, or, while thou mayst, refuse;
And not my Chariot, but my Counsel use,
While on a firm foundation thou dost stand,
Not yet possest of thy ill-witht Command.
Let me the World with usual Influence chear:
And view that Light which is unsafe to bear.
The generous and gallant *Phaeton*,
All Courage, vaults into the blazing Throne,
Glad of the Reins, nor doubtfull of his Skill,
And gives his Father thanks against his will.
Meanwhile the Sun's swift Horses, hot *Pyrœus*,
Light *Æthon*, fiery *Phlegon*, bright *Eous*,
Neighing aloud, inflame the Air with Heat,
And with their thundring Hoofs the Barriers beat.
Which when hofpicious *Tethys* once withdrew,
(Who nothing of her Nephew's Danger knew)
And gave them scope, they mount the ample Sky,
And cut the obvious Clouds with Feet that fly:
Who, rais'd with plumed Pinions, leave behind
The glowing East and slower Eastern Wind.
But *Phœbus* Horses could not feel that fraight:
The Chariot wanted the accustom'd Weight.
And as unballast Ships are rock'd and tost
With tumbling Waves, and in their steerage lost:
So through the Air the lighter Chariot reels,
And joults, as empty, upon jumping Wheels.
Which when they found, the beaten path they shun,
And (straggling) out of all subiection run.

He knows not how to turn, nor knows the way:
Or had he known, yet would not they obey.
The Coal now hot, *Triones* sought in vain
To quench their heat in the forbidden Main.
The Serpent next unto the frozen Pole,
Benumm'd and hurtless, now begins to roll
With actual Heat, and long forgotten Ire
Resumes together with æthereal Fire.
'Tis said that thou, *Bootes* ranst away,
Though slow, though thee thy heavy Wain did stay.
But when from top of all the arched Sky
Unhappy *Phaeton* the Earth did eye,
Pale sudden Fear un-nerves his quaking Thighs,
And in so great a Light be-nights his Eyes.
He wisht those Steeds unknown, unknown his Birth,
His Suit ungranted: now he covets Earth;
Now scorns not to be held of *Merops* Bloud,
Rapt as a Ship upon the high-wrought Floud,
By salvage Tempests chas'd which in despair
The Pilot leaveth to the Gods, and Pray'r.
What should he doe? much of the Heav'ns behind,
Much more before; both measur'd in his Mind.
The never-to-be-entred West surveys,
And then the East. Lost in his own Amaze
And Ignorance, he cannot hold the Reins,
Nor let them go; nor knows his Horses names:
But stares on Terrour-striking Skies (possest
By Beasts and Monsters) with a panting Breast.
There is a place in which the *Scorpion* bends
His compast claws, who through two signs extends:
Whom when the Youth beheld, stew'd in black Sweat
Of Poison, and with turn'd-up Tail to threat
A mortal Wound; pale fear his Senses strook,
And Slackned reins lets fall from hands that shook.
They, when they felt them on their backs to lie,
With un-controuled Errour scour the Sky,
Through unknown airy Regions, and tread
The way which their disordered Fury led.
Up to the fixed Stars their course they take;
And stranger Sphears with smoaking Chariot take:
Now climb, now by steep Præcipies descend,
And nearer Earth their wandring race extend:
To see her Brother's Steed beneath her own
The Moon admires: the Clouds like Comets shone.

Invading

Invading Fire the upper Earth assail'd
All chopt and con'd, her pregnant Juice exhal'd.
Trees feed their Ruine; Grass gray-headed turns;
And Corn by that which did produce it burns.
But this was nothing. Cities with their Towr's,
Realms with their People funerall Fire devours.
The Mountains blaze: high *Athos*, but too high;
Fruint-fruitfull *Ida*, never till then dry;
Oete old *Tmolus*, and *Cilician Taurus*,
Muse-haunted *Helicon*, *Oegrian Æmus*.
Loud *Ætna* roareth with her doubled Fires:
Pernassus groans beneath two flaming Spires.
Steep *Othrys*, *Cynthus*, *Eryx*, *Mimas*, glow;
And *Rhodope*, no longer cloath'd with snow.
The *Phrygian Dindyma* in Cinders mourns:
Cold *Caucasus* in frosty *Scythia* burns.
High *Mycale*, divine *Cithæron*, wast;
Pindus, and *Ossa* once on *Pelion* cast:
More great *Olympus*, (which before did hide)
The airy *Alps*, and cloudy *Apennine*.
Then *Phaeton* beheld on every side
The World on fire, nor could such Heat abide;
And at his deadly-dry and gasping Jaws
The scalding Air, as from a Furnace, draws;
His Chariot redder then the Fire it bore;
And, being mortal, could endure no more
Such clouds of Ashes, and ejected Coals.
Muffled in Smoak which round about him rolls,
He knows not where he is nor what succeeds;
Dragg'd at the pleasure of his frantick Steeds:
Men say the *Æthiopians* then grew swart,
Their bloud exhaled to the outward part.
A sandy Desart *Lybia* then became,
Her full Veins emptied by the thirsty flame.
With Hair unbound and torn the Nymphs, distraught,
Bewail their Springs. *Bœotia Dirce* sought;
Argos Amimone, *Ephyre* the fair
Pirene mist, Nor Streams securer are.
Great *Tanais* in boyling Channel fumes;
Teuthranean Caycus heat consumes;
Ismenus, old *Peneus*, *Erymanthus*,
Yellow *Lycormas* to be twice-burnt *Xanthus*.
Mæander, running in a turning Maze
Mygdonian Melas, and *Eurotas* blaze.

Euphrates, late inveſting *Babylon*,
Orontes, *Phaſis*, *Iſter*, *Thermodon*,
Ganges, *Alpheus*, *Sperchius* Flames infold:
And *Tagus* floweth with diſſolved Gold.
The Swans that raviſht with their melody
Mæonian Banks, now in *Cayſter* fry.
To fartheſt Earth affrighted *Nilus* fled,
And there conceal'd his yet-unfound-out Head;
Whilſt his ſeven duſty Chanels ſtreamleſs lie.
Iſmarian Hebrus, *Strymon* now are dry.
Heſperian ſtreams, *Rhene*, *Rhodanus*, the *Po*,
And Sceptre-deſtinated *Tiber* glow.
Earth cracks; to Hell the hated light deſcends,
And frighted *Pluto* with his Queen offends,
The Ocean ſhrinks, and leaves a field of Sand;
Where new diſcover'd Rocks and Mountains ſtand,
That multiply the ſcatter'd *Cyclades*,
Late cover'd with the deep and awful Seas,
The Fiſhes to the bottom dive: nor dare
The ſportleſs Dolphins tempt the ſultery Air.
Long boil'd alive, the monſtrous *Phocæ* die,
And on the brine with turn'd-up bellies lie.
With *Doris* and her Daughters, *Nereus* raves;
Who hide themſelves beneath the ſcalding waves.
Thrice wrathful *Neptune* his bold arm upheld
Above the Flouds: whom thrice the Fire repel'd.
Yet foodful *Tellus* with the Ocean bound,
Amidſt the Seas, and Fountains now unfound
(Self-hid within the womb where they were bred)
Neck-high advanceth her all-bearing Head
(Her parched fore-head ſhadow'd with her hand)
And, ſhaking, ſhook what-ever on her ſtand:
Where-with a little ſhrunk into her breſt
Her ſacred tongue her ſorrows thus expreſt:
If ſuch thy will, and I deſerve the ſame,
Thou chief of Gods, why ſleeps thy vengeful Fame?
Be't by thy fire, if I in fire muſt fry?
The Authour leſſens the Calamity.
But, whilſt I ſtrive to utter this, I choke.
View my ſing'd hair, mine eyes half-out with ſmoke!
The ſparkling cinders on my Viſage ſthrown!
Is this my recompence? the favour ſhown
For all my ſervice? for the fruit I have born?
That thus I am with Plough and Harrows torn?

Wrought-

Wrought-out throughout the year? that Man and Beast
Sustain with food? and you with incense feast?
But, say I merit ruine, and thy hate:
What hath thy Brother done (by equal Fate
Elected to the wavy Monarchy,)
That Sea should sink, and from thy presence fly?
If neither he, nor I thy pity move,
Pity thy Heaven. Behold! the Poles above
At either end do fume: and should they burn,
Thy habitation would to ruine turn
Distressed *Atlas* shoulders shrink with pain,
And scarce the glowing Axletree sustain.
If Sea, if Earth, if Heav'n should fall by fire,
Then all of us to *Chaos* must retire.
O! quench these flames: the miserable state
Of things relieve, before it be to late.
This said, her voice her parched tongue forsook,
Nor longer could the smothering vapors brook;
But, down into herself withdrew her head,
Near to th' infernal Caverns of the dead.
Jove calls the Gods to witness, and who lent
The straying Chariot; should not he prevent,
That All would perish by one destiny;
Then mounts the highest Turret of the Sky,
From thence inur'd to cloud the space-full Earth:
And give the Flame fore-running Thunder birth.
But, there, for wasted clouds he sought in vain,
To shade, or cool the scorched Earth with rain.
He thunders, and with hands that cannot erre,
Hurles lightning at th' audacious Charioteer.
Him struck he from his seat, breath from his brest,
Both at one blow, and flames with flames suppress.
The frighted Horses, plunging several ways,
Break all their tire: to whom the Bit obeys:
The reins, torn beams, crackt spokes, disperst abroad,
Scoreh'd Heav'n was with the Chariot's ruines strow'd.
But, soul-less *Phaeton* with blazing hair,
Shot head-long through a long descent of Air;
As when a falling star glides through the Sky,
Or seems to fall to the deceived eye.
Whom great *Eridanus* (far from his place
Of birth) receiv'd and quench'd his flagrant face:
Whose Nymphs inter'd him in his Mother's womb;
And fixt this Epitaph upon his Tomb:

Here *Phaeton* lies; who though he could not guide
His Father's Steeds, in high attempts he dy'd.
Phœbus with grief withdrew. One day did run
About the World, they say, without the Sun,
Which flamy funerals illuminate
That good, deriv'd from a wretched Fate.
When *Clymene* had said what could be said
In such a grief, half-mould, in black aray'd,
She fills the Earth she wanders through, with groans,
Erst seeking his dead corps, and then his bones.
Intern'd in foreign lands she found the last:
Her feeble limbs upon the place she cast.
And bath'd his name in tears, and strictly prest
The carved Marble with her bared breast.
Now it is, th' *Heliades* lament, who shed
From drowned eyes vain offerings to the dead:
Who with remorseless hands their bosoms tear,
And wailing, call on him that cannot hear.
With joyned horns four Moons their Orbs had fill'd,
Since they their customary plaints upheld:
When *Phaethusa*, thinking to have cast
Her self on Earth, cry'd ah! my feet stick fast!
Lampetie, pressing to her Sisters aid,
As suddenly with fixed roots was staid.
A third, about t' have torn her scatter'd hair,
Tore off the leaves which on her crown she bare.
This grieveth at her stiff and senseless thighs:
She, that in stretcht-out arms in branches rise.
And whilst with wonder they themselves behold,
The creeping bark their tender parts infold;
Then, by degrees their bellies, breasts, and all,
Except their mouths, which on their Mother call.
What should she doe? but run to that, to this,
As fury drave, and snatch'd a parting kiss?
But yet, not so sufficed, she strove to take
Them, from themselves, and down the branches break:
From whence, as from a wound, pure blood did glide.
O pity, Mother! (still the wounded cry'd)
Nor tear us in our Trees! O! now adieu!
With that, the bark their lips together drew.
From these clear dropping trees, tears yearly flow;
They hardned by the Sun, to Amber grow,
Which, on the Moisture-giving River spent,
To *Roman* Ladies, as his gift is sent,

Sibenelian

Sithonelian Cygnus at that time was there,
A-kin to *Phaeton*; in love, more neer.
He, leaving State (who in *Liguria* raign'd,
Which Cities great and populous contain'd)
Fill'd with complaints the River-chiding-flouds,
The sedgy banks, and late augmented Woods.
At length, his voice grew small: white plume contends
In whiteness with his hair: his neck ascends.
Red films unite his toes: arms turn to wings:
His mouth, a flat blunt bill, that sadly sings,
Become a Swan, remembring how unjust
Jove's Lightning was, nor Heaven, nor him will trust.
Whom Lakes and Ponds (detesting fire) delight;
And Flouds, to Flames in nature opposite.
The wofull Father to dead *Phaeton*,
Himself neglecting (all his lustre gon,
As when eclypst) day, light, his own life hates;
And loved grief, with anger, aggravates:
Refusing to illuminate the Earth.
Enough, too much my toil! born with the birth
Of Time; (as restless;) without end, regard,
Or honor: recompenc'd with his reward:
Some other now may on my Chariot sit.
If all of you confess your selves unfit;
Let *Jove* ascend: that he (when he shall try)
At length may lay his murther-thundring by.
Then will he find, that he, who could not guide
Those fire-hooft Steeds, deserv'd not to have dy'd,
The Gods stand round about him, and requeſt
That endless night might not the World invest.
Even *Jove* excus'd his lightning, and intreats:
Which like a King, he intermixt with threats.
Displeased *Phebus*, hardly reconcil'd,
Takes up his Steeds: as yet with horrour wild.
On whom he vents his spleen: and, though they run,
He lashes, and upbraids them with his Son.
The thunderer then walks the ample Round
Of Heavens high walls, to search if all were sound.
When finding nothing there by fire decay'd;
He Earth, and humane industries survey'd.
Arcadia chiefly exercis'd his cares;
There Springs and Streams, that durst not run, repairs;
The Fields with Grass, the Trees with Leaves indues,
And withered Woods with vanisht shades renews.

Oft passing to and fro, a *Nonacrine*
The God inflamed; her beauty, more divine!
'Twas not her Art to spin, nor with much care
And fine variety to trick her hair;
But, with a zone, her looser garments bound,
And her rude tresses in a Fillet wound:
Now armed with a Dart, now with a Bow:
A Squire of *Phœbe*'s. *Menelaus* did know
None more in grace, of all her Virgin throng:
But, Favourites in favour last not long.
The parted Day in equal ballance held,
A Wood she enter'd, as yet never fell'd.
There from her shoulder she her Quiver takes,
Unbends her bow; and, tir'd with hunting, makes
The flow'ry-mantled Earth her happy bed;
And on her painted Quiver lays her head.
When *Jove* the Nymph without a guard did see
In such a posture; This stealth said he,
My Wife shall never know: or, say she did;
Who, ah, who would not for her sake be chid?
Diana's shape and habit them indu'd,
He said; My Huntress, where hast thou pursu'd
This Mornings Chase? She rising, made reply;
Hail Pow'r more great then *Jove* (though *Jove* stood by)
In my esteem——. He smil'd: and gladly heard
Him-self, by her, before him-self preferr'd;
And kist. His kisses too intemperate grow;
Not such as Maids on Maidens do bestow.
His strict imbracements her narration stay'd;
And, by his crime, his own deceit betray'd.
She did what Woman could to force her Fate;
(Would *Juno* saw: it would her spleen abate)
Although as much as Woman could she strove:
What Woman, or, who can contend with *Jove*?
The Victor hies him to the ætherial States.
The Woods as guilty of her wrongs, she hates;
Almost forgetting as from thence she flung,
Her Quiver, and the Bow by which it hung.
High *Mœnalus*, *Dictynna* with her train
Now entring, pleased with the quarry slain,
Beheld, and call'd her: call'd upon she fled;
And in her semblance *Jupiter* doth dread.
But, when she saw th' attending Nymphs appear;
She troups amongst them, and diverts her fear.

Ah,

Ah, how our faults are in our faces read!
With eyes ſcarce ever rais'd ſhe hangs the Head:
Nor perks ſhe now, as ſhe was wont to do,
By *Cynthia*'s ſide, nor leads the ſtarry crue.
Though mute ſhe be, her violated ſhame
Self-guilty bluſhes ſilently proclaim.
But that a Maid, *Diana* the ill hid
Had ſoon eſpy'd they ſay, her ſlie Nymphs did.
Nine Crefcents now had made their Orbs compleat;
When, faint with labour, and her brothers heat,
She takes the ſhades; cloſe by the murmuring
And ſilver current of a fruitfull Spring.
The place much prais'd, the ſtream as cool as clear
Her fair feet glads. No Spies, ſaid ſhe, be here:
Here will we our diſrobed bodies dip.
Caliſto bluſh'd: the reſt their fair limbs ſtrip.
And her perforce uncloath'd that ſought delays;
Who, with her body, her offence diſplays.
They all abaſht, yet loth to have it ſpy'd,
Striving her belly with their hands to hide;
Avant, ſaid *Cynthia*; get thee from our train;
Nor, with thy limbs, his ſacred Fountain ſtain:
This knew the Matron of the Thunderer;
Whoſe thoughts, to fitter times, revenge defer:
Nor long delays; for, *Arcas* (which more ſcorn
And grief provok'd) was of the Lady born.
Beheld with ire, which turn'd her eys to flame;
Muſt thou be fruitful too, to blaze my ſhame,
And propagate the wrong? And muſt he be
A living infamy to *Jove* and me?
I'll not indure't: That ſo ſelf-pleaſing ſhape,
Which drew my Husband to thy willing Rape,
I ſure ſhall ſpoil. This ſaid, her hair ſhe wound
About her hand, and drag'd her on the ground.
Her hands, for pity heav'd (ſo ſmooth ſo fair!)
Grew forthwith rough, and horrid with black hair,
Her dainty hands (which ſwift deformity
Converts to paws) the place of feet ſupply.
The mouth, ſo prais'd by *Jove* (that late to ſin
Entic'd a God) now horribly doth grin.
And, leſt ſhe might too powerfully beſeech,
She inſtantly bereft her of her ſpeech:
In ſtead whereof, a noiſe aſcends her hoarſe
And rumbling throat, which terrour doth inforce;

Although a Bear, her mind she still possest's'd,
And with continual groans her griet expreſt;
With paws ſtretcht up to heaven; accus'd her fate:
And whom ſhe could not call, ſhe thought ingrate.
How oft, afraid to keep the Woods alone,
Sought ſhe the houſe and fields that were her own!
How often, chaced by the following cry,
Th' affrighted Huntreſs from her Hounds did fly!
Oft ſhe (the Wood's wild foragers eſpy'd)
Forgetting what ſhe was, her ſelf would hide:
A bear; yet trembles at the ſight of Bears;
And Woolves (her Father then amongſt them) fears.
When (lo!) *Lycaon*'s Grand-child thither drew,
Thrice five years old, nor of his Mother knew;
While he purſues the chace and ſalvage ſpoils.
(The *Erymanthian* Woods begirt with toils)
Her he encounters. *Arcas* ſeen, ſhe ſtaid,
And would have ta'ne acquaintance. He, afraid,
Stared upon her with a conſtant eye;
And backward ſtept, as ſhe approached nigh.
About to wound her undefended breſt:
The King of Gods, who did the fact deteſt,
With them, the crime withdrew, and both convey'd
To heaven: now neighbouring Conſtellations made.
Saturnia ſwell'd to ſee her Rival ſhine
Amongſt the Stars. She ſtoops to *Neptune*'s brine;
Gray *Tethys* and the old *Oceanus*
(Grac'd by the Deities) accoſting thus:
Ask you why I, the Queen of Gods, am come
From bleſt aboads? another holds my room.
When Night's black Mantle ſhall the World infold;
My wounds (thoſe honour'd Stars) you may behold;
There where the ſhorteſt Circle at the end
Of all the turning Axletree, doth bend.
Who would not injury the Wife of *Jove*,
When our worſt punihments preferments prove;
How great our Act! how is our power diſplaid!
Unform'd a Woman, and a Goddeſs made.
Thus we the glory ſcourge! Thus, thus we our
Revenge advance! ſuch, and ſo great our power!
Let him unbeaſt the Beaſt (as heretofore
Phoronis) and her wanton ſhape reſtore.
Why doth he not *Lycaon*'s Daughter wed,
Rejecting me, and place her in his bed?

But, you who once my carefull Nurſes were,
If my indignities do touch you near,
Command you that the ſeven *Triones* keep
Their lazie Wain out of your ſacred Deep. (drive;
From thence, thoſe ſtars, the price of whoredom,
Nor let th' impure in your pure Surges dive.
They both aſſent, Her Peacocks to the Skies
Their Goddeſs draw; late ſtuck with *Argus* eyes,
Thou too, thou prating Raven, turn'd as late
From white to black, by well-deſerved Fate.
(The ſpotleſs ſilver Dove was not more white,
Nor Swans which in the running brooks delight;
Nor yet that vigilant Fowl, whoſe gagling ſhall
Hereafter free th' attempted Capital)
Thy tongue, thy tell-tail tongue did thee undo:
And what was white, is now of ſable hue.
The Palm, *Coronis* of *Lariſſa* bare
From all th' *Æmonian* Dames for matchleſs fair.
Who dearly, *Delphian*, was belov'd by thee;
As long as chaſt, or from detection free.
But, *Phœbus* Bird her ſcapes did ſoon deſcry:
Nor could they charm the inexorable Spy:
Whom, flying to his Lord, the Crow purſues
(As talkative as he) to know the news:
And, knowing, ſaid: Thy ſelf thou doſt engage
By thankleſs ſervice ſlight: not my preſage.
Know what I was and am: through all my time
My actions ſift: thou'lt find my faith my crime.
For *Pallas*, on a day, in cheſt compos'd
Of *Attick* Oſiers; privately inclos'd.
Her *Erycthonius* (whom on Woman bare)
Committed to the cuſtody and care
Of three fair Virgin-Nymphs, that daughters were
To prudent *Cecrops*, who two ſhapes did bear:
Nor told what it contain'd, but charg'd that they
Her ſecrets ſhould not to themſelves betray.
Theſe from an Elm I (uneſpy'd) eſpy.
Fair *Herſe* and *Pandroſa* faithfully
Perform their charge. *Aglauros* then did call
Her fearfull ſiſters, and unties withall
The wicker Cabinet; whoſe twigs contain
An infant, raiſed on a Dragon's train.
This, I my Goddeſs told; and for reward,
Am now cathiered from *Minerva*'s Guard,

The

The Bird of Night prefer'd. Beware by me:
Not too officiously tell all you see.
Truth is, I never to that place aspir'd;
She gave it me, unsought-to, undesir'd:
Were *Pallas* askt, though angry, yet know I
That angry *Pallas* would not this deny,
Me had King *Coronens*, great in fame;
Through happy *Phocis*, by a royal Dame.
Rich suiters I (despise me not) had store:
My beauty wreckt me. Walking on the Shoar,
As leasurely as now I use to go,
Cold *Neptune* saw me, and with lust did glow.
The time, his pray'rs and praises spent in vain;
What would not yield, he offers to constrain,
And follows me that fled. The harder strand
Behind me left, and tir'd with yielding sand,
To Gods and men I cry. No humane aid
Was then at hand: a Maid relieves a Maid,
For, as to heaven my trembling arms I threw;
My arms cole-black with hovering feathers grew.
My robe I from my shoulders thought to throw:
But, that was plume, and to my skin did grow.
With hands to beat my naked breast I try:
But, neither breast to beat, nor hands had I.
Running, in sand I sunk not as before;
But, me the scarce touch'd-Earth, unburden'd bore.
Forthwith, I lightly through the Air ascend;
And on *Minerva* without blame attend.
But, what was this; when she, whose wicked deeds
Unwoman'd her, in our lost grace succeeds?
For, know (no more then through all *Lesbos* spred)
Nyctimene defil'd her Fathers-bed,
Though now a Bird; yet, full of guilt, the sight,
The Day, she shuns: and masks her shame in Night.
About her, all our winged troops repair;
And, with invectives, chase her through the Air.
To her the Raven: Mischief thee surprize
For staying me: Vain omens I despise;
Then forward flew; and told the hurtfull truth
Of lost *Coronis*, and th' *Æmonian* youth.
The hard drops from his hand, and from his head
The Laurel fell, his cheerful colour fled.
Transported with his rage, his Bow he took,
And with inevitable [illegible] strook

That

That breſt, which he ſo oft to his had join'd:
She ſhrieks; and from the deadly wound doth wind
The biting ſteel, purſu'd with ſtreams of bloud,
That bath'd her pure white in a crimſon cloud:
And ſaid; Though this be due, yet, *Phœbus*, I
Might firſt have teem'd: now, two in one muſt die.
She faints: forc'd life in her bloud's torrent ſwims:
And ſtifning cold benums her ſenſleſs limbs.
His cruelty to her he lov'd, too late,
He now repenteth, and himſelf doth hate,
Who lent an ear, whom rage could ſo incenſe:
He hates his bird, by whom he knew th' offence;
He hates his Art, his Quiver, and his Bow;
Then, takes her up, and all his skill doth ſhow.
But (ah!) too late to vanquiſh Fate he tries.
And Surgery, without ſucceſs, applies.
Which when he ſaw, and ſaw the funeral pile
Prepared to devour ſo dear a ſpoil;
He deeply groans (for no celeſtial eye
May ſhed a tear) as when a Cow ſtands by
And lows aloud to ſee th' advanced maul
Upon the fore-head of her ſuckling fall,
And now uncar'd-for odours pour'd upon her;
And undue death with all due rites doth honour.
But, *Phœbus*, not indaring that his ſeed
(And that by her) the greedy Fire ſhould feed,
Snatcht it both from her womb, and from the flame:
And to the too-ſhap'd *Chiron* brought the ſame.
The white-plum'd Raven, who reward expects,
He turns to black; and for his truth rejects.
It pleas'd the Half-horſe to be ſo imploy'd;
Who in his honourable trouble joy'd.
Behold! the *Centaur*'s daughter with red hair,
Whom formerly the Nymph *Caricle* bare
By the ſwift River, and *Ocyroe* nam'd;
Who had her Father's healthfull Art diſclaim'd,
To ſing the depth of Fates: Now, when her breaſt
Was by the propheſying rage poſſeſt,
And that th' included God inflam'd her mind;
Beholding of the Babe, ſhe thus divin'd:
Health-giver to the world, grow Infant, grow;
To whom mortality ſo much ſhall ow.
Fled Souls thou ſhalt reſtore to their abodes:
And once againſt the pleaſure of the Gods.

To

To do the like, thy Grandsires flames deny:
And thou, begotten by a God, must die.
Thou, of a bloudless corps, a God shalt be:
And Nature twice shall be renew'd in thee.
And you, dear Father, not a Mortal now;
To whom the Fates eternity allow;
Shall wish to die, then when your wound shall smart
With Serpents bloud, and slight your helpless Art.
Relenting Fates will pity you with death,
Against their Law, and stop your groaning breath.
Not all yet said, her sighs in storms arise;
And ill-aboading tears burst from her eyes.
Then, thus: My Fates prevent me: lo, they tie
My falt'ring tongue, and farther speech deny.
Alass! these arts not of that value be,
That they should draw the wrath of heaven on me:
O, rather would I nothing had fore-known!
My looks seem now not humane, nor my own.
I long to feed on Grass, I long to run
About the spacious fields, Wo's me, undone!
Into a Mare (my kindreds shape) I grow:
Yet why throughout? my Father but half so.
The end of her complaint you scarce could hear
To understand: her words confused were.
Forth-with, nor words, nor neighings, she expresst:
Her voice yet more inclining to the beast:
Then neigh'd out-right, within a little space,
Her down-thrust arms upon the Meadow pace.
Her fingers join: one hoof five nails unite:
Her head and neck inlarge; not now upright:
Her trailing garment to a train extends:
Her dangling hair upon her crest descends:
Her voice and shape at once transform'd became;
And to it self the Monster gives a name.
Old *Chiron* weeps; and *Phœbus* vainly cries
On thee to change the changeless Destinies.
Admit thou couldst: thee, from thy self expel'd,
Then *Elis*, and *Messenian* pastures held.
It was the time when, cloath'd in Neat-herds weeds,
Thou plaid'st upon unequall seven-fold Reeds:
Whil'st thee thy Pipe delights, whilst cares of Love
Thy Soul possess, and others cares remove;
Thy oxen in the fields of *Pylos* stray:
Observed by the crafty son of *Maya*,

For ti-

Forthwith he ſecretly conveys them thence,
In untract Woods concealing his offence.
None ſaw but *Battus*, in that Countrey bred;
Who wealthy *Nelem* famous horſes fed.
Him onely he miſdoubts: then, (tan'e apart)
Stranger, ſaid *Mercury*, what e're thou art;
If any for his Herd by chance enquire,
Conceal thy knowledge: and receive, for hire,
This white-hair'd Cow. He took her and reply'd,
Be ſafe; thy theft ſhall ſooner be deſcry'd
By yonder ſtone, then me, and ſhew'd a ſtone.
Jove's ſon departs, and ſtraight returns unknown
(A ſeeming Clown in form and voice) who ſaid:
Saw'ſt thou no Cattle through theſe fields convey'd;
Detect the theft; in their recovery joyn:
And, lo, this Heifer, with her Bull is thine.
He (the reward redoubl'd) anſwer'd, there
Beneath thoſe Hills, beneath thoſe Hills they were.
Then, *Hermes*, laughing loud; What knave, I ſay,
Me to my ſelf; me to my ſelf betray;
Then, to a touch-ſtone turn'd his perjur'd breſt;
Whoſe nature now is in that name expreſt.
Hence he, who bears the Caduceus, ſprings
Through boundleſs air; and views, from ſtretch'd-out wings
Munychian fields, *Minerva's* loved ſoil,
Lycæum, exercis'd with learned toil.
By chance, upon that day it did befall,
When to her Fane, prepar'd for feſtival,
In crowned Baskets on their ſhining hair,
The Virgin-train her ſacrifices bare:
Returning; theſe the winged God doth view;
Who not forth-right, but in a circuit flew.
As when a greedy Kite freſh intrails ſpies,
Fearing to ſtoop for thoſe that ſacrifice,
Strikes Circles through the air, nor far removes;
But, with fix'd eyes reverts to what he loves:
So ſwift *Cyllenius* o're the *Attick* tow'rs,
In airy windings, circularly ſcours.
As *Lucifer* out-ſhines each other Star;
As ſilver *Phœbe*, *Lucifer*: ſo far
Did *Herſe* all the other Virgins ſtain;
The glory of that pomp, and of her train.
Love-ſtruck, he burns as in the Air he hung.
A bullet by *Bellarian* Slinger flung,

Increaſeth

Increaſeth ſo in ſervour as it flies;
And finds the fire it had not, in the skies.
From Heaven, he ſtoops to more affected Earth:
Not now diſguis'd like one of humane birth;
Such confidence his beauteous parts impart;
Which though divine, he ſtrives to grace by art.
He curles his hair; his mantle, wrought with gold,
He in the moſt becoming garb doth fold;
And his fine feet adorns: then, in his hand
Takes his ſleep-cauſing and expelling wand.
Three rooms there were within the fair contect
Of *Cecrop*'s houſe, with Ivory arches deckt.
Pandroſa and *Aglauros* on each ſide
Of *Herſe* lay; *Aglauros* firſt eſpy'd
The ſly-approaching *Mercury*: his name
She boldly asks, and why he thither came.
To whom; *Pleiones* nephew; He am I
Who on *Jove*'s errands (*Jove*, my Father) fly.
And to be plain; to *Herſe* faithful prove:
And be an Aunt unto our fruitful love.
Thy ſiſter's beauties this repair inforce:
I pray thee of a lover take remorſe.
So ſtar'd ſhe on him, and as much amaz'd:
As when ſhe on *Minerva*'s ſecrets gaz'd:
Who asks a maſs of treaſure for her hire;
And till 'twere paid, conſtrain'd him to retire.
Wars angry Goddeſs caſt on her a look
That darted fire; and fetcht a ſigh which ſhook
Her boſom, with the *Ægis* which ſhe wore:
Who calls to mind, how ſhe, not long afore
Prophanely did, againſt her faith, diſcover
The *Lemnian* iſſue born without a Mother:
Now to her Siſter to the God ingrate;
And by ſo baſe a means t' inrich her ſtate.
Forthwith to *Envy*'s cave her courſe ſhe bent,
Furr'd with black filth, within a deep deſcent
Between too hills; where *Phœbus* never ſhows
His chearful face; where no wind ever blows:
Repleat with ſadneſs, and unactivecold;
Devoid of fire, yet ſtil in ſmoak inroll'd,
Whether when as the fear'd in battell came,
She ſtaid before the houſe (that hatefull frame
She might not enter) and the dark door ſtroke
With her bright lance; which ſtrait in ſunder broke;

There,

There ſaw ſhe *Envy* lapping Vipers bloud;
And feeding on their fleſh, her vices food:
And, having ſeen her, turn'd away her eyes.
The Caitiff ſlowly from the ground doth riſe
(Her half-devoured Serpent's laid a-ſide)
And forward creepeth with a lazy ſtride.
Viewing her form ſo fair, her arms ſo bright;
She groan'd and ſigh'd at ſuch a chearful ſight.
Her body more then meager; pale her hue:
Her teeth all ruſty: ſtill ſhe looks askue:
Her breſt with gall, her tongue with poiſon ſwell'd:
She onely laught when ſhe ſad ſights beheld.
Her ever-waking cares exil'd ſoft ſleep:
Who looks on good ſucceſs with eyes that weep;
Repining, pines: who, wounding others bleeds:
And on her ſelf revengeth her miſdeeds.
Although *Tritonia* did the Hag deteſt;
Yet briefly thus her pleaſure ſhe expreſt:
Aglauros one of the *Cecropides*,
Do thou infeſt with thy accurſt diſeaſe.
This ſaid; the haſty Goddeſs doth advance
Her body, with her earth-repelling lance.
Envy caſt after her a wicked eye,
Mutters, and could for very ſorrow die,
That ſuch her power: ſnaggy ſtaff then took
Wreathed with thorns; and her dark Cave forſook:
Wrapt in black clouds, which way ſo e're ſhe turns,
The Corn ſhe lodges, flow'ry paſtures burns,
Crops what grows high; Towns, Nations, with her breath
Pollutes; and Vertue perſecutes to death.
When ſhe the fair *Athenian* tow'rs beheld,
Which ſo in wealth, in learned Arts excell'd,
And feaſtful Peace; to cry ſhe ſcarce forbears,
In that ſhe ſaw no argument for tears.
When ſhe *Aglauros* lodging entred had,
She gladly executes what *Pallas* bade:
Her canker'd hand upon her breſt ſhe laid,
And crooked thorns into her heart convei'd,
And breath'd in baneful poiſon; which ſhe ſheds
Into her bones, and through her ſpirits ſpreads.
And that her envy might not want a cauſe;
The God in his divineſt form ſhe draws,
And with it, ſets before her wounded eyes
Her happy Siſter and their nuptial joys

Augmenting

Augmenting all. Theſe ſecret woes excites;
And gnaw her ſoul. She ſighs all day, and night;
And with a ſlow infection melts away,
Like Ice before the Sun's uncertain ray.
Fair *Herſe*'s happy ſtate ſuch heart-burn breeds
In her black boſom, as when ſpiny weeds
Are ſet on fire: which without flame conſume,
And ſeem (ſo ſmall their heat) to burn with fume.
Oft ſhe reſolves to die, ſuch ſights to ſhun:
Oft, by diſcloſing, to have both undone.
Now ſits ſhe on the threſhold to prevent
The Gods acceſs; who with loſt blandiſhment,
And his beſt Art, perſwades. Quoth ſhe, forbear,
I cannot be remov'd if you ſtay here.
I to this bargain he reply'd will ſtand:
The figured door then forces with his wand.
Striving to riſe, to ſecond her debate,
Her hips could not remove, preſt with dull weight.
Again ſhe ſtruggl'd to have ſtood on end:
But; thoſe unſupple ſinews would not bend.
Incroaching cold now enters at her nails:
And lack of bloud her veins blue branches pales.
And as a Canker ſlighting helpleſs Arts,
Creeps from th' infected to the ſounder parts:
So by degrees the winter of wan death
Congeals the path of life, and ſpots her breath:
Nor ſtrove ſhe: had ſhe ſtrove to make her moan,
Voice had no way; her neck and face now ſtone.
There ſhe a bloudleſs Statue ſat, all freckt:
Her ſpotted mind the Marble did infect.
When *Atlantiades*, on her prophane
Of tongue and heart, this ſharp revenge had ta'ne;
He from the City, nam'd by *Pallas* flew
On mounting wings, and unto heaven with-drew.
With whom, *Jove* thus (his love concealing) joyns:
Thou, faithfull miniſter to my deſigns,
Shoot ſwiftly through the Air unto that Land,
Whoſe borders North-ward of thy Mother ſtand,
Which thoſe Inhabitants *Sidonia* name:
Behold yon royal Herd; conduct the ſame,
From not far diſtant Mountains, to the ſhore.
This he diſpatcht, with ſpeed that went before
A humane thought. There, oft the Princely Maid,
Accompany'd with *Tyrian* Virgins, plaid.

Love

Love and high Majeſty agree not well;
Nor will together in one boſom dwell,
That Pow'r, from whom, what-ere hath being, ſprings;
That King of Gods, who three-fork'd lightning ſlings;
Whoſe nod the World's unfixt foundation ſhakes,
The figure of a ſenſual Bull now takes;
And, lowing walks upon the tender graſs
Amongſt the Herd; though he their form ſurpaſs.
His colour whiter then untroden Snow,
Before ſtill-moiſt and thawing *Auſter* blow.
The fleſh, in ſwelling rolls adorns his neck:
His broad-ſpread breſt, long dangling dew-laps deck.
His horns though ſmall, yet ſuch as Art invite
To imitate, then ſhining gems, more bright:
His eyes no wrath, his brows no terrour threat;
His whole aſpect with ſhining peace repleat.
The beaſt, *Agenor's* daughter doth admire,
So wondrous beautiful, ſo void of ire.
Though ſuch, at firſt ſhe his approach did dread,
Yet forthwith toucht; and then with flowers him fed
The Lover joys: till he his hopes might feaſt.
He kiſt her hands; ah, ſcarce defers the reſt!
Now, on the ſpringing graſs, he friſks and plays:
His ſides now on the golden ſands he lays.
Her fear ſubdu'd, ſhe ſtrokes his profer'd breaſt:
Her Virgin-hands his horns with garlands dreſt.
The royal Maid, who now no courage lackt,
Aſcends the Bull, not knowing whom ſhe backt.
He, to the Sea approaching, by degrees
Firſt dips therein his hoofs, anon his knees:
Then, ruſhing forward, bears away the prize.
She ſhrieks, and to the ſhoar reverts her eyes:
One hand his horn, the other held behind:
Her lighter garments ſwelling with the wind.

OVID's

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

The Third Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

Arm'd troops from Dragons late-sown teeth arise.
By his own Hounds the Hart Actæon dies.
Juno *a Beldame.* Semele *doth fry*
In wisht imbraces. Bacchus *from* Jove's *thigh*
Takes second birth. The wise Tiresias *twice*
Doth change his Sex. Scorn'd Echo *pines i' a voice:*
Self-lov'd Narcissus *to a Daffodil;*
Bacchus, *a Boy. The* Tyrrhene's *ship stands still,*
With Ivy mov'd. Strange shapes the Sailers fright:
Who Dolphins turn, and still in ships delight.

AND now the God, arriving with his Rape,
At sacred *Creet*, resumes his heavenly shape.
The King, his Son to seek his Daughter sent,
Fore-doomed to perpetual banishment,
Except his fortune to his wish succeed:
How pious, and how impious in one deed! (quire?)
Earth wandred through (*Jowes* thefts who can ex-
He shuns his countrey, and his Father's ire:
With *Phœbus* Oracle consults to know
What Land the Fates intended to bestow.
Who, thus: In desart fields observe a Cow,
Yet never yoak'd, nor servile to the Plow;
Follow her slow conduct; and where she shall
Repose, there build: the place *Bœotia* call.

Scarce

Scarce *Cadmus* from *Caſtalian* Cave deſcended,
When he an Heifer ſaw, by no man tended,
Her neck ungall'd with groaning ſervitude,
The God ador'd, he foot by foot purſu'd.
Cephiſus floud, and *Panope* now paſt,
She made a ſtand; to heaven her forehead caſt,
With lofty horns moſt exquiſitely fair;
Then, with repeated lowings fill'd the air:
Looks back upon the company ſhe led;
And, kneeling makes the tender graſs her bed.
Thanks-giving *Cadmus* kiſt the unknown ground;
The ſtranger fields and hills ſaluting round.
About to ſacrifice to heaven's high King,
He ſends for water from the living Spring.
A Wood there was, which never Ax did hew;
In it, a Cave, where Reeds and Oſiers grew,
Roofe with a rugged Arch by Nature wrought;
With pregnant waters plentifully fraught.
The lurking Snake of *Mars* this hold poſſeſt;
Bright ſcal'd, and ſhining with a golden creſt;
His bulk with poiſon ſwoln; fire-red his eyes:
Three darting tongues, three ranks of teeth compriſe.
This fatal Well th' unlucky *Tyrians* found;
Who with their down-let pitcher, rais'd a ſound.
With that, the Serpent his blue head extends;
And ſuffering air with horrid hiſſes rends.
The water from them fell; their colour fled:
Who all aſtoniſht, ſhook with ſudden dread.
He wreaths his ſcaly folds into an heap;
And fetcht a compaſs with a mighty leap:
Then, bolt-upright his monſtrous length diſplays
More then half-way, and all the Woods ſurveys.
Whoſe body, when all ſeen, no leſs appears,
Then that, which parts the two celeſtial Bears.
Whether the *Tyrians* ſought to fight, or fly,
Or whether they through fear could neither try,
Some craſht he 'twixt his jaws, ſome claſpt to death,
Some kills with poiſon, others with his breath.
And now the Sun the ſhorteſt ſhadows made,
Then *Cadmus*, wondring why his ſervants ſtaid,
Their foot-ſteps trac'd. An hide the Hero wore,
Which late he from a ſlaughtered Lion tore:
His Arms a dart, a bright ſteel-pointed Spear,
And ſuch a mind as could not ſtoop to fear.

When

When he the Wood had entred, and there view'd
The bodies of the slain with bloud imbrew'd;
Th' insulting Victor quenching his dire thirst
And their suckt wounds; he sigh'd, as heart would burst:
Then said, I will revenge, O faithfull Mates,
Your murthers, or accompany your Fates.
With that he lifted up a mighty stone,
Which with a more then manly force was thrown.
What would have batter'd down the strongest wall,
And shiv'red tow'rs, doth give no wound at all.
The hardness of his skin, and scales that grow
Upon his armed back, repulse the blow.
And yet that strong defence could not so well
The vigor of his thrilling Dart repel;
Which through his winding back a passage rends,
There sticks: the steel into his guts descends:
Rabid with anguish, he retorts his look
Upon the wound; and then the Javelin took
Between his teeth; it every way doth wind:
At length, tugg'd out, yet leaves the head behind.
His rage increast with his augmenting pains:
And his thick-panting throat swells with full veins.
A cold white froth surrounds his poisnous jaws:
On thundring Earth his traling scales he draws;
Who from his black and *Stygian* maw ejects
A blasting breath, which all the Air infects.
His body now, he circularly bends:
Forthwith into a monstrous length extends:
Then rusheth on like show'r-incensed Flouds;
And with his breast o're-bears the obvious Woods.
The Prince gave way; who with the Lion's spoil
Sustain'd th' assault; and forc'd a quick recoil,
His Lance fixt in his jaws. What could not feel,
He madly wounds; and bites the biting steel.
Th' invenom'd gore, which from his pallate bled,
Converts the grass into a dusky red:
Yet, slights the hurt, in that the Snake withdrew;
And so; by yielding did the force subdue.
Till *Agenorides* the steel imbru'd
In his wide throat, and still his thrust pursu'd;
Until an Oak his back-retrait with-stood:
There, he his neck transfixt: with it, the Wood.
The tree bends with a burden so unknown;
And, lashed by the Serpents tail, doth groan.

While

While he ſurvey'd the greatnes of his foe,
This voice he heard (from whence he did not know)
Why is that Serpent ſo admir'd by thee?
Agenor's Son a Serpent thou ſhalt be.
He ſpeechleſs grew; pale fear repel'd his bloud;
And now uncurled hair like briſtles ſtood.
Behold! Man's Fautreſs, *Pallas* (from the ſky
Deſcending to his needfull aid) ſtood by:
Who bad him in the turn'd up furrows throw
The Serpents teeth; that future men might grow.
He, as commanded, plow'd the patient Earth:
And therein ſow'd the ſeed of humane birth.
Lo (paſt belief!) the Clods began to move:
And tops of Lances firſt appear'd above:
The Helmets nodding with their plumed Creſts;
Forthwith, refulgent Pouldrons, plated breſts;
Hands with offenſive weapons charg'd, inſue:
And Target-bearing troups of Men up-grew.
So in our Theater's ſolemnities,
When they the Arras raiſe, the Figures riſe:
Afore the reſt, their faces firſt appear;
By little and by little then they rear
Their bodies, with a meaſure-keeping hand,
Untill their feet upon the Border ſtand.
Bold *Cadmus*, though much daunted at the ſight
Of ſuch an Hoſt; addreſt him to the fight.
Forbear, (a new-born Souldier cry'd) t' ingage
Thy better fortune in our civil rage!
With that, he on his Earth-bred Brother flew:
At whom a deadly dart another threw.
Nor he that kill'd him, long ſurvives his death;
But through wide wounds expires his infant breath.
Slaughter, with equal fury, runs through all:
And by uncivil civil blows they fall.
The new-ſprung Youth, who hardly life poſſeſt,
Now panting, kick their Mothers bloudy-breaſt,
But five ſurviv'd: of whom *Echion* one;
His Arms to Earth by *Pallas* counſel thrown.
He craves the love he offers. All accord
As Brothers ſhould: and what they take afford.
Sidonian Cadmus theſe aſſiſt to build
His lofty walls; the Oracle fulfil'd.
Now flouriſht *Thebes*: now did thy exile prove
In ſhew a Bleſſing; thoſe that rule in love

And

And war, thy Nuptials with their Daughters grace:
By such a Wife to have so fair a race;
So many Sons and Daughters, Nephews too
(The pledges of their peaceful beds) insue;
And they now grown to excellence and power,
But, Man must censur'd be by his last hour:
Whom truly we can never happy call,
Afore his death, and closing Funeral.
In this thy every way so prosperous state,
Thy first mis-hap sprung from thy Nephew's fate:
Whose brows unnatural branches ill adorn;
By his ungrateful Dogs in pieces torn.
Yet fortune did offend in him; not he:
For, what offence may in an error be?
With purple bloud, slain Deer the hills imbrue:
And now high noon the shades of things withdrew;
While East and West the equal Sun partake:
Thus, then *Hyantius* to his Partners spake,
That trod the Mazes of the pathless Wood:
By Friends, our nets and javelins reek with bloud:
Enough hath been the fortune of this day:
To morrow, when *Aurora* shall display
Her rosie cheeks, we may our sports renew.
Now, *Phœbus*, with inflaming eye doth view
The crannied Earth: here let our labor end:
Take up your toils. They gladly condescend.
A Vale there was with Pines and Cypress crown'd,
Gargathy call'd; for *Diana*'s love renown'd.
A shady Cave possest the inward part,
Not wrought by hands: there Nature witty Art
Did counterfeit: a native Arch she drew,
With Pumise and light Tofusses, that grew.
A bubling Spring, with streams as clear as Glass,
Ran chiding by, inclos'd with matted Grass,
The weary Huntress usually here laves
Her Virgin limbs, more pure then those pure waves.
And now her Bow, her Javelin, and her Quiver;
Doth to a Nymph, one of her Squires, deliver:
Her light impoverisht Robes another held:
Her buskins to untie. The better skill'd
Ismenian Crocale, her long hair wound
In pleated wreaths: yet was her own unbound;
Neat *Hayle*, *Niphe*, *Khanis*, *Pseca*, (still
Imploy'd) and *Phiale* the Lavers fill.

While

While here *Titania* bath'd (as was her guiſe)
Lo *Cadmus* Nephew tyr'd with exerciſe, (Grove
And wandring through the Woods, approach'd this
With fatal ſteps: ſo deſtiny him drove:
Entring the Cave with skipping Springs bedew'd:
The Nymphs all naked, when a Man they view'd,
Clapt their re-ſounding breaſts, and fill'd the Wood
With ſudden ſhrieks, like Ivory pales they ſtood
About their Goddeſs: but ſhe far more tall,
By head and ſhoulders over-tops them all.
Such as that colour, which the Clouds adorns,
Shot by the Sunbeams; or the roſie Morn's:
Such bluſht in *Dian*'s cheeks, being naked ta'ne.
And though inviron'd by her Virgin train,
She ſide-long turns, looks back, and wiſht her Bow:
Yet, what ſhe had ſhe in his face did throw.
With vengefull Waters ſprinkled to her rage
Theſe words ſhe adds, which future fate preſage:
Now, tell how thou haſt ſeen me diſarray'd;
Tell if thou canſt: I give thee leave. This ſaid,
She to his neck and ears new length imparts;
T'his Brow th' atlanters of long-living Harts:
His legs and feet with arms and hands ſupply'd;
And cloath'd his body in a ſpotted Hide.
To this fear added. *Autonoius* flies,
And wonders at the ſwiftneſs of his thighs.
But, when his looks he in the River view'd,
He would have cry'd Wo's me! no words inſu'd:
His words were groans. He frets with galling tears,
Cheeks not his own; yet his own mind he bears.
What ſhould he doe? Go home or in the Wood
For ever lurk? Fear, this; ſhame that withſtood.
While thus he doubts his Dogs their Maſter view;
Black-foot, and *Tracer*, opening firſt, purſue:
Sure *Tracer*, *Gnoſſus*, *Black-foot Sparta* bare;
Then all fell in, more ſwift then forced Air:
Spie, *Ravener*, *Clime-cliff*; theſe *Arcadia* bred:
Strong *Fawn-bane*, *Whirl-wind*, eager *Follow-dyead*;
Hunter, for ſcent; for ſpeed, *Flight* went before:
Fierce *Salvage*, lately ganched by a Bore;
Greedy, with her two whelps; grim Wolf-got *Ranger*,
Stout *Shepherd*, late preſerving flocks from danger;
Gaunt *Catch*, whoſe race from *Sicyonia* came;
Patch, *Courſer*, *Blab*, raſh *Tyger* never tame;

Blanch, *Mourner*, *Royster*, *Wolf* surpassing strong;
And *Tempest*, able to continue long:
Swift, with his Brother *Charle*, a *Cyprian* hound;
Bold *Snatch*; whose table Brows a white star crown'd;
Cole; shag-hair'd *Rug*, and *Light-foot* wondrous fleet,
Bred of a *Spartan* Bitch, his Sire of *Creet*:
White-tooth and *Ringwood* (others not to express.)
O're Rocks, o're Crags, o're Cliffs that want access,
Through straightned ways, and where there was no way,
The well-mouth'd Hounds pursue the Princely Prey.
Where oft he wont to follow, now he flies;
Flies from his Family! In thought he cries;
I am *Acteon*, servants, know your Lord!
Thoughts wanted words. High skies the noise record.
First *Collier* pinch'd him by the haunch: in flung
Fierce *Kill-deer*; *Hill-bred* on his Shoulder hung,
These came forth last; but croft a nearer way
A-thwart the hills. While thus their Lord they stay,
In rush the rest; who gripe him with their phangs.
Now is no room for Wounds. Grones speak his pangs,
Though not with humane voice, unlike a Hart:
In whose laments the known Rocks bear a part.
Pitcht on his knees, like one who pity craves,
His silent looks, in stead of Arms he waves.
With usual shouts their Dogs the Hunters chear;
And seek, and call *Acteon*. He (too near)
Made answer by mute motions, blam'd of all
For being absent at his present fall.
Present he was, that absent would have been;
Nor would his cruel Hounds have felt, but seen.
Their snouts they in his body bathe; and tear
Their Master in the figure of a Dear:
Nor, till a thousand wounds had life disseis'd,
Could quiver-bearing *Dian* be appeas'd.
'Twas censur'd variously: for many thought
The punishment far greater then the fault.
Others so sour a Chastity commend,
As worthy her, and both, their parts defend.
Joves Wife not so much blam'd or prais'd the deed;
As she rejoiceth at the wounds that bleed
In *Cadmus* family; who keeps in mind
Europa's rape, and hateth all the kind.
Now new occasions fresh displeasure move:
For *Semele* was great with child by *Jove*.

Then

Then, thus she scolds: O, what amends succeeds
Our lost Complaints! I now will fall to deeds.
If we be more then titulary great;
If we a Scepter sway; if Heaven our seat;
If *Jove*'s fear'd Wife, and Sister (certainly,
His Sister) torment shall the Whore destroy.
Yet, with that theft perhaps she was content,
And quickly might the injury repent:
But, she conceives, to aggravate the blame,
And by her belly doth her crime proclaim.
Who would by *Jupiter* a Mother prove,
Which hardly once, hath happened to our love:
So confident is Beauty! Yet shall she
Fail in that hope: nor let me *Juno* be,
Unless, by her own *Jove* destroy'd, she make
A swift descent unto the *Stygian* Lake.
She quits her Throne, and in a yellow Cloud
Approach'd the Pallace; nor dismist that Shroud,
Till she had wrinkled her smooth skin, and made
Her head all gray: while creeping feet convey'd
Her crooked limbs, her voice small, weak and hoarse,
Like *Beroe* of *Epidaure*, her Nurse.
Long talking, at the mention of *Jove*'s Name.
She sigh'd, and said; Pray Heaven, he prove the same!
Yet much I fear; for many oft beguile
With that pretext, and chastest beds defile.
Though *Jove*; that's not enough. Give me a sign
Of his Affection, if he be divine.
Such, and so mighty, as when pleasure warms
His melting Bosom, in high *Juno*'s Arms;
With thee, such and so mighty, let him lie,
Deckt with the Ensigns of his Deity.
Thus she advis'd the unsuspecting Dame;
Who begs of *Jove* a Boon without a name.
To whom the God: Chuse, and thy choise possess;
Yet, that thy diffidency may be less,
Witness that Power, who through obscure aboads
Spreads his dull streams: the fear, and God of Gods
Pleas'd with her harm, of too much power to move!
That now must perish by obsequious love:
Such be to me, she said, as when th' Invites
Of *Juno* summons you to *Venus* Rites.
Her mouth he thought to stop: but, now that breath
Was mixt with air which sentenced her death.

Then fetcht a ſigh as if his breaſt would tear
(For, ſhe might not un-wiſh, nor he un-ſwear)
And ſadly mounts the Sky; who with him took
The Clouds, that imitate his mournfull look;
Thick ſhours and tempeſts adding to the ſame,
Loud thunder, and inevitable flame.
Whoſe rigor yet he ſtriveth to ſubdue:
Not armed with that fire which overthrew
The hundred-handed Giant; 'twas to wild:
There is another lightning far more mild,
By *Cyclops* forged with leſs flame and ire:
Which deathleſs Gods do call the ſecond fire.
This, to her Father's houſe he with him took:
But (ah!) a mortal body could not brook
Ætherial tumults. Her ſucceſs ſhe mourns;
And in thoſe ſo deſir'd imbracements burns.
Th' unperfect Babe, which in her womb doth lie,
Was ta'ne by *Jove*, and ſew'd into his thigh,
His Mother's time accompliſhing: whom firſt,
By ſtealth, his carefull Aunt, kind *Ino*, nurſt:
Then, giving to the *Nyſcides*, and bred
In ſecret Caves, with Milk and Honey fed.
While this on Earth befell by Fates decree
(The twice-born *Bacchus* now from danger free)
Jove weighty cares expelling from his breaſt
With flowing Nectar, and diſpos'd to jeſt
With well-pleas'd *Juno* ſaid, In *Venus* deeds,
The Females Pleaſure far the Males exceeds.
This ſhe denies: *Treſias* muſt deſide
The difference, who both delights had try'd.
For, two ingendring Serpents once he found,
And with a ſtroke their ſlimy twiſts unbound;
Who ſtraight a Woman of a Man became:
Seven Autumns paſt, he in the eighth the ſame
Refinding, ſaid, If ſuch your pow'r ſo ſtrange,
That they who ſtrike you muſt their nature change;
Once more I'll try. Then ſtruck, away they ran:
And of a Woman he became a Man.
He, choſen Umpire of this ſportfull ſtrife,
Jove's words confirm'd. This vext his froward Wife,
More then the matter crav'd. To wreak her ſpight,
His eyes ſhe muffled in eternal night.
Th' omnipotent (ſince no God may undoe
Anothers deed) with Fates which ſhould inſue

Inform'd

Inform'd his intellect; and did supply
His body's eye-sight, with his minds clear eye.
He giving sure replies to such as came,
Through all the *Acuian* Cities stretch'd his fame,
First blew *Liriope* sad trial made,
How that was but too true which he had said:
Whom in times past *Cephisus* floud imbrac'd
Within his winding Streams: and forc'd the chast,
The lovely Nymph (who not unfruitfull prov'd,
Brought forth a Boy, even then to be belov'd,
Narcissus nam'd. Enquiring if old age
Should crown his youth; He, in obscure presage,
Made this reply: Except himself he know.
Long, they no credit on his words bestow:
Yet did th' event the propheſie approve,
In his strange ruine, and new kind of love.
Now, he to fifteen added had a year:
Now in his looks both Boy and man appear.
Many a love-sick Youth did him desire;
And many a Maid his beauty set on fire;
Yet, in his tender age his pride was such,
That neither Youth nor Maiden might him touch,
The vocal Nymph, this lovely Boy did spy
(Shee could not proffer speech, nor yet reply)
When busie in pursuit of salvage spoyls,
He drave the Deer into his corded toyls.
Eccho was then a Body, not a voice:
Yet then, as now, of words she wanted choice;
But onely could reiterate the close
Of every speech. This *Juno* did impose.
For, often when she might have taken *Jove*
Compressing there the Nymphs, who weakly strove;
Her long discourses made the Goddess stay,
Untill the Nymphs had time to run away.
Which when perceiv'd; she said, For this abuse
Thy tongue henceforth shall be of little use,
Those threats are deeds: She yet ingeminates
The last of sounds, and what she hears relates.
Narcissus seen, intending thus the chase;
She forthwith glows, and with a noiseless pace
His steps pursues; the more she did pursue,
More hot (as nearer to her fire) she grew:
And might be likened to a sulph'rous match.
Which instantly th' approached flame doth catch.

How oft would she have woo'd him with sweet words!
But, Nature no such liberty affords:
Begin she could not, yet full readily
To his expected speech she would reply.
The Boy, from his companions parted, said;
Is any nigh! I, *Eccho* answer made.
He, round about him gazed (much appall'd)
And cry'd out, Come. She him who called, call'd.
Then looking back; and seeing none appear'd,
Why shun'st thou me? The self-same voice he hear'd,
Deceived by the Image of his words;
Then let us joyn, said he: no sound accords
More to her wish: her faculties combine
In dear consent; who answer'd, *Let us joyn*,
Flattering her self, out of the Woods she sprung;
And would about his strugling Neck have hung.
Thrust back, he said, Life shall this breast forsake,
E'se thou, light Nymph, on me thy pleasure take.
On me thy pleasure take, the Nymph replies
To that disdainful Boy, who from her flies.
Despis'd, the Wood her sad retreat receives:
Who covers her shamed face with leaves.
And sculks in desart Caves, Love still possest
Her soul; through grief of her repulse increast.
Her wretched body pines with sleepless care:
Her skin contracts: her blood converts to air.
Nothing was left her now but voice and bones:
The voice remains; the other turn stones.
Conceal'd in Woods, in Mountains never found,
Yet heard in all: and all is but a sound.
Thus her, thus other Nymphs, in Mountains born,
And sedgy brooks, the Boy had kill'd with scorn.
Thus many a youth he had afore deceiv'd!
When one thus pray'd, with hands to Heav'n upheav'd
So may he love himself, and so despair!
Rhamnusia condescends, to his just pray'r.
A Spring there was, whose silver waters were,
As smooth as any mirrour, nor less clear;
Which neither Herdsmen, tame, nor salvage Beast,
Nor wandring Fowl, nor scattered leaves molest;
Girt round with Grass, by neighbouring moisture fed,
And Woods, against the Suns invasion spred.
He, tyr'd with heat and hunting, with the Place
And Spring delighted, lies upon his face.

Quenching

Quenching his thirſt, another thirſt doth riſe,
Rais'd by the form which in that glaſs he ſpies.
The hope of nothing doth his pow'rs invade:
And for a body he miſtakes a ſhade.
Himſelf, himſelf diſtracts: who pores thereon
So fixedly, as if of *Parian* ſtone.
Beholds his eyes, two ſtars! his dangling hair
Which with unſhorn *Apollo's* might compare:
His fingers worthy *Bacchus!* his ſmooth chin!
His Ivory Neck! his heavenly face! wherein
The linked Deities their Graces fix!
Where Roſies with unſullied Lillies mix!
Admireth all; for which to be admir'd:
And unconſiderately himſelf deſir'd.
The praiſes which he gives, his beauty claim'd.
Who ſeeks, is ſought: th' Inflamer is inflaim'd.
How often would he kiſs the flattering Spring!
How oft with downthruſt arms ſought he to cling
About that loved neck! Thoſe cous'ning lips
Delude his hopes; and from himſelf he ſlips.
Not knowing what, with what he ſees he fries:
And th' errour that deceives, incites his eyes:
O fool! that ſtriv'ſt to catch a flying ſhade!
Thou ſeek'ſt what's no where: Turn aſide, 'twill fade,
Thy forms reflection doth thy ſight delude:
Which is with nothing of its own indu'd.
With thee it comes, with thee it ſtales, and ſo
'Twould go away, hadſt thou the power to go.
Nor ſleep, nor hunger could the Lover raiſe:
Who, laid along on that falſe form to gaze
With looks, which looking never could ſuffice,
And ruinates himſelf with his own eyes.
At length, a little lifting up his Head,
You Woods, that round about your branches ſpread,
Was ever ſo unfortunate a Lover?
You know, to many you have been a cover.
From your firſt growth to this long diſtant day
Have you known any, thus to pine away?
I like and ſee: but yet I cannot find
The ſik'r, and ſcene. O Love, with errour blind!
What grieves me more; no Sea, no Mountain ſteep,
No waies, no walls, ours joys a-ſunder keep:
Whom but a little water doth divide.
And he himſelf deſires to be injoy'd.

As oft as I to kiss the flood decline,
So oft his lips ascend, to close with mine.
You'ld think we toucht: so small a thing doth part
Our equal loves! Come forth what e're thou art.
Sweet Boy, a simple Boy beguile not so:
From him that seeks thee, whither would'st thou go?
My Age nor Beauty merit thy disdain:
And me the Nymphs have often lov'd in vain.
Yet in thy friendly shews my poor hopes live;
Still striving to receive the hand I give:
Thou smil'st my smiles: when I a tear let fall,
Thou shed'st another; and consent'st in all.
And lo, thy sweetly-moving lips appear
To utter words, that come not to our ear.
Ah, he is I! now, now I plainly see:
Nor is't my shadow that bewitcheth me.
Love of my self me burns; (O too too sure!)
I suffer in those flames which I procure.
Shall I be woo'd, or woo? What shall I crave?
Since what I covet, I already have.
Too much hath made me poor! O, you divine
And favouring Powers, me from my self disjoyn!
Of what I love, I would be dispossest:
This, in a Lover, is a strange request:
Now strength through grief decays: short is the time
I have to live; extinguisht in my prime.
Nor grieves it me to part with well-mist breath;
For grief will find a perfect cure in death:
Would he I love might longer life injoy!
Now, two ill-fated Lovers, in one, dye.
This said, again upon his Image gaz'd;
Tears on the troubled water circles rais'd:
The motion much obscur'd the fleeting shade.
With that, he cry'd (perceiving it to vade)
O, whither wilt thou? stay; nor cruel prove,
In leaving me, who infinitely love.
Yet let me see, what cannot be possest:
And with that empty food my fury feast.
Complaining thus, himself he disarrays;
And to remorseless hands his breast displaies:
The blows that solid Snow with crimson stripe;
Like Apples partly red, or Grapes scarce ripe.
But in the water when the same appear,
He could no longer such a sorrow bear.

As Virgin-wax diſſolves with fervent heat;
Or morning Froſt, whereon the Sun beams beat;
So thaws he with the ardour of deſire;
And, by degrees conſumes in unſeen fire.
His meagre cheeks now loſt their red and white;
That life, that favour loſt, which did delight.
Nor thoſe divine proportions now remain,
So much by *Eccho* lately lov'd in vain.
Which when ſhe ſaw: although ſhe angry were,
And ſtill in mind her late repulſe did bear;
As often as the miſerable cry'd,
Alas! Alas, the wofull Nymph reply'd.
And ever when he ſtruck his ſounding breaſt,
Like ſounds of mutual ſufferance expreſt.
His laſt words were ſtill hanging o're his ſhade;
Ah, Boy, belov'd in vain! So *Eccho* ſaid.
Farewell. Farewell, ſigh't ſhe. Then down he lies:
Death's cold hand ſhuts his ſelf-admiring eyes:
Which now eternally their gazes fix
Upon the waters of infernal *Styx*.
The wofull *Naiades* lament the dead;
And their clipt hair upon their brother ſpread.
The wofull *Dryades* partake their woes:
With both, ſad *Eccho* joyns at every cloſe.
The funeral Pyle prepar'd, a Herſe they brought
To fetch his body, which they vainly ſought.
Inſtead whereof a yellow flower was found,
With tufts of white about the button crown'd,
This, through *Achaia* ſpred the Prophet's fame:
Who worthily had purchas'd a great name.
But, proud *Echion's* ſon, who did deſpiſe
The righteous Gods, derides his Prophecies;
And twits *Tireſias* with his raviſh't ſight.
He ſhook his head, which age had cloath'd in white;
And ſaid, 'Twere well for thee, had'ſt thou no eyes
To ſee the *Bacchanal* ſolemnities.
The time ſhall come (which I preſage is near)
When *Semelcian Liber* will be here:
Whom if thou honour not with Temples due;
Thy Mother, and her Siſters ſhall imbue
Their furious hands in thy effuſed bloud;
And throw thy ſever'd limbs about the Wood.
'Twill be; thy malice cannot but rebel:
And then thoul't ſay; the blind did ſee too well.

His mouth proud *Penthens* ſtopt. Belief ſucceeds
Fore-running threats : and words are ſeal'd by deeds ;
Liber is come, the fields with clamour ſound :
They in his Orgies tread a frantick round.
Women with Men, the baſe and nobler ſort
Together to thoſe unknown Rites reſort.
You ſons of *Mars*, you of the Dragons race
(Said he) what fury doth your minds imbaſe?
Is Braſs of ſuch a power, which Drunkards beat,
Or ſound of Horns, or Magical Deceit ;
That you, whom Trumpets clangor, horrid fight,
Nor Death, with all his terrours could affright,
Loud women, wine-bred rage, a luſtfull Crew
Of Beaſts, and Kettle-drums, ſhould thus ſubdue?
At you, grave Fathers, can I but admire!
Who brought with you your flying Gods from
And fixt them here : now from that care ſo far
Eſtranged, as to loſe them without War :
Or you, who of my able age appear ;
Whoſe heads ſhould Helmets, and not Garlands, wear!
Nor levy Javelins, but good Swords adorn
The hands of Youth. O you, ſo nobly born,
The Dragon's fiery fortitude indue,
Whoſe ſingle valour ſuch a number ſlew
He, in defending of his Fountain fell :
Do you th' Invaders of your fame repell.
He ſlew the ſtrong : do you the weak deſtroy,
And free your Countrey from foul infamy.
If Deſtinies decree that *Thebes* muſt fall,
May men, may warlike engines raiſe her Wall :
Let Sword and Fire our famiſh'd lives aſſault :
Then ſhould we not be wretched through our fault,
Nor ſtrive to hide our guilt, but, Fortune blame,
And vent our pitied Sorows without ſhame.
Now, by a naked Boy we are put to flight :
Whom bounding Steeds, nor glorious Arms delight.
But hair perfum'd with Myrrh, ſoft Anadems,
And purple Robes inchac't with Gold and Gems :
Who ſhall confeſs (if you your aid deny)
His forged Father, and falſe Deity,
What? has *Acriſius* vertue to withſtand
Th' Impoſtour, chaſed from the *Argive* Strand?
And ſhall this Vagabond, this Foreiner,
Me *Penthem*, and the *Theban* State deter?

Go

Go (said he to his servants) go your way,
And drag him hither bound: prevent delay.
Him, *Cadmus*, *Athmas*, and all dissuade,
By opposition, more intemperate made.
Fury increaseth, when it is withstood:
And then good counsel doth more harm than good.
So have I seen an unstopt Torrent glide
With quiet waters, scacely heard to chide,
But when slain Trees, or Rocks, impeach'd his course;
To fome and roar with uncontroled force.
All bloudy they return. Where is, said he,
This *Bacchus*? *Bacchus* none of us did see,
Reply'd they; This his minister we found
(Presenting one with hands behind him bound)
A Thuscan zealous in those mysteries.
On whom fierce *Penthens* looks, with wrathfull eyes:
Who hardly could his punishment defer.
Then, thus; Thou wretch, that others shalt deter,
Declare thy name, thy nation, parentage,
And why thou followest this new-fangled Rage.
He, in whom innocency fear o're-came,
Made this reply: *Acetis* is my name:
My life I owe to the *Maonian* earth;
To none, my fortune, born of humble Birth.
No Land my Father left me to manure,
Nor Herds, nor bleating Flocks: himself was poor.
The tempted Fish, with Hook and Line he caught:
His Skill was all his Wealth: His Skill he taught:
And said, My Heir successor to my Art,
Receive the Riches which I can impart.
He, dying left me nothing; and yet all:
The Sea may I my Patrimony call.
Yet, lest I still should on those Rocks abide,
To Navigation I my time apply'd;
Observ'd the *Olenian* Goat portending Rain;
Wet *Hyades*, when stooping to the Main,
Taygeta, and cold *Arctos*; the resorts
Of several winds; and harbour-giving Ports.
For *Delos* bound, we made the *Chian* Shoars:
And, there arrived, with industrious Oars.
Leaping a-shore, I made the Beach my bed.
When aged Night *Aurora*'s blushes fled,
I rose, and bade my men fresh water bring:
Shewing the way that guided to the Spring.

Then

Then, from an Hill obſerv'd the winds accord;
My Mates I call'd, and forthwith went aboard.
All here, the Maſter's Mate *Opheltes* cries:
And thinking he had light upon a prize,
Along the ſhoar a lovely Boy convey'd,
Adorned with the beauty of a Maid.
Heavy with wine and ſleep, he reeled ſo,
That, though ſupported, he could hardly go.
When I beheld his habit, gate and feature,
I could not think it was an humane Creature.
Fellows, I doubt what God, but ſure, ſaid I,
This excellence includes a Deity.
O, be propitious, whoſo-ere thou art;
Unto our induſtry ſucceſs impart;
And pardon theſe who have offended thus.
Then, *Dyctis* ſaid, Forbear to pray for us:
(Then he, none could the top-ſail-yard beſtride
With lighter ſpeed; nor thence more nimbly ſlide)
This, *Lybis*, ſwart *Melanthus* (who the Prow
Commanded) and *Alcimedon* allow;
Epopeus the Boats-ſwain, ſo all ſay;
Bewitched with the blind deſire of prey.
This Ship, ſaid I, you ſhall not violate
With ſacriledge of ſo divine a weight;
Wherein I have moſt int'reſt, and command:
And on the hatches their aſcent withſtand.
Whereat, the deſperate *Lycabas* grew wild:
Who for a bloudy murther was exil'd
From *Tuſcany*. Whilſt I alone reſiſt,
He took me ſuch a buffet with his fiſt,
That down I fell; and had faln over-board,
If I (though ſenſleſs) had not caught a cord.
The wicked company the fact approve.
Then, *Bacchus* (for 'twas he) began to move,
As if awaken'd with the noiſe they made
(His wind-bound ſenſes now diſcharg'd) and ſaid,
What clamour's this? What do you? Sailers, whither
Mean you to bear me? Ah, how came I hither?
Fear not, ſaid *Proteus*: name where thou would'ſt be;
And to that Harbour we will carry thee.
Then, Friends *Lyæus* ſaid, for *Naxos* ſtand:
Naxos my home; an hoſpitable Land.
By Seas, by all the Gods, by what avails,
They ſwear they will, and bade me hoiſe up ſails.

Which

Which trim'd for *Naxos* on the Star-board ſide;
What do'ſt thou Madam, Fool? *Ophelles* cry'd.
Each Fears his loſs; Some whiſper in mine ear:
Moſt ſay by ſignes, unto the Lar-board ſteer.
Amaz'd: ſome other hold the Helm, ſaid I;
I'll not be tainted with your perjury.
All chaſe and ſtorm. What? ſaid *Ethalion*,
Is all our ſafety plac'd in thee alone?
With that, my office he upon him took;
And *Naxos* (altering her courſe) forſook.
The God (as if their fraud but now out-found)
From th' upper deck the Sea ſurvayed round;
Then, ſeem'd to cry. Sirs, this is not, ſaid he,
That promis'd Shoar, the Land ſo wiſh'd by me.
What is my fault? what glory in my ſpoil,
If Men a Boy, if many one beguile,
I wept afore: but, they my tears deride;
And with laborious Oars the Waves divide:
By him I ſwear (then whom none more in view)
That what I now ſhall utter, is as true,
As paſt belief. The Ship in thoſe profound
And ſpacefull Seas, ſo ſtuck as on dry ground.
They, wondring, ply'd their Oars; the ſails diſplaid;
And ſtrive to run her with that added aid.
When Ivy gave their Oars a forc'd reſtraint;
Whoſe creeping bands the ſailes with Berries paint.
He, head-bound with a wreath of cluſtered Vines,
A Javelin ſhook claſpt with their leavy twines.
Stern Tygers, Lynxes (ſuch unto the eye)
And ſpotted Panthers, round about him lye.
All, over-board now tumble; whether't were
Out of infuſed madneſs, or for fear.
Then *Medan* firſt with ſpiny fins grew black;
His form depreſſed, with a compaſt back.
To whom ſaid *Lycabas*; O more then ſtrange!
Into what uncouth Monſter wilt thou change?
As thus he ſpake, his mouth became more wide:
His noſe more hook'd: ſcales arm his hardned hide.
Whilſt *Lybis* tugg'd an Oar that fixed ſtands,
His hand ſhrunk up, now fins no longer hands.
Another by a Cable thought to hold:
But miſt his arms. He fell; the Seas infold
His maimed body: which a tail eft-ſoon
Receives, reverſed like the horned Moon.

They

They leapt aloft, and ſprinkle-up the Floud:
Now chaſe above; now under-water ſcud:
Who like laſcivious Dancers friſk about;
And gulped Seas, from their proud noſtrills, ſpout,
Of twenty Sailers, onely I remain'd:
So many men our Complement contain'd.
The God my mind could hardly animate;
Trembling with horrour of ſo dire a Fate
Suppreſs, ſaid he, theſe tumults of thy fear;
And now thy courſe for ſacred *Dia* bear.
Arrived I, by his implor'd conſent
Became his Prieſt; and thus his Feaſts frequent.
Our ears are tir'd, with thy long ambages:
Which wrath, ſaid he, would by delay appeaſe.
Go, ſervants, take him hence: let his fore'd breath
Expire in groans: and torture him to death.
In ſolid Priſon pent; while they provide
Whips, Racks and Fire the doors fly open wide.
And of themſelves, as if diſſolv'd by charms,
The fetters fall from his unpinion'd arms.
But now, not bidding others, *Penthens* flings
To high *Cytheron*'s ſacred top, which rings
With frantick ſongs, and ſhrill-voic'd *Bacchanals*,
In *Liber*'s celebrated Feſtivals.
And as the warlike Courſer neighs and bounds,
Inflam'd with fury, when the Trumpet ſounds:
Even ſo their far-heard clamours ſet on fire
Stern *Penthens*; and exaſperate his ire.
In midſt of all the ſpacious Mountain ſtood
A perſpicable Champion, fring'd with Wood.
Here, firſt of all his Mother him eſpies,
Viewing thoſe holy Rites with prophane eyes.
She, firſt, upon him frantickly did run:
And firſt her eager Javelin pierc'd her ſon.
Come, Siſters, cry'd ſhe, this is that huge Boar
Which roots our fields; whom we with wounds muſt gore,
With that, in ruth the ſenſe-diſtracted Crew:
And altogether the amaz'd purſue.
Now trembled he, now late-breath'd threats ſuppreſt:
Himſelf he blames, and his offence confeſt.
Who cry'd, help Aunt *Autonoe*; I bleed:
O let *Acteon*'s Ghoſt ſoft pity breed!
Not knowing who *Acteon* was, ſhe lops
His right hand off: the other *Ino* crops.

The

The wretch now to his mother would have thrown
His ſuppliant hands: but, now his hands were gone.
Yet lifting up their bloudy ſtumps, he ſaid,
Ah, Mother, ſee! *Agave*, well appay'd,
Shouts at the ſight, caſts up her neck, and ſhakes
Her ſtaring hair. In cruel hands ſhe takes
His head, yet gaſping; *Io* ſings, ſaid ſhe,
Io my Mates! this ſpoil belongs to me.
Not leaves, now wither'd, nipt by Autumns froſt,
So ſoon are raviſht from high Trees, and toſt
By ſcattering winds, as they in pieces tear
His minced limbs. Th' *Iſmenians*, ſtruck with fear,
His Orgies celebrate, his praiſes ſing,
And Incenſe to his holy Altars bring.

OVID's

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

The Fourth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

Derceta *a Fish.* Semiramis *a Dove.*
Transforming Nais *equal fate doth prove,*
White berries Lovers blood with black defiles.
Apollo *like* Eurynome, *beguils*
Leucothoe, *buried quick for that offence;*
Who, Nectar *sprinkled, sprouts to Frankincense.*
Griev'd Clytie, *turn'd t' a Flower turns with the Sun.*
Daphnis, *to Stone.* Sex *changeth* Scytheon.
Celmus, *a Loadstone.* Curets *got by showers.*
Crocus *and* Smilax *turn'd to little flowers.*
In one Hermophradite, *two bodies joyn.*
Mineides, *Bats.* *Sad* Ino *made divine,*
With Melicert. *Who* Juno's *fact upbraid,*
Or statues, or Cadmean *Fowls are made.*
Hermione *and* Cadmus; *worn with woe,*
Prove hurtless Dragons. *Drops to Serpents grow.*
Atlas *a Mountain.* Gorgeon *touch'd Sea-weeds*
To Coral change. *From* Gorgon's *blood, proceeds*
Swift Pegasus: Crysaor *also takes*
From thence his birth. *Fair hair convert to Snakes.*

But yet *Alcithoe Mineides*
The honour'd Orgies of the God displease.
Her Sisters share in that impiety;
Who *Bacchus* for the Son of *Jove* deny:

And

And now his Priest proclaims a solemn Feast;
That Dames and Maids from usual labour rest;
That wrapt in skins, their hair-laces unbound,
And dangling Tresses with wild Ivy crown'd,
They leavy Spears assume. Who prophesies
Sad haps to such as his command despise.
The Matrons and new-marryed Wives obey:
Their Webs, their un-spun Wooll, aside they lay;
Sweet odours burn; and sing: *Lyæus*, *Bacchus*,
Nysæus, *Bromius*, *Evan*, great *Iacchus*,
Fire-got, Son of two Mothers, The twice-born,
Father *Eleiius*, *Thyon* never shorn,
Lenæus, planter of life-chearing Vines;
Nyctilens: with all names that *Greece* assigns
To thee, O *Liber!* Still dost thou injoy
Unwasted youth; eternally a Boy?
Thou'rt seen in Heaven; whom all perfections grace;
And when unborn'd, thou hast a Virgins face.
Thy conquests through the Orient are renown'd,
Where tawny *India* is by *Ganges* bound.
Proud *Penthens*, and *Lycurgus*, like prophane.
By thee (O greatly to be fear'd) were slain:
The *Thuscans* drench'd in Seas. Thou holdst in awe
The spotted *Lynxes*, which thy Chariot draw.
Light *Bacchides*, and skipping Satyrs follow,
Whil'st old *Sylenus*, reeling still doth hollow;
Who weakly hangs upon his tardy Ass.
What place so-e're thou entrest, sounding brass,
Lowd Sack-buts, Timbrils, the confused crys
Of Youths and Women, pierce the marble skies.
Thy presence, we *Ilmenides*, implore:
Come, O come, pleas'd! Thus hey his Rites restore.
Yet, the *Meneides*, at home remain:
And with untimely Art his feast prophane:
Who either weave, or at their Distiff spin;
And urge their Maids to exercise their sin.
One said, as she the twisted thread out drew;
While others sport, and forged Gods persew,
Let us, whom better *Pallas* doth invite,
Our useful labour season with delight,
And Stories tell by turns; that what past years
Deny our eyes, may enter at our ears.
They all agree; and bade the eldest tell
Her story first, She paus'd; not knowing well

Of

Of many which to chuse I insist upon
The sad *Dercetis*, of fam'd *Babylon*
(Who, as the *Palestines* believe, did take
A scaly form, inhabiting a lake)
Or of her Daughter speak, with wing'd ascent
High-pearch'd on Tow'rs: who there her old age spent:
Or of that *Nais*; who with charms most strange,
And weeds too-pow'rful, humane shapes did change
Into mute Fishes, till a Fish she grew:
Or of the Tree whose berries chang'd their hew;
The white to black, by blouds aspersion grown
This pleaseth best, as being most unknown.
Who thus began; and draws the following woll.
Young *Pyramus* (no youth so beautifull
Through all the East) and *Thisbe* (who for fair
Might with th' immortal Goddesses compare)
Joyn'd houses, where *Semiramis* inclos'd
Her stately Town, with walls of Brick compos'd.
This neighbourhood their first acquaintance bred;
That, grew to love; Love sought a nuptial Bed:
By Parents cross'd: yet equal flames their bloud
Alike incenst, which could not be withstood.
Signs onely utter their unwitnest loves:
But hidden fire the violenter proves,
A cranny in the parting wall was left;
By shrinking of the new-laid morter, cleft;
This for so many Ages undescry'd
(What cannot Love find out?) the Lovers spy'd,
By which, their whispering voices softly trade,
And Passion's amorous embassie convei'd,
On this side, and on that, Like Snails they cleave,
And greedily each other breath receive.
O envious walls (said they) who thus divide
Whom Love hath joyn'd! O, give us way to slide
Into each others arms! if such a bliss
Transcend our Fates, yet suffer us to kiss!
Nor are w'ingrate: much we confess we ow
To you, who this dear liberty bestow.
At night they bid farewell. Their kisses greet
The senseless Stones, with lips that could not meet.
When from the approaching Morn the Stars withdrew,
And that the Sun had drunk the scorched dew,
They at the usual Station meet again;
And with soft murmurs mutually complain.

At

At laſt, reſolve in ſilence of the night;
To ſteal away, and free themſelves by flight;
And with their houſes, to forſake the Town.
Yet leſt they ſo might wander up and down;
To meet at *Ninus* Tomb they both agree,
Under the ſhelter of a ſhady Tree.
There a high Mulbury, full of white fruit,
Hard by a living Fountain fixt his Root.
The Sun, that ſeem'd too ſlow, his ſteeds beſtows
In reſtfull Seas: from Sea, wiſht Night aroſe.
Then *Thisbe* in the dark the doors unbarr'd;
And ſlipping forth, unmiſſed by her Guard,
Comes maskt to *Ninus* Tomb: there in the cold
Sits underneath that Tree: Love made her bold.
When (lo!) a Lioneſs, ſmear'd with the bloud
Of late-ſlain Beeves, approach'd the neighbour Floud,
To quench her thirſt. Far-off by Moon-light 'ſpy'd,
Swift fear her flight into a Cave doth guide.
Flying, her mantle from her ſhoulders fell:
The fatal Lionneſs, as from the Well,
Up to the rocky Mountain ſhe withdraws,
Found it, and tore it with her bloudy jaws.
When *Pyramus*, who came not forth ſo ſoon,
Perceived by the glimpſes of the Moon
The footing of wild Beaſts: his look grew pale.
But when he ſpy'd her torn and bloudy Vail;
One night (ſaid he) two Lovers ſhall deſtroy!
She longer life deſerved to enjoy.
The guilt is mine: 'twas I (poor ſoul!) that ſlew thee,
Who to a place ſo full of danger drew thee,
Nor came before. You Lions, O deſcend
From your Abodes: a wretch in pieces rend,
Condemned by his ſelf-pronounced doom:
And make your entrails my opprobrious Tomb:
But Cowards wiſh to die. Her mantle he
Carries along unto th' appointed Tree.
There having kiſt, and waſht it with his eyes;
Take from our bloud, ſaid he, the double dyes.
With that, his Body on his Sword he threw:
Which, from the reaking wound, he dying drew.
Now, on his back, up-ſpun the bloud in ſmoak:
As when a Spring-conducting pipe is broke,
The waters at a little breach break out,
And hiſſing, through the airy Region ſpout.

The

The Mulberries their former white forſake;
And from his ſprinkling bloud their crimſon take.
Now ſhe, who could not yet her fear remove,
Returns, for fear to diſappoint her Love.
Her eager ſpirit ſeeks him through her eyes;
Who longs to tell of her eſcap'd ſurpriſe.
The place and figure of the Tree ſhe knew;
Yet doubts, the berries having chang'd their hew.
Uncertain; ſhe his panting limbs deſcry'd,
That ſtruck the ſtayned earth; and ſtarts aſide.
Box was not paler then her changed look:
And like the lightly breath'd on Sea ſhe ſhook;
But, when ſhe knew 'twas he (now diſpoſſeſt
Of her amaze) ſhe ſhreeks, beats her ſwoln breaſt,
Puls off her hair; imbraces, ſoftly rears
His hanging head, and fills his wound with tears,
Then, kiſſing his cold lips: Wo's me (ſhe ſaid)
What curſed fate hath this diviſion made!
O ſpeak, my *Pyramus*! O look on me!
Thy dear, thy deſperate *Thisbe* calls to thee!
At *Thisbe*'s name he opens his dim eyes;
And having ſeen her, ſhuts them up, and dies.
But when his empty ſcabbard ſhe had ſpy'd,
And her known Robe; Unhappy man! ſhe cry'd,
Theſe wounds from love, from thine own hand proceed
Nor is my hand too weak for ſuch a deed:
My love as ſtrong. This, this ſhall courage give,
To force that life which much diſdains to live.
In death I'll follow thee! inſtyl'd by all,
The wretched Cauſe, and partner of thy Fall.
Whom Death (that had alas!) alone the might
To pull thee from me! ſhall not diſ-unite.
O you our wretched Parents (thus ſevere
To your own bloud!) my laſt Petition hear:
Whom conſtant love, whom death hath joyn'd inter
Without your envy in one Sepulcher
And thou, O Tree, whoſe branches ſhade the ſlain;
Of both our ſlaughters bear the laſting ſtain:
In funeral habit ever cloath your brood,
A living Monument of our mixt bloud.
This ſaid, his ſword, yet reeking, ſhe reverſt,
And with a mortall wound her boſom pierc't,
The eaſie Gods unto her wiſh accord;
Their Parents alſo her deſire afford:

The late white Mulberries in black now mourn;
And what the fire had left, lay in one Urn.
Here ended she. Some intermission made,
Leucothoe, her sister silent, said:
This Sun, who all directeth with his light,
Weak Love hath tam'd? his loves we now recite,
He first discover'd the adultery
Of *Mars* and *Venus* (nothing scapes his eye)
And in displeasure told to *Juno*'s son
Their secret stealths, and where the deed was done.
His spirits faint: his hands could not sustain
The work in hand: Forthwith he forg'd a chain,
With nets of brass, that might the eye deceive,
(Less curious far the webs which Spiders weave)
Made pliant to each touch, and apt to close,
This, he about the guilty bed bestows.
No sooner these Adulterers were met,
Then caught in his so strangely forged net;
Who, strugling, in compel'd imbracements lay.
The Ivory doors then *Vulcan* doth display;
And calls the Gods. They shamefully lay bound.
Yet one, a wanton, Wisht to be so found.
The heavenly dwellers laugh. This tale was told
Through all the Round, and mirth did long uphold.
Venus, incenst, on him who this disclos'd,
A memorable punishment impos'd.
And he, of late so tyrannous to love;
Love's tyranny in just exchange doth prove.
Hyperion's son, what boots thy piercing sight!
Thy feature, colour, or thy radiant light!
For thou, who earth inflamest with thy fires,
Art now thy self inflam'd with new desires.
Thy melting eyes alone *Leucothoe* view;
And give to her, what to the World is due.
Now, in the East thou hastnest thy up-rise:
Now, slowly sett'st; even loth to leave the Skies.
And, while that object thus exacts thy stay,
Thou addest hours unto the Winters day.
Oft, in thy face thy minds disease appears:
Affrightning all the darkned World with fears.
Not *Cynthia*'s interposed Orb doth move
These pale aspects; this colour springs from love,
She all thy thoughts ingroft: nor didst thou care
For *Climene*, for her who *Circe* bare,

For

For *Rhodes*; *Clytie*, who in love abounde,
Although despis'd, though tortur'd with two wounds,
All, all were buried in *Leucothoe*;
Born in sweet *Saba*, of *Eurynome*.
As she in beauty far surpast all other:
So much the Daughter far surpast the Mother.
Great *Orchamus* was father to the Maid:
Who, seventh from *Belus Priscus*, *Persia* sway'd,
In low *Hesperian* Vales those pastures are,
Where *Phœbus* horses on *Ambrosia* fare.
There, tired with the travels of the day,
They renovate what labour doth decay.
Now, while cœlestial food their hunger feeds,
And night in her alternate reign succeeds:
In figure of *Eurynome*, the God
Approac'd the chamber, where his life abode.
He, spinning by a Lamp, *Leucothoe* found,
With twice six hand-maids, who incloss'd her round.
Then kissing her (her Mother now by Art)
I have (said he) a secret to impart:
Maids, presently withdraw. They all obey'd.
He, after he had clear'd the chamber, said;
The tardie Year I measure: I am he,
Who see all Objects, and by whom all see;
The World's clear eye: by thy fair self, I swear,
I love thee above thought. She shook for fear;
Her Spindle and her Distaff from her fell:
And yet that fear became her wond'rous well,
Then, his own form and radiency, he took:
Though with that unexpected presence strook;
Yet, vanquish'd by his beauty, her complaint
She laid aside, and suffered his constraint.
This *Clytie* vext (not less affectionate
Before to her) who with a rivals hate
Divulg'd the quickly-spreading infamy:
And to her Father doth the fact descry.
Who stern and savage, shuts up all remorse.
From her that stood subdu'd, she said, by force;
And *Sol* to witness calls. He his dishonour
Inters alive, and casts a Mount upon her.
Hyperion's son this batters with his rays:
And for her re-ascent a breach displaies,
Yet could not she advance her heavy head:
But life, too hasty, from her body fled.

Never

Never did *Phœbus* with ſuch ſorrow mourn
Since wretched *Phaeton* the world did burn:
Yet ſtrives he with his influence to beget
In her cold limbs a life-revoking heat.
But ſince the Fates ſuch great attemps withſtood;
He ſteeps the place and body in a floud
Of fragrant Nectar: much bewails her end:
And ſighing, ſaid; Yet ſhalt thou heaven aſcend:
Forthwith, her body thaws into a dew:
Which, from the moiſtned earth, an odour threw.
Then throw the Hill a Shrub of Frankincenſe
Thruſt up his crown, and took his root from thence.
Though love might *Clities* ſorrow have excus'd.
Sorrow; her tongue; Day's King her bed refus'd.
She, with diſtracted paſſion, pines away,
Deteſteth company; all night, all day,
Diſrobed, with her ruffled hair unbound,
And wet with humour, ſits upon the ground,
For nine long days all ſuſtenance forbears;
Her hunger cloy'd with dew, her thirſt with tears.
Nor roſe; but, rivets on the God her eyes;
And ever turns her face to him that flies.
At length, to earth her ſtupid body cleaves;
Her wan complexion turns to bloudleſs leaves,
Yet ſtreak'd with red: her periſht limbs beget
A flower, reſembling the pale Violet;
Which with the Sun, though rooted faſt, doth move;
And, being changed, changeth not her love.
Thus ſhe. This wond'rous ſtory caught their ears:
To ſome the ſame impoſſible appears;
Others, that all is poſſible, conclude,
To true-ſtyl'd Gods: but, *Bacchus* they extrude.
All whilſt, *Alcithoe* call'd upon, doth run
Her Shuttle through the Web; and thus begun.
T' admit the paſtorall loves, to few unknown,
Of young *Idæan Daphnis*; turn'd to ſtone
By that vext Nymph, who could not elſe aſſwage
Her jealouſie: ſuch is a Lover's rage:
And *Scython* who his nature innovates,
Now male, now female, by alternate Fates:
With *Celmus* turn'd into an Adamant.
Who of his faith a little *Jove* might vant;
The ſhorn *Curetes*, got by falling ſhowrs;
Crocos and *Smilax*, chang'd to pretty flowers.

lover-

I overpass; and will your ears surprize
With sweet delight of unknown novelties.
Then, know, how *Salmacis* infamous grew;
Whose too strong waves all manly strength undo,
And mollifie, with their soul-softning touch:
The cause unknown; their nature known too much.
Th' *Idæan* Nymphs nurst in secure delight,
The son of *Hermes* and fair *Aphrodite*.
His Father and his Mother in his look
You might behold: from whom, his name he took.
When Summers five he thrice had multiply'd,
Leaving the fount-full Hills of foster *Ide*,
He wandred through strange Lands, pleas'd with the sight
Of foreign streams; toil less'ning with delight.
The *Lycian* Cities past, he treads the grounds
Of wealthy *Caria*, which on *Lycia* bounds:
There lightned on a Pool, so passing clear,
That all the glittering bottom did appear;
Inviron'd with no marish-loving Reeds,
Nor picked Bull-rushes, nor barren weeds:
But, living Turf upon the Border grew;
Whose ever-Spring no blasting Winter knew.
A Nymph this haunts, unpractis'd in the chace,
To bend a Bow, or run a strife-full race.
Of all the Water Nymphs, this Nymph alone
To nimble-footed *Dion* was unknown.
Her Sisters oft would say, Fie *Salmacis*,
Fie lazie sister, what a sloth is this?
Upon a Quiver or a Javelin seaze;
And with laborious hunting mix thine ease.
On Quiver nor on Javelin, would she seaze;
Nor with laborious hunting mix her ease.
But now in her own Fountain bathes her fair
And shapefull limbs, now kembs her golden hair;
Her self oft by that liquid mirrour drest;
There taking counsel what became her best:
Her body in transparent Robes array'd.
Now on soft leaves or softer moss display'd:
Oft gathers flowers, so, when she saw the Boy:
Whom seen, forthwith she covets to injoy,
And yet would not approach, though big with hast,
Till neatly trickt, till all in order plac'd,
Her love inveigling looks set to insnare,
Who merited to be reputed fair.

Sweet

Sweet Boy, said she, well worthy the abode
Of blest cœlestials! if thou be a God,
Then art thou *Cupid*! if of humane race,
Happy the parents, whom thy person grace!
Thy Sister, if thou hast a Sister, blest!
Thy Nurse, much more, who fed thee with her breast!
But (O!) no less then deify'd is she,
Whom marriage shall incorporate to thee!
If any such; let me this treasure steal:
If not, be't I; and our dear Nuptials seal.
This said, she held her peace. He blusht for shame;
Not knowing love: whom shamefac'dness became.
So Apples shew upon the sunny side;
So Ivory with rich Vermillion dy'd:
So pure a red the silver Moon doth stain,
When auxil'ary brass resounds in vain.
She earnestly intreats a sisters kiss:
And now, advancing to imbrace her bliss,
He, strugling, said; Lascivious Nymph, forbear;
Or I will quit the place, and leave you here.
Fair Stranger, tim'rous *Salmacis* reply'd,
'Tis freely yours; and therewith stept aside:
Yet looking back, amongst the shrubby Trees
She closely sculks, and crouches on her knees.
The vacant Boy, now being left alone,
Imagining he was observ'd by none,
Now here, now there, about the margin trips;
And, in th' alluring waves his ancles dips.
Caught with the water's, flatt'ring temp'rature,
He straight disrobes his body; O, how pure!
His naked beauty *Salmacis* amaz'd:
Who with unsatisfy'd longing gaz'd. (ror;
Her sparkling eyes shoot flame through this sweet er-
Much like the Sun reflected by a mirror.
Now, she impatiently her hope delays;
Now, burns t'imbrace: now half-mad, hardly stays:
He swiftly from the bank on which he stood,
Clapping his body, leaps into the flood;
And, with his rowing arms, supports his limbs:
Which, through the pure waves, glister as he swims.
Like Ivory statues, which the life surpass;
Or like a Lilly, in a crystal glass.
He's mine; the Nymph exclaim'd: who all unstript;
And, as she spake, into the water skipt:

Hanging about the neck that did reſiſt;
And, with a maſt'ring force, th'unwilling kiſt:
Now, puts her hand beneath his ſcornful breſt;
Now every way invading the diſtreſt:
And wraps about the ſubject of her luſt,
Much like a Serpent by an Eagle truſs't;
Which to his head and feet intettered, clings;
And wreaths her tail about his ſtretcht out wings.
So claſping Ivy to the Oak doth grow;
And ſo the *Polypus* detains his foe.
But *Atlantiades*, relentleſs coy,
Still ſtruggles, and reſiſts her hop'd-for joy.
Inveſted with her body; fool, ſaid ſhe,
Struggle thou mayſt, but never ſhalt be free.
O you, who in immortal thrones reſide,
Grant that no day may ever us divide!
Her wiſhes had their Gods. Even in that ſpace
Their cleaving bodies mix: both have one face.
As when we two divided ſcions join,
And ſee them grow together in one rine:
So they, by ſuch a ſtrict imbracement glu'd,
Are now but one, with double form indu'd.
No longer he a Boy, nor ſhe a maid;
But neither, and yet either, might be ſaid.
Hermaphroditus at himſelf admires;
Who half a female from the ſpring retires,
His manly limbs now ſoftned; and thus prays,
With ſuch a voice as neither ſex betrays:
Swift *Hermes*, *Aphrodite*! him O hear,
Who was your ſon! who both your names doth bear:
May every maid that in this water ſwims,
Return half-woman, with infeebled limbs.
His gentle parents ſign to his requeſt;
And with unknown receits the ſpring infeſt.
Here, they conclude: yet give their hands no reſt;
But *Bacchus* ſlight, and ſtill prophane his Feaſt.
Then ſuddenly harſh inſtruments ſurprize
Their charged ears, not extant to their eyes:
Sweet Myrrh and Saffron all the houſe perfume:
Their webs (paſt credit!) flouriſh in the loom:
The hanging wool to green-leav'd Ivy ſpreads:
Part, into Vines: the equal twiſted threads
To branches run: buds from the diſtaff ſhoot;
And with that purple paint their bluſhing fruit.

Now

Now to the day ſucceeds that doubtful light;
Which neither can be called day, nor night.
The building trembles: torches of fat Pines
Appear to burn; the room with flaſhes ſhines:
Fill'd with fantaſtical reſemblances
Of howling beaſts, whom bloud, and ſlaughter pleaſe.
The Siſters, to the ſmoky roof retire;
And, there diſperſt, avoid both ſight and fire.
Thus, while they corners ſeek, thin films extend
From lightned limbs, with ſmall beams inter-pend.
But how their former ſhapes they did fore-go,
Concealing darkneſs would not let them know.
Nor are theſe little Light-deteſting things
Born-up with feathers, but tranſparent wings.
Their voice befits their bodies, ſmall, and faint:
Wherewith they harſhly utter their complaint,
Theſe houſes haunt, in night conceal their ſhame;
And of the loved Evening take their name.
All *Thebes* now fear'd *Bacchus* celebrates:
Whoſe wondrous pow'r his boaſting Ant relates.
She onely, of ſo many ſiſters, knew
No grief as yet, but what from them ſhe drew.
An happy Mother, Wife to *Athamas*,
Nurſe to a God: theſe caus'd her to ſurpaſs
The bounds of her felicities; and made
Vext *Juno* ſtorm; who to her ſelf thus ſaid:
What? could that Strumpets brat the form diſeiſe
Of poor *Mæonian* Sailers, drencht in Seas?
A Mother urge to murther her own ſon?
And wing the three *Mineides* that ſpun?
Can I but un-revenged wrongs deplore?
Muſt that ſuffice? and is our pow'r no more?
He teacheth what to do; learn of thy Foe:
What fury can the wounds of *Penthem* ſhow
More then too much? Why ſhould not *Ino* tread
The path which late her frantick ſiſters lead?
A ſteep dark Cave, with deadly Yew repleat,
Through ſilence leads to hells infernal ſeat;
By this dull *Styx* ejects a blaſting fume:
Here ghoſts deſcend, whoſe bodies graves inhume;
Amongſt thoſe thorns ſtiff Cold and Paleneſs dwell:
The new-come ghoſts nor know the way to Hell;
Nor where the roomy *Stygian* City ſtands;
Or that dire Palace where black *Dis* commands.

A thousand entries to this City guide:
The gates still open stand, on every side.
And as all Rivers run into the Deep:
So all unhoused souls do thither creep.
Nor are they pestered for want of room:
Nor can it be perceiv'd that any come.
Here shadows wander from their bodies pent:
Some plead; and some the Tyrants Court frequent:
Some in life-practis'd Arts imploy their times:
Others are tortur'd for their former Crimes.
Saturnia stooping from her Throne of Air,
(Her hate immortal!) thither makes repair.
As soon as she had entered the gate,
The threshold trembl'd with her sacred weight.
Still-waking *Cerberus* the Goddess dreads,
And barketh thrice at once, with his three heads.
She calls the Furies, Daughters to old Night;
Implacable, and hating all delight.
Before the doors of Adamant they sit;
And there with combs their snaky curls unknit.
When they through gloomy darkness did disclose
That form of Heaven, the Goddesses arose.
The Dungeon of the Damned this is nam'd.
Here *Titius*, for attempted Rape defam'd,
Had his vast body on nine Acres spread:
And on his heart a greedy Vulture fed.
From *Tantalus* deceitful water slips:
And catcht-at fruit avoids his touched lips.
Thou ever seekest, or roll'st up in vain
A stone, O *Sisyphus*, to fall again.
Ixion turn'd upon a restless wheel,
With giddy head pursues his flying heel.
The *Belides*, whom Kinsmen's bloud accuse,
For ever draw the water which they lose.
On all, *Saturnia* frowns; but most of all
At thee *Ixion*; then, a look lets fall
On *Sisyphus*: And why (said she) remains
This brother onely in perpetual pains;
When haughty *Athamas*, whose thoughts despise
Both *Jove*, and me, abides in constant joys?
Then tells the cause of her approach, her hate,
And what she would: the fall of *Cadmus* state;
That *Athamas* the Furies would distract,
And urge him to some execrable fact.

Impor

Importunately the ſolliciteth,
Commands, intreats, and promiſt, with one breath,
Incens'd *Tiſiphone* her Treſſes ſhakes;
And toſſing from her face the hiſſing Snakes,
Thus ſaid: You need not uſe long ambages;
Suppoſe all done already, that may pleaſe:
Forſake this loathſom Kingdom, and repair
To th' upper world's more comfortable air.
Well-pleas'd *Saturnia* then to heav'n with-drew:
Whom firſt *Thaumantian Iris* purg'd with-drew.
Forthwith *Tiſiphone* her garment takes,
Dropping with bloud, and girt with knotted Snakes.
About her head her bloudy torch ſhe ſhook;
And ſwiftly thoſe accurs'd abodes forſook.
Still-ſighing Sorrow, Horror, Trembling, Fear,
And gaſtly Madneſs, her aſſociates were.
The entred Palace groan'd; pale poiſon ſoils
The poliſht doors; the frighted Sun recoils:
Then *Athamas* and *Ino*, ſtruck with dread
And monſtrous apparitions, ſought t'have fled:
But ſtern *Erynnis* their eſcape withſtands;
And ſtretched out her Viper-graſping hands,
Shook her dark brows. The troubled Serpents hiſt:
Some falling on her ſhoulders, there untwiſt:
Others, upon her ugly breaſt deſcend,
Spit poiſon, and their forked tongues extend.
Two Adders from her crawling hair ſhe drew;
And thoſe at *Athamas* and *Ino* threw:
Theſe up and down about their boſoms roul;
And with infus'd affection ſad the ſoul.
No wound upon their bodies could be found:
It was the mind that felt the deſperate wound.
She brought beſides from her abhorred home
The ſurfet of *Echidna*, with the foam
Of hell-bred *Cerberus*, ſtill-wandring Error,
Oblivion, Miſchief, Tears, infernal Terror,
Diſtracted Fury, an Affection fixt
On murder; altogether ground, and mixt
With bloud yet reeking; boil'd in hollow braſs,
And ſtirr'd with Hemlock. While ſad *Athamas*,
And *Ino* quake, ſhe pours into their breſts
The rageful poiſon; which their peace infeſts.
Her flamy Torch then whisking in a round
(Whoſe circulary fire her conqueſt crown'd)

To *Pluto*'s empty regiment she makes
A swift descent; and there ungirts her Snakes.
Forthwith, *Æolides* with poison boils;
Io, my Mates, he cries, here pitch your toils:
Here, late a Lioness by me was seen
With her two whelps. With that pursues the Queen,
And from her breast *Clearchus* snatcht: The child
Stretcht forth his little arms, and on him smild:
Whom like a sling about his head he swings;
And cruelly against the pavement flings.
The Mother, whether with her grief distraught,
Or that the poison on her senses wrought,
Runs howling with her hair about her ears;
And in bare arms her *Melicerta* bears;
Cries Euohe *Bacchus*: *Juno* laught, and said;
Thus art thou by the Foster-child repaid.
There is a Rock that over-looks the Main,
Hollow'd by fretting Surges, sconc'd from rain;
Whose craggy brow to vaster Seas extends.
This, *Ino* (fury adding strength) ascends;
Descending head-long, with the load she bears;
And strikes the sparkling waves, that fall in tears.
Then, *Venus*, grieving at her Neece's Fate,
Her Uncle thus intreats: O thou, whose State
Is next to *Joves*; great Ruler of the Floud;
My suit is bold, yet pity thou my bloud,
Not tossed in the deep *Ionian* Seas:
And join them to thy watry Deities.
Some favour of the Sea I should obtain,
That am ingender'd of the foamy Main:
Of which, the acceptable name I bear.
Neptune affords a favourable ear;
Who what was mortal from their beings took;
Then gave to either a Majestick look;
In all their faculties divinely fram'd:
And her, *Leucothea*, him *Palemon* nam'd.
The *Theban* Ladies, who her steps pursu'd,
Her last on the first Promontory view'd.
Then, held for dead; with hair and garments rent,
They beat their breasts; and *Cadmus* house lament.
Of little Justice, and much Cruelty,
All *Juno* tax. Indure (the said) shall I
Such blasphemies! I'l make you monuments
Of my revenge. Threats usher their events.

When

When one, of all the most affectionate,
Cry'd, O my Queen, I will partake thy Fate!
And thought to leap into the roaring Floud;
But could not move; her feet fast fixed stood.
Another, who her bosom meant to beat,
Perceiv'd her stiffned arms to lose their heat:
By chance, her hand, This stretcheth to the Main;
Nor could her hand, now stone, unstretch again.
As She her violated Tresses tare,
Her fingers forthwith hardned in her hair.
Their Statues now those several gestures bear,
Wherein they formerly surprized were.
Some, Fowls became; now call'd *Cadmeides*;
Who with their light wings sweep those gulphy Seas.
Little knew *Cadmus* that his children reign'd
In sacred Seas, and deathless states retain'd.
Subdu'd with woes, with tragical events,
That had no end, and many dire ostents,
He leaves his City; as not through his own,
But by the fortune of the place o're-thrown:
And with his wife *Hermione*, long tost,
At length arriveth at th' *Illyrian* Coast:
Now spent with grief and age, whilst they relate
Their former toils, and Families first fate:
And was that Serpent sacred, which I slew
(Said She) whose teeth into the Earth I threw
(An uncouth seed) when I from *Sidon* came?
If this, the vengefull Gods so much inflame,
May I my belly Serpent-like extend!
His belly lengthned, e're his wish could end.
Though scales upon his hardned out-side grew:
The blacks distinguished with drops of blue.
Then, falling on his breast, his thighs unite;
And in a spiny progress stretcht out-right.
His arms (for, arms as yet they were) he spreads:
And tears on cheeks, that yet were humane, sheds.
Come, O sad Soul, said he; thy husband touch;
Whilst I am I, or part of me be such,
Shake hands, while yet I have an hand to shake:
Before I totally indue a Snake.
His tongue was yet in motion, when it cleft
In two, forthwith of humane speech bereft.
He hist, when he his sorrows sought to vent,
The onely language now which Nature lent.

His Wife her naked bosom beats, and cries,
Stay *Cadmus*, and put off these prodigies:
O strange! where are thy feet, hands, shoulders, breast,
Thy colour, face, and (while I speak) the rest!
You Gods, why also am not I a Snake?
He lickt her willing lips even as he spake?
Into her well-known bosom glides; her waste
And yielding neck, with loving twines imbrac't.
Amazement all the standers-by possest;
While glittering combs their slippery heads invest.
Now are they two; who crept, together chain'd,
Till they the covert of the Wood obtain'd.
These gentle Dragons, knowing what they were,
Do hurt to no man, nor mans presence fear.
Yet were those sorrows, by their daughters son
Much comforted, who vanquisht *India* won:
To whom th' *Actaians* Temples consecrate;
Divinely magnify'd through either State.
Alone *Acrisius Abantiades*,
Those of one Progeny, dissents from these:
Who, from th' *Argonian* City, made him fly;
And manag'd arms against a Deity.
Nor him, nor *Perseus* he for *Jove*'s doth hold;
(Begot on *Danae* in a show'r of gold)
Yet straight repents (so prevalent is truth)
Both to have for'd the God, and doom'd the Youth.
Now is the one inthroned in the skies:
The other through Air's empty Region flies;
And bears along the memorable spoil
Of that new Monster, conquer'd by his toil.
And as he o're the *Lybian* Deserts flew; (grew
The bloud that dropt from *Gorgon*'s head, straight
To various Serpents, quickned by the ground:
With these, those much infested Climes abound.
Hither and thither, like a cloud of rain,
Born by cross winds, he cuts the airy Main;
Far-distant earth beholding from on high;
And over all the ample World doth fly:
Thrice saw cold *Arctos*, thrice to *Cancer* prest;
Oft hurried to the East, oft to the West.
And now, not trusting to approached night,
Upon th' *Hesperian* Continent doth light:
And craves some rest, till *Lucifer* displays
Aurora's blush, and she *Apollo*'s rays.

Huge-

Huge ſtatur'd *Atlas Japetonides*
Here ſway'd the utmoſt bounds of Earth and Seas;
Where *Titans* panting Steeds his Chariot ſteep,
And bathe their fiery fet-locks in the Deep.
A thouſand Herds, as many Flocks, he fed
In thoſe large Paſtures, where no neighbors tread.
Here to their tree the ſhining branches ſute;
To them, their leaves; to thoſe, the Golden fruit.
Great King, ſaid *Perſeus*, if high birth may move
Reſpect in thee, behold the ſon of *Jove*:
If admiration, then my Acts admire;
Who reſt, and hoſpitable Rites deſire:
He, mindful of this prophecy, of old
By ſacred *Themis* of *Parnaſſus* told;
In time thy golden fruit a prey ſhall prove,
O *Japhets* ſon, unto the ſon of *Jove*.
This fearing, he his Orchard had inclos'd
With ſolid Cliffs, that all acceſs oppos'd:
The Guard whereof a monſtrous Dragon held;
And from his Land all Foreigners expel'd.
Be gone, ſaid he, for fear thy glories prove
But counterfeit; and thou no ſon to *Jove*:
Then adds uncivil violence to threats,
With ſtrength the other ſeconds his intreats:
In ſtrength inferior; Who ſo ſtreng as he?
Since courteſie nor any worth in me,
Vext *Perſeus* ſaid, can purchaſe my regard;
Yet from a gueſt receive thy due reward.
With that, *Meduſa*'s ugly head he drew,
His own reverſed. Forthwith *Atlas* grew
Into a Mountain equal to the Man:
His hair and beard' to Woods, and Buſhes ran;
His arms and ſhoulders into ridges ſpread;
And what was his, is now the Mountains head:
Bones turn to ſtones; and all his parts extrude
Into an huge prodigious altitude.
(Such was the pleaſure of the ever-bleſt)
Whereon the heav'ns, with all their tapers reſt.
Hippodates in hollow Rocks did cloſe
The ſtrife-ful Winds: Bright *Lucifer* aroſe
And rous'd up Labor. *Perſeus*, having ty'd
His wings t'his feet, his fauchion to his ſide,
Sprung into air: below, on either hand
Innumerable Nations left: the Land

Of *Æthiop*, and the *Cepken* fields survey'd;
There, where the innocently wretched Maid
Was for her Mothers proud impiety,
By unjust *Ammon* sentenced to die.
Whom when the Hero saw to hard Rocks chain'd,
But that warm tears from charged eye-springs drain'd,
And light winds gently fann'd her fluent hair,
He would have thought her Marble: E're aware
He fire attracteth; and, astonisht by
Her beauty, had almost forgot to fly.
Who lighting said; O fairest of thy kind
(More worthy of those bands which Lovers bind,
Then these rude gyves) the Land by thee renown'd,
Thy name, thy birth declare, and why thus bound.
At first the silent Virgin was afraid
To speak t'a Man, and modestly had made
A Vizard of her hands, but they were ty'd:
Yet what she could, her tears their fountains hide.
Still urg'd, lest he should wrong her innocence,
As if asham'd to utter her offence,
Her Countrey she discovers, her own name,
Her beauteous Mother's confidence, and blame.
All yet untold, the Waves began to roar:
Th'apparent Monster (hast'ning to the shoar)
Before his breast, the broad-spread Sea up-bears:
The Virgin shrieks: Her parents see their fears.
Both mourn, both wretched (but, she justly so:)
Who bring no aid, but extasies of wo,
With tears that suit the time: Who take the leave
They loath to take, and to her body cleave.
You for your grief may have, the stranger said,
A time too long: short is the hour of aid.
If freed by me, *Jove*'s son, in fruitful gold
Begot on *Danae*, through a brazen Hold,
Who conquer'd *Gorgon* with the snaky hair;
And boldly glide through un-inclosed air:
If for your son you then will me prefer;
Add to this worth, That in delivering her,
I'll try (so favor me the Powr's divine)
That she, sav'd by my valor, may be mine.
They take a Law, intreat what he doth offer:
And further, for a Dowre their Kingdom proffer.
Lo! as a Gally with fore-fixed prow
(Row'd by the sweat of Slaves) the Sea doth plow:

Even

Even so the Monster furroweth with his brest
The foaming flood; and to the near Rock prest;
Not farther distant, then a Man might fling
A way-inforcing Bullet from a sling.
Forth-with, the youthful issue of rich show'rs,
Earth pushing from him, to the blue sky tow'rs.
The furious Monster eagerly doth chase
His shadow, gliding on the Seas smooth face.
And as *Jove*'s Bird, when she from high surveys
A Dragon basking in *Apollo*'s rays;
Descends unseen, and through his necks blue scales
(To shun his deadly teeth) her talons nails:
So swiftly stoops high-pitcht *Inachides*
Through singing air: then on his back doth seize;
And near his right fin sheaths his crooked sword
Up to the hilts; who deeply wounded, roar'd:
Now capers in the air, now dives below
The troubled waves: now turns upon his foe:
Much like a chased Boar, whom eager Hounds
Have at a Bay, and terrifie with sounds.
He, with swift wings, his greedy jaws avoids;
Now, with his Fauchion wounds his scaly sides;
Now, his shell-rough-cast back; now, where the tail
Ends in a Fish, or parts expos'd t' assail
A stream mixt with his bloud the Monster flings
From his wide throat; which wets his heavy wings:
Nor longer dares the wary Youth rely
On their support. He sees a Rock hard by,
Whose top above the quiet waters stood,
But underneath the wind-incensed flood.
There lights; and, holding by the Rocks extent,
His oft-thrust sword into his bowels sent.
The shoar rings with th' applause that fills the sky,
Then, *Cepheus* and *Cassiope*, with joy,
Salute him for their son: whom now they call
The Saviour of their house, and of them all.
Up came *Andromeda*, freed from her chains;
The cause, and recompence of all his pains.
Mean-while he washeth his victorious hands
In cleansing waves. And lest the Beachy Sands
Should hurt the Snaky head, the ground he strew
With leaves, and twigs that under water grew:
Whereon, *Medusa*'s ugly face he lays,
The green, yet juicy, and attractive sprays.

From

From the toucht Monſter ſtiffning hardneſs took,
And their own native pliancy forſook.
The Sea-Nymphs this admired wonder try
On other ſprigs, and in the iſſue joy:
Who ſow again their Seeds upon the Deep.
The Coral now that property doth keep,
Receiving hardneſs from felt air alone;
Beneath the Sea a twig, above, a ſtone.
Forth-with, three Altars he of Turf erects,
To *Hermes*, *Jove*, and her who war affects:
Minerva's on the right; on the left hand
Stood *Mercury*'s: *Joves* in the midſt did ſtand.
To *Mercury*, a Calf they ſacrifice;
To *Jove*, a Bull; a Cow, to *Pallas* dies:
Then takes *Andromeda*, the full reward
Of ſo great worth; with Dow'r of leſs regard,
Now, Love and *Hymen* urge the Nuptial bed:
The ſacred Fires with rich perfumes are fed;
The houſe hung round with Garlands; every where
Melodious Harps, and Songs ſalute the ear;
Of jocund mirth the free and happy ſigns:
With Doors diſplay'd, the golden Palace ſhines:
The *Cepben* Nobles, and each ſtranger Gueſt.
Together enter to this ſumptuous Feaſt;
The Banquet done, with generous Wines they chear
Their heightned ſpirits: *Perſeus* longs to hear
Their faſhions, manners, and original;
Who, by *Lyncides* is inform'd of all.
This told; he ſaid: Now tell, O Valiant Knight,
By what felicity of force, or ſleight,
You got this purchaſe of the ſnaky hairs.
Then *Abantiades* forthwith declares,
How under froſty *Atlas* cliffie ſide
There lay a Plain, with Mountains fortify'd:
In whoſe acceſs the *Phorcides* did lie;
Two ſiſters; both of them had but one eye:
How cunningly thereon his hands he laid,
As they from one another it convey'd!
Then through blind waſtes, and rocky foreſts came
To *Gorgon*'s houſe: the way unto the ſame.
Beſet with forms of men, and beaſts, alone,
By ſeeing of *Meduſa* turn'd to ſtone:
Whoſe horrid ſhape ſecurely he did eye,
In his bright target's clear refulgency.

And

And how her head he from her ſhoulders took;
E're heavy ſleep her Snakes and her forſook.
Then told of *Pegaſus*, and of his brother, (ther,
Sprung from the bloud of their new-ſlaught'red mo-
Adding the perils paſt in his long way;
What ſeats, what ſoils, his eyes below ſurvey;
And to what ſtars his lofty pitch aſcends:
Yet long afore their expectation ends.
One Lord among the reſt would gladly know,
Why Serpents onely on her head did grow.
Stranger, ſaid he, ſince this that you require,
Deſerves the knowledge, take what you deſire:
Her paſſing beauty was the onely ſcope
Of mens affections, and their envy'd hope:
Yet was not any part of her more rare
(So ſay they who have ſeen her) then her hair;
Whom *Neptune* in *Minerva*'s Fane compreſt.
Jove's daughter, with the *Ægis* on her breſt,
Hid her chaſt bluſhes: and due vengeance takes,
In turning of the *Gorgon*'s hair to Snakes.
Who now, to make her enemies afraid,
Bears in her ſhield the Serpents which ſhe made.

OVID's

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

The Fifth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Gorgon *seen*, Cepheni *Statues grow*:
So Phineus, Prætus, Polydect *the foe*
To Perseus *praise*. *The fountain* Hippocrene
By horse-hoof rais'd. *The Muses*, *into Nine*
Rape-flying Birds: Pierides, *to Eyes*.
The Gods, *by* Tiphon *chas'd*, *themselves disguise*,
Sad Cyane *into a Fountain flows*.
Th' ill-natur'd Boy a spotted Stellion grows.
Lov'd Arethusa *thaws into a Spring*,
Ascalaphus *an Owl*. *Light feathers wing*
The sweet-tongu'd Syrens, *who on waters mourn*.
Stern Lyncus Ceres *to a* Lynx *doth turn*.

While the *Danaedan* Hero this relates,
Amidst th' Assembly of the *Cepheni* States;
Exalted voices through the Palace ring:
Not like to theirs who at a marriage sing;
But such as menace war. The Nuptial Feast,
Thus turn'd to tumult, to the life expreſt
A peaceful Sea, whose brow no frown deforms;
Straight ruffled into billows by rude storms.
First *Phineus*, the rath Author of this war,
Shaking a Launce, began the deadly jar.
Lo, I the Man, that will upon thy life
Revenge, said he, the rapture of my Wife,

Nor

Nor ſhall thy wings, nor *Jove* in forged gold,
Work thy eſcape. About to throw: O hold!
Perplexed *Cepheus* cries: What wilt thou do!
What fury, frantick brother, tempts thee to
So foul a fact? Is this the recompence
For ſuch high merit? For her life's defence?
Not *Perſeus*, but th' incens'd *Nereides*,
But horned *Hammon*, and the wrath of Seas
(That Ork that fought my bowels to devour)
Hath ſnatcht her from thee; raviſht in the hour
Of her expoſure. But thy cruelty
Perhaps was well content that ſhe ſhould die,
To eaſe thy loſs with ours. May't not ſuffice,
That ſhe was bound in chains before thine eyes;
That Thou, her Uncle, and her Husband, brought
Her peril no prevention, nor none ſought;
But that anothers aid thou muſt envy,
And claim the Trophies of his Victory?
Which, if of ſuch eſteem, thou ſhouldſt have ſtrain'd
T' have forc'd them from thoſe Rocks, where lately (chain'd.
Let him, who did enjoy them, nor exact
What is his due by merit, and compact.
Nor think, we *Perſeus* before thee prefer;
But him, before ſo abhor'd a ſepulcher.
He without anſwer, rowling to and fro
His eyes on either, doubts at which to throw:
And pauſing, his ill-armed Launce at length
At *Perſeus* hurls, with rage-redoubled ſtrength.
Fixt in the bed-ſtock; up fierce *Perſeus* ſtarts,
And his retorted Spear at *Phineus* darts:
Who ſuddenly behind an Altar ſtept;
An Altar-vengeance from the wicked kept:
And yet in *Rhetus* brow the weapon ſtuck.
He fell: the ſteel out of his ſkull they pluck:
Who ſpurns the Earth, and ſtains the board with bloud.
With that, the multitude, with fury wood,
Their Launces fling; and ſome there be, who cry,
That *Cepheus*, and his ſon-in-law, ſhould die.
But *Cepheus* wiſely quits the clamorous Hall:
Who faith, and juſtice doth to record call,
With all the Hoſpitable Gods; that he
Was from this execrable uproar free.
The warlike *Pallas*, preſent, with her ſhield
Protects her brother, and his conrage ſteel'd.

Young

Young *Indian Atys* by ill-hap was there;
Whom *Ganges*-got, *Limniace* did bear.
In her clear Waves: his beauty excellent,
Which care, and coſtly ornaments augment:
Who ſcarce had fully ſixteen Summers told:
Clad in a *Tyrian* mantle, fring'd with gold.
About his neck he wore a carquenet:
His hair with Riband bound, and odors wet.
Although he cunningly a Dart could throw;
Yet with more cunning could he uſe his bow.
Which now a-drawing with a tardy hand;
Quick *Perſeus* from the Altar ſnatcht a Brand,
And daſht it on his face: out-ſtart his eyes;
And through his fleſh the ſhiv'red bones ariſe.
When *Syrian Lycabos* his *Atys* view'd,
Shaking his formleſs looks, with bloud imbrew'd:
To him in ſtricteſt bonds of friendſhip ty'd,
And one who could not his affection hide:
After he had his tragedy bewail'd;
Who through the bitter wound his ſoul exhal'd:
He took the Bow, which erſt the Youth did bend;
And ſaid; With me, thou Murderer, contend;
Nor longer glory in a Boy's ſad fate,
Which ſtains thy actions with deſerved hate.
Yet ſpeaking, from the ſtring the arrow flew:
Which took his plighted Robe, as he withdrew,
Acriſioniades upon him preſt,
And ſheath'd his Harpy in his groaning breſt.
Now dying, he for *Atys* looks, with eyes
That ſwim in night; and on his boſom lies:
Then chearfully expires his parting breath:
Rejoycing to be join'd to him in death.
Phorbas the *Syenit*, *Methion*'s ſon,
With him the *Libyan Amphimedon*;
Eager of combate, ſlipping in the bloud
That drencht the pavement, fell: his ſword withſtood
Their re-aſcent, which through the ſhort-ribs ſmote
Amphimedon, and cut the others throat.
Yet *Perſeus* could not venture to invade
The Halbertere *Erithæus* with his blade;
But in both hands a Goblet high imboſt,
And maſſie, took; which at his head he toſt:
Who vomits clotted bloud; and, tumbling down,
Knocks the hard pavement with his dying crown.

Then

Then *Polydæmus* (ſprung from Goddeſs-born
Semiramis) *Phlegias*, the unſhorn
Elyce, *Clytus*, *Scythian*, *Abaris*,
And brave *Lycetus* (old *Sperchesius* bliſs)
Fell by his hand: whoſe feet in triumph tread
Upon the ſlaughtered bodies of the dead.
But *Phineus*, fearing to confront his Foe
In cloſe aſſault, far off a dart deth throw:
Which led by error, did on *Ida* light;
A Neuter, who in vain forbare to fight.
He, ſternly frowning, thus to *Phineus* ſpake:
Since you, me an unwilling party make,
Receive the enemy whom you have made;
That, by a wound, a wound may be repay'd.
About to hurle the Dart, drawn from his ſide;
With loſs of bloud he faints, and falling dy'd.
Then, great *Odytes* fell by *Clymenus* ſword;
Next to the King, the greateſt *Cephen* Lord.
Hypſæus ſlew *Protenor*; *Lyncedes*
Hypſæus. Old *Enathion* fell with theſe;
Who fear'd the Gods, and favoured the right.
He, whom old age exempted from the fight,
Fights with his tongue; himſelf doth interpoſe,
And deeply execrates their wicked blowes,
Cromis, as he imbrac't the Altar; lopt
His ſhaking head, which on the Altar dropt:
Whoſe half-dead tongue yet curſes: and expires
His righteous ſoul amidſt the ſacred Fires.
Then *Broteas* and *Ammon*, *Phineus* ſlew;
Who from one womb at once their being drew:
Invincible with hurle-bats, could they quell
The dints of ſwords. Neer theſe *Alphyus* fell,
The Prieſt of *Ceres*, with a Miter crown'd;
Which to his temples a white fillet bound.
And thou *Lampetides*, whoſe pleaſant wit
Deteſting diſcord, in ſoft peace more fit
To ſing unto thy tuneful Lire; now preſt
With Songs to celebrate the nuptial Feaſt:
When *Pettalus*, at him, who ſtood far off,
With his defenſeleſs Harp; ſtrikes with this ſcoff;
Go ſing the reſt unto the Ghoſts below:
And pierc't his Temples with a deadly blow:
His dying fingers warble in his fall:
And then, by chance, the Song was tragical.

This, unreveng'd *Lycormas* could not brook,
But from the door's right side a Leaver took,
And him between the head and shoulders knocks;
Down falls he, like a sacrificed Ox.
Ciniphean Palates then sought to seize
Upon the left: when fierce *Marmorides*
His hand nail'd to the door-post with a Spear:
Whose side stern *Abas* pierc'd as he stuck there.
Nor could he fall, but giving up the ghost,
Hung by the hand against the smeared post.
Melaneus then, of *Perseus* party fell;
And *Dorilas*, whose riches did excel:
In *Nasæmonia* none then he more great
For large possessions, and huge hoards of Wheat,
The steel struck in his groin, which death pursu'd:
Whom *Halcyoneus* of *Bactria* view'd
(The Author of the wound) as he did roul
His turn'd-up eyes, and sighed out his soul:
For all thy land, said he, by this divorce
Receive thy length and left his bloudless course.
The Spear, revengful *Abantides* drew
From his warm wound; and at the Thrower threw:
Which doth his nostrils in the midst divide;
And, passing through, appear'd on either side.
Whilst Fortune crown'd him. *Clytius* he confounds
And *Danus*, of one womb, with different wounds:
Through *Clytius* thighs a ready dart he cast;
Another 'twixt the jaws of *Danus* past.
Mindesian Celadon and *Aster* slew,
His father doubtful, gotten on a *Jew*:
Echion, late well-seen in things to come,
Now overtaken by an unknown doom:
Thoactes, *Phineus* Squire, his fauchion try'd:
And fell *Agyrtes* that foul parricide.
Yet more remain'd then were already spent:
For, all of them, to murder one, consent.
The bold Conspirators on all sides fight;
Impugning promise, merit, and his right.
The vainly-pious Father sides with th' other;
With him, the frighted Bride, and pensive Mother:
Who fill the Court with out-cries, by the sound
Of clashing Arms, and dying screeches drown'd.
Bellona the polluted floor imbrews
With streams of bloud, and horrid war renews.

False

Falſe *Phineus*, with a thouſand, in a ring
Begirt the Hero: who their Launces fling
As thick as Winters hail, that blind his ſight,
Sing in his ears, and round about him light.
His guarded back he to a pillar ſets,
And with undaunted force confronts their threats.
Chaonean Molpeus preſt to his left ſide:
The right, *Nabathean Ethemon* ply'd.
As when a Tyger, pincht with famine, hears
Two bellowing Herds within one vale, forbears.
Nor knows on which to ruſh, as being loth
To leave the other, and would fall on both:
So *Perſeus*, which to ſtrike uncertain proves,
Who daunted *Molpeus* with a wound removes,
Contented with his flight, in that the rage
Of fierce *Ethemon* did his force ingage:
Who at his neck uncircumſpectly ſtroke,
And his keen ſword againſt the pillar broke,
The blade from unrelenting ſtone rebounds,
And in his throat th' unhappy owner wounds.
Yet was not that enough to work his end,
Who fearfully doth now his arms extend
For pity unto *Perſeus*, all in vain,
Who thruſt him through with his *Cyllenian* Skain.
But, when he ſaw his valor over-ſway'd
By multitude: I muſt, ſaid he, ſeek aid
(Since you your ſelves compell me) from my foe;
Friends turn your backs: then *Gorgons* head doth ſhow.
Some others ſeek, ſaid *Theſſalus*, to fright
With this thy Monſter, and with all his might
A deadly dart endeavour'd to have thrown:
But in that poſiture became a ſtone.
Next, *Amphix*, full of ſpirit, forward preſt,
And thruſt his ſword at bold *Lyncides* breſt:
When in the paſs, his fingers ſtupid grow,
Nor had the pow'r of moving to or fro.
But *Nileus* (he who with a forged ſtile
Vaunted to be the ſon of ſeven-fold *Nile*,
And bear ſeven ſilver Rivers in his ſhield,
Diſtinctly waving through a golden field)
To *Perſeus* ſaid: Behold, from whence we ſprung!
To ever-ſilent ſhadows bear a-long
This comfort of thy death, that thou didſt die
By ſuch a brave and high-born enemy.

His

His entrance faultred in the later clause:
The yet-unfinisht found stuck in his jawes;
Who gaping stood as he would something say:
And so had done, if words had found a way.
These *Eryx* blames; 'Tis your faint souls that dead
Your powers, saith he, and not the *Gorgon*'s head,
Rush on with me, and prostrate with deep wounds
This youth, who thus with Magick arms conbounds.
Then rushing on, the ground his foot-steps stay'd;
Now mutely fixt: an armed Statue made.
These suffer'd worthily. One, who did fight
For *Perseus*, bold *Arconteus*, at the sight
Of *Gorgon*'s Snakes, abortive Marble grew.
On whom *Astyages* in fury flew.
As if alive, with his two-handed blade:
Which shrilly twang'd; but no incision made:
Who, whil'st he wonders the same nature took;
And now his Statue hath a wondring look.
It were too tedious for me to report
Their names, who perisht, of the vulgar sort.
Two hundred scap't the fury of the fight:
Two hundred turn to stone at *Gorgon*'s sight:
Now *Phineus* his unjust commotion rewes:
What should he do? the senseless shapes he viewes
Of his known friends, which differing figures bore;
And doth by name their several ayd implore.
And yet not trusting to his eyes alone,
The next he toucht; and found it to be stone.
Then turns aside: and now, a penitent,
With suppliant hands, and arms obliquely bent;
O *Perseus*, thine, said he, thine is the day!
Remove this Monster. Hence, O hence convay
Medusa's ugly looks, or what more strange,
Which humane bodies into marble change:
Not hate, not thirst of rule begot this strife:
I onely fought to re-obtain my Wife.
Thine is the plea of Merit; mine, of Time:
Yet, in contending I confess my crime.
For life (O chief of men) I onely sue:
Afford me that: the rest I yield to you.
Thus he; not daring to revert his eyes
On him whom he intreats: who thus replies.
Faint-hearted *Phineus*, what I can afford,
(A gift of worth to such a fearful Lord)

Take

Take courage, and perſwade thy ſelf I will:
No wounding ſword thy bloud ſhall ever ſpill.
Moreover, that I may thy wiſh prevent,
Here will I fix thy laſting monument:
That thou by her thou lov'ſt mayſt ſtill be ſeen;
And with her Spouſe's image chear our Queen.
Then, in that ſide *Phorcynis* head doth place,
To which the Prince hath turn'd his trembling face.
And as from thence his eyes he would have thrown.
His neck grew ſtiff: his tears congeal to ſtone.
With fearful ſuppliant look, ſubmiſſive hands,
And guilty countenance the Statue ſtands.
Victorious *Abantiades* now hyes
T' his native City, with the reſcu'd prize:
There, vengeance takes on *Proteus*, and reſtor'd
His Grand-father: whoſe wrongs redreſs implor'd.
For *Proteus* had by force of Arms expeld
His brother; and uſurped *Argos* held.
But him, nor Arms, nor Bulwarke, could protect
Againſt the ſnaky Monſters grim aſpect.
Yet not the vertue of the youth, which ſhone
Through ſo great toyl, nor ſorrows under-gone;
With thee, O *Polydectes*, king of ſmall
Sea-girt *Seriphus*, could prevail at all.
Endleſs thy wrath, thy hate inexorable:
Detracting; and condemning for a fable
Meduſa's death. The moved Youth replyes:
The truth your ſelf ſhall ſee; Friend, ſhut your eyes.
Then repreſents *Meduſa* to his view:
Who preſently a bloudleſs Statue grew.
Thus long *Tritonia* to her brother cleaves:
Then in a hollow cloud *Seriphus* leaves
(*Scyros* and *Gyaros* on the right-hand ſide)
And o're the toyling Seas her courſe apply'd
To *Thebes*, and Virgin *Helicon*; there ſtay'd;
And thus unto the learned Siſters ſaid.
The fame of your new Fountain, rays'd by force
Of that ſwift-winged *Meduſean* horſe,
Me hither drew, to ſee the wondrous Flood,
Who ſaw him iſſue from his Mothers bloud.
Goddeſs, *Urania* anſwered, what cauſe
So-ever you to this our Manſion draws,
You are moſt welcome. What you heard is true:
And from that *Pegaſus* this Fountain grew.

Then

Then *Pallas* to the ſacred Spring convey'd,
Sh' admires the waters by the horſe-hoof made;
Surveys their high-grown groves, cool caves, freſh
Andmeadows painted with all ſorts of flow'rs:(bow'rs,
Then happy ſtiles ſhe the *Mæonides*,
Both for their Arts, and ſuch abodes as theſe.
O heav'nly Virgin! one of them reply'd,
Moſt worthy our ſociety to guide,
If ſo your active virtue did not move
To greater deeds: deſerv'dly you approve
Our ſtudies, pleaſant ſeat, and happy ſtate;
Were we ſecure from what we chiefly hate.
But nothing is unlawful to the lewd:
And Maids by nature are with fear indu'd.
The dire *Pyreneus* ſtill invades my ſight:
Nor have I yet recover'd that affright.
He, *Daulis* with all *Phocis* had obtain'd
By *Thracian* Armes; there unjuſtly reign'd:
Bound for *Parnaſſus* Temple, us he ſpies;
And with falſe zeal adores our Deities.
Mæonides, ſaith he, (he knew us well)
While ſad ſtars govern, and ſhow'rs fall (then fell
By chance a mighty ſhow'r) vouchſafe I pray
Beneath the ſhelter of my roof to ſtay:
The Gods have entred humble Cottages.
Urg'd by the weather, and ſuch words as theſe,
We to his importunity aſſent;
And yet no farther then the Lobby went.
It now held up: the vanquiſht South-winds fly
Before the North; which purge the dusky sky.
Preſt to depart; he ſhuts the door, prepares
To offer force: with wings we ſcape his ſnares.
He preſently the higheſt tow'r aſcends;
And, as he would have flown, his body bends:
The way you go, ſaid he, will I purſue,
And from the battlements himſelf he threw:
Who falling, ſtrikes the earth with daſht-out brains,
Which with his wicked bloud, he dying ſtains.
The Muſe yet ſpake, when wings were heard to clatter,
And from high trees ſaluting voices chatter.
Jove's daughter wonders, and inquires from whence
Thoſe voices came, including humane ſenſe.
Not men, but nine all-imitating Pies;
Bewailing their deſerved deſtinies.

The

The Goddeſs to th' admiring Goddeſs ſaid;
They, foil'd by us, by us were thus repaid.
Pierus, who rich *Pella* held by lot,
Theſe on *Pæonian Evippe* got.
Nine times ſhe on *Lucina* call'd aloud:
The fooliſh Siſters of their number proud,
Through all *Æmonia* and *Achaia* came;
And thus uncivilly they ſtrife proclaim.
Theſpiodes, th' unlearned multitude
No more with your vain harmony delude:
But cope with us (if hope excite you will)
As many; yet unmatcht, for voice, or skill.
Surrender you to us, if we excel,
Hyantian Aganip, and *Gorgon*'s Well:
Th' *Ematian* Woods to ſnowy *Pæone*
Shall pay our loſs. The Nymphs our judges be.
A ſhame it was to ſtrive: more ſhame it were
To yield. The Nymphs by their own rivers ſwear:
And ſit on benches made of living ſtone.
Then, un-elected, rudely ſteps forth one,
Who ſung the Giants war: their feigned acts
She magnifies, and from the Gods detracts.
Now *Typhon*, from earth's gloomy intrails rais'd,
Struck all their pow'rs with fear: who fled amaz'd,
Till *Ægypts* ſcorched ſoil the weary hides;
And wealthy *Nile*, who in ſeven chanels glides.
That thither Earth-born *Typhon* them purſu'd:
When as the Gods concealing ſhapes indu'd.
Jove turn'd himſelf, ſhe ſaid, into a Ram:
From whence the horns of *Lybian Hammon* came.
Bacchus a Goat, *Apollo* was a Crow,
Phœbe a Cat, *Jove*'s wife a Cow of ſnow;
Venus a Fiſh, a Stork did *Hermes* hide:
And ſtill her voice unto her Harp apply'd.
Then call they us. But, ours perhaps to hear,
Nor leiſure ſerves you, nor is't worth your ear.
Doubt not, ſaid *Pallas*, orderly repeat
Your long'd-for Verſe, and takes a ſhady ſeat.
Then ſhe; On one we did the task impoſe:
Calliope, with Ivy crown'd, up-roſe;
Who with her thumb firſt tun'd the quav'ring ſtrings,
And then this Ditty to the muſick ſings.
The gleab, with crooked plough, firſt *Ceres* rent;
Firſt gave us corn, a better nouriſhment,

Firſt

First Laws prescrib'd: all from her bounty sprung,
By me the Goddess *Ceres* shall be sung.
Would We could Verses, worthy her, rehearse:
For she is more then worthy of our Verse.
Trinacria was on wicked *Typhon* thrown;
Who underneath the Islands waight doth groan;
That durst affect the Empire of the skies:
Oft he attempteth, but in vain, to rise.
Ausonian Pelorus his right hand
Down waighs; *Pachyne* on the left doth stand;
His legs are under *Lilibæus* spred;
And *Ætna*'s bases charge his horrid head:
Where, lying on his back, his jaws expire
Thick clouds of dust, and vomit flakes of fire.
Oft times he struggles with his load below:
And Towns, and Mountains labours to ore-throw.
Earth quakes therewith: the King of shadows dreads,
For fear the ground should split above their heads,
And let in Day, t' affright the trembling Ghosts.
For this, he from his silent Empire posts,
Drawn by black horses; tracing all the Round
Of rich *Sicilia*; but, no breaches found.
Him *Erycina* from her Mount survay'd
(Now fearless) and, her son imbracing, said,
My arms, my strength, my glory; for my sake,
O *Cupid*, thy all-conquering weapons take;
And fix thy winged arrows in his heart,
Who rules the triple world's inferior part.
The Gods, even *Jove* himself; the God of waves:
And who illustrates earth have been thy slaves.
Shall Hell be free? Thine, and thy mother's sway
Inlarge, and make th' infernal Power's obey.
Yet we (such is our patience!) are despis'd
In our own heaven; and all our force unpriz'd.
Seest thou not *Pallas* and the Queen of Night,
Far darting *Dian*; how my worth they slight?
And *Ceres* daughter will a Maid abide,
If we permit; for she affects their pride.
But, if thou favour our joynt Monarchy,
Thy Uncle to the Virgin-Goddess tie.
Thus *Venus*. He his Quiver doth unclose;
And one, out of a thousand arrows, chose
At her abitrement: a sharper head
None had; more ready, or that surer sped.

Then

Then bends his bow: the ſtring t'his ear arives,
And through the heart of *Dis* the arrow drives.
Not far remov'd from *Enna*'s high-built wall,
A Lake there is which men *Perguſa* call.
Cayſter's ſlowly-gliding waters bear
Far fewer ſinging Swans then are heard there.
Woods crown the Lake, and cloath it round about
With leavy vails, which *Phœbus* beams keep-out.
The trees create freſh ayr, th' Earth various flowers:
Where heat nor cold th' eternal Spring devoures.
Whil'ſt in this grove *Proſerpina* diſports,
Or Violets pulls, or Lillies of all ſorts;
And whilſt ſhe ſtrove with childiſh eare and ſpeed,
To fill her lap, and others to exceed;
Dis ſaw, affected, carried her away,
Almoſt at once. Love could not brook delay,
The ſad-fac'd Goddeſs cryes (with fear apall'd)
To her Companions; oft her Mother call'd.
And as ſhe tore th' adornment of her hair,
Down fell the flow'rs which in her lap ſhe bare.
And ſuch was her ſweet Youth's ſimplicity,
That their loſs alſo made the Virgin cry.
The Raviſher flies on ſwift wheels; his horſes
Excites by name, and their full ſpeed inforces;
Shaking for haſte the ruſt-obſcured rains
Upon their coal-black necks, and ſhaggy mains
Through Lakes, through the *Palici*, which expire
A ſulph'rous breath; through earth ingendring fire,
They paſs to where *Corinthian* Bacchides
His City built between unequal Seas.
The Land t'wixt *Arethuſa* and *Cyane*
With ſtretcht-out horns begirts th' included Sea.
Here *Cyane*, who gave the Lake a name,
Amongſt *Sicilian* Nymphs of ſpecial fame,
Her head advanc't: who did the Goddeſs know;
And boldly ſaid, You ſhall not farther go;
Nor can you be unwilling *Ceres* ſon:
What you compell, perſwaſion ſhould have won,
If humble things I may compare with great;
Anapis lov'd me: yet did he intreat;
And me, not frighted thus, eſpous'd. This ſaid,
With out-ſtretcht arms his farther paſſage ſtaid,
His wrath no longer *Pluto* could reſtrain;
But gives his terror-ſtriking Steeds the rain;

And with his Regal Mace through the profound
And yielding water, cleaves the ſolid ground;
The breach t' infernal *Tartarus* extends:
At whoſe dark jaws the Chariot deſcends.
But *Cyane* the Goddeſs Rape laments;
And her own injur'd Spring; whoſe diſcontents
Admit no comfort: in her heart ſhe bears
Her ſilent ſorrow: now, reſolves to tears;
And with that Fountain doth incorporate,
Whereof th' immortal Deity but late.
Her ſoftned members thaw into a dew,
Her nails leſs hard, her bones now limber grew.
The ſlender'ſt parts firſt melt away: her hair
Fine fingers, legs, and feet; that ſoon impair,
And drop to ſtreams: then arms, back, ſhoulders, ſide,
And boſom, into little Currents glide.
Water inſtead of bloud, fils her pale veins:
And nothing now, that may be graſp, remains.
Mean-while, through all the Earth, and all the Main
The fearful Mother ſought her child in vain.
Not dewy'hair'd *Aurora*, when ſhe roſe,
Nor *Heſperus* could witneſs her repoſe.
Two pitchy Pines at flaming *Ætna* lights;
And reſtleſs, carries them through freezing Nights:
Again, when Day the vanquiſht Stars ſuppreſt,
Her vaniſht comfort ſeeks from Eaſt to Weſt.
Thirſty with travel, and no Fountain nye.
A Cottage thatcht with ſtraw invites her eye,
At th' humble gate ſhe knocks: An old Wife ſhews
Her ſelf thereat; and ſeeing her, beſtows
The water ſo deſir'd: which ſhe before
Had boyl'd with Barley. Drinking at the door,
A rude hard-favour'd Boy beſide her ſtood,
Who laught, and call'd her Greedy-guſ. Her bloud
Inflam'd with anger, what remain'd ſhe threw
Full in his face; which forthwith ſpeckled grew.
His arms convert to legs; a tail withall
Spins from his changed ſhape: of body ſmall:
Leſt he might prove too great a foe to life:
Though leſs, yet like a Lizard, th 'aged Wife
(That wonders, weeps, and fears to touch it) ſhuns,
And preſently into a creviſe runs,
Fit to his colour they a name elect;
With ſundry little ſtars all-over ſpeckt.

What

What Lands, what Seas, the Goddeſs wandred through
Were long to tell: Earth had not room enough.
To *Sicil* ſhe returns: where ere ſhe goes,
Inquires, and came where *Cyane* now flowes.
She, had ſhe not been changed, all had told;
Now, wants a tongue her knowledge to unfold:
Yet, to the Mother, of her Daughter gave
A certain ſign: who bore upon a wave
Perſephone's rich zone; that from her fell,
When through the ſacred Spring, ſhe ſunk to Hell.
This ſeen, and known; as but then loſt, ſhe tare,
Without ſelf-pity, her diſ-ſheveld hair;
And with redoubled blows her breſt invades:
Nor knows what Land t' accuſe, yet all upbraids;
Ingrate, unworthy with her gifts t' abound:
Trinacria chiefly; where the ſteps ſhe found
Of her misfortunes. Therefore there ſhe brake
The furrowing plough; the Ox and owner ſtrake
Both with one death; then, bad the fields beguile
The truſt impos'd, ſhrunk ſeed corrupts. That ſoile,
So celebrated for fertility,
Now barren grew: Corn in the blade doth die.
Now, too much drouth annoys; now, lodging ſhowers:
Stars ſmitch, winds blaſt. The greedy Fowl devoures
The new-ſown grain: Kintare, and Darnel tire
The feter'd Wheat; and Quitch that through it ſpire.
In *Elean* waves *Alpheus* Love appear'd;
And from her dropping hair her forehead clear'd:
O Mother of that far-ſought Maid, thou friend
To life, ſaid ſhe; here let thy labour end:
To be offended with thy faithful Land;
That blameleſs is, nor could her Rape with-ſtand.
I, here a gueſt, not for my Countrey plead:
My Countrey *Piſa* is, in *Elis* bred;
And as an Alien, in *Sicania* dwell:
But yet no Countrey pleaſeth me ſo well.
I, *Arethuſa*, now theſe Springs poſſeſs:
This is my ſeat: which, courteous Goddeſs bleſs.
Why I affect this place, t' *Ortygia* came
Through ſuch vaſt Seas; I ſhall impart the ſame
To your deſire; when you, more fit to hear,
Shall quit your care, and be of better chear.
Earth give me way, through whoſe dark caverns rol'd
I here aſcend; and long-miſt ſtars behold.

While under ground by *Styx* my waters glide,
Your ſweet *Proſerpina* I there eſpy'd;
Full ſad ſhe was: even then you might have ſeen
Fear in her face: and yet ſhe is a Queen;
And yet ſhe in that gloomy Empire ſwayes.
And yet her will th' infernal king obeyes.
Stone-like ſtood *Ceres* at this heavy news;
And, ſtaring, long continued in a muſe.
When grief had quickned her ſtupidity,
She took her Chariot, and aſcends the skie:
There, veiled all in clouds, with ſcattered hair,
She kneels to *Jupiter*, and made this pray'r;
Both for my bloud and thine, O *Jove*, I ſue:
If I be nothing gracious, yet do you
A Father to your Daughter prove; 'nor be
Your care the leſs, becauſe ſhe ſprung from me.
Lo, ſhe at length is found, long ſought through all
The ſpacious World; if you a Finding call
What more the loſs aſſures: but if, to know
Her being, be to Find, I have found her ſo.
And yet I would the injury remit,
So he the ſtoln reſtore: 'Twere moſt unfit
That holy *Hymen* ſhould thy daughter joyn
Unto a Thief; although ſhe were not mine.
Then *Jove*: the pledge is mutual, and theſe cares
To either equal: Yet this deed declares
Much love, miſ-called wrong: nor ſhould we ſhame,
Of ſuch a ſon, could you but think the ſame.
All wants ſuppoſe, can he be leſs then great,
And be *Jove*'s brother? What when all compleat?
I, but preferr'd by lot? Or if you burn
In endleſs ſpleen; let *Proſerpine* return:
On this condition, That ſhe yet have ta'ne
No ſuſtenance: ſo Deſtinies ordain.
To fetch her daughter, *Ceres* poſts in haſte:
But, Fates with-ſtood: the Maid had broke her faſt.
For, wandring in the Ort-yard ſimply the
Pluckt a Pomegranat from the ſtooping Tree;
Thence took ſeven grains, and eats them one by one:
Obſerved by *Aſcalaphus* alone;
Whom *Acheron* on *Orphne* erſt begot:
In pitchy Caves: a Dame of ſpecial note
Amongſt th' *Avernal* Nymphs. This utter'd, ſtaid
The ſighing Queen of *Erebus*, who made

The

The Blab a Bird: with waves of *Phlegeton*
His face beſprinkles; plume appears thereon,
Crookt beak, and broader eyes: the ſhape he had
He loſt, forthwith in yellow feathers clad.
His head o'rè-ſiz'd, his long nails talons prove;
His winged arms for lazineſs ſcarce move:
A filthy, ever ill preſaging Fowl,
To Mortals ominous: a ſcreeching Owl.
Yet was the puniſhment no more then due
To his offence. But how offended you
Acheloides, that wings and claws diſgrace
Your goodly forms, yet keep your Virgin-face?
Was it, you *Sirens*, that your deathleſs Powers
Were with the Goddeſs when ſhe gather'd flowers?
Whom when through all the earth you ſought in vain,
You wiſht for wings to fly upon the Main.
That pathleſs Seas might teſtifie your care:
The eaſie Gods conſented to your pray'r.
Streight, golden feathers on your Backs appear:
But, leſt that muſick, fram'd inchant the ear,
And ſo great gifts of ſpeech ſhould be profain'd;
Your Virgin-looks, and humane voice remain'd.
But *Jove*, his ſiſter's diſcontent to chear,
Between her, and his Brother parts the year.
The Goddeſs now in either Empire ſways:
Six months with *Ceres*, ſix with *Pluto* ſtayes.
Proſerpina then chang'd her mind, and look,
(Late ſuch as ſullen *Dis* could hardly brook)
And clear'd her brows; as *Sol*, obſcur'd in ſhrowds
Of exaltations, breaks through vanquiſht clouds.
Pleas'd *Ceres* now bade *Arethuſa* tell
Her cauſe of flight: and why a ſacred Well?
Th' obſequious waters left their murmuring:
The Goddeſs then above the Cryſtal Spring
Her head advanc't; and wringing her green hairs,
She thus *Alpheus* ancient love declares.
I, of *Achaia* once a Nymph: none more
The Chaſe affected, or t' intoyl the Bore.
By beauty though I never ſought for fame:
Though maſculine; of fair I bare the name.
Nor took I pleaſure in my praiſed face,
Which others value as their onely grace:
But, ſimple, was aſhamed to excel;
And thought it infamy to pleaſe too-well.

As from *Stymphalian* woods I made retreat
('Twas hot, and labour had increast the heat)
When well-nigh tyr'd ; a silent stream I found,
All eddiles's, perspicuous to the ground :
Through which you every pebble might have seen ;
And ran, as if it had no River been.
The Poplar, and the hoary Willow, fed
By bord'ring streams, their grateful shadow spred.
In this cool Rivulet my foot I dipt ;
Then knee-deep wade : nor so content, unstript
My self forth-with ; upon a Sallow stud
My Robe I hung, and leapt into the flood.
Where, while I swim, and labour to and fro
A thousand ways, with arms that swiftly row,
I from the bottom heard an unknown tongue ;
And frighted, to the higher margent sprung.
Whether so fast, O *Arethusa !* twice
Out-cry'd *Alpheus*, with a hollow voice,
Uncloathed as I was, I fled for fear
(For, on the other side my garments were)
The faster followed he, the more did burn ;
Who naked, seem the readier for his turn.
As trembling Doves the eager Hawks eschew ;
As eager Hawks the trembling Doves pursew ;
I fled, He followed. To *Orchomenus*,
Psophas, *Cyllene*, high-brow'd *Mænalus*,
Cold *Erymanthus*, and to *Elis*, I
My flight maintained ; nor could he come ny ;
But, far unable to hold out so long ;
He, patient of much labour, and more strong.
And yet o're Plains, o're woody hills I fled,
And craggy Rocks, where foot did never tread,
The Sun was at our backs : before my feet
I saw his shadow ; or my fear did see't.
How-ere his sounding steps, and thick-drawn breath
That fann'd my hair, affrighted me to death.
Stark tyr'd, I cry'd : Ah caught ! help (O forlorn !)
Diana help thy Squire, who oft have born
Thy Bow and Quiver ! Mov'd at my request,
With muffling clouds she cover'd the distress'd.
The River seeks me in that pitchy shrowd,
And searches round about the hollow cloud :
Twice came to where *Diana* me did hide ;
And twice he *Io Arethusa* cry'd.

Then

Then what a heart had I! the Lamb ſo fears
When howling Wolves about the Fold the hears
So heartleſs Hare, when trailing Hounds draw nigh
Her ſented Form; nor dares to move an eye.
Nor went he on, in that he could not trace
My further ſteps: but guards the cloud and place.
Cold ſweats my then-beſieged limbs poſſeſt:
In thin thick-falling drops my ſtrength decreaſt.
Where-ere I ſtept, ſtreams run; my hair now fell
In trickling dew; and ſooner then I tell
My deſtiny, into a Flood I grew.
The River his beloved waters knew;
And, putting off th' aſſumed ſhape of man,
Reſumes his own; and in my Current ran.
Chaſt *Delia* cleft the ground. Then, through blind (Caves
To lov'd *Ortygia* ſhe conducts my waves;
Affected for her name: where firſt I take
Review of day. This, *Arethuſa* ſpake.
The fertil Goddeſs to her Chariot chains
Her yoked Dragons, checkt with ſtubborn rains:
Her courſe, 'twixt heaven and earth, to *Athens* bends;
And to *Triptolemus* her Chariot ſends.
Part of the ſeed ſhe gave, ſhe bade him throw
On untill'd Earth; part on the till'd to ſow.
O're *Europe*, and the *Aſian* ſoyl convay'd,
The Youth to *Scythia* turns; where *Lyncus* ſway'd.
His Court he enters. Askt what way he came,
His cauſe of coming, Countrey, and his name:
Triptolemus men call me, he reply'd;
And in renowned *Athens* I reſide.
No ſhip through toyling Seas me hither bare;
Nor over land came I; but through the ayr.
I bring you *Ceres* gift: which ſown in fields,
Corn-bearing crops (a better feeding) yields.
~~The barbarous King envies it: and, that he~~
The Author of ſo great a good might be,
Gives entertainment: but, when ſleep oppreſt
His heavy eyes, with ſteel attempts his breſt.
Whom *Ceres* turns t' a *Lynx*: and home-wards makes
The young *Mopſopian* drive her ſacred Snakes.
Our Chief concluded here her learned Layes.
The Nymphs, with one conſent, give us the Bayes.
The vanquiſht rail. To whom the Muſe: Since you
Eſteem it nothing to deſerve the due.

To your contention, but muſt add foul words
To your ill deeds; nor this your pride affords
Our patience room: we'll wreak it on your heads,
And tread the path which Indignation leads.
The *Peons* laugh, and our ſharp threats deſpiſe,
About to ſcold, and with diſgraceful noiſe
To clap their hands; they ſaw the feathers ſprout
Beneath their nails, and clothe their arms throughout:
Hard nebs in one another's faces ſpie;
And now, new Birds into the Forreſt flie.
Theſe ſylvan Scoulds, as they their arms prepare
To beat their boſomes; mount, and hang in ayr.
Who yet retain their ancient eloquence;
Full of haſh chat, and prating without ſenſe.

OVID's

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

The Sixth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

Pallas *an old Wife. Haughty thoughts o're-throw*
Hæmus *and* Rodophe; *who Mountains grow.*
The Pigmy *a Crane.* Antigone *becomes*
A Stork. A ſtatue Cyneras *intombs*
His impious Daughters, ſtones. In various ſhapes
The Gods commit adulteries and rapes,
Arachne, *a ſpider.* Niobe *yet drowns*
Her Marble cheeks in tears. Uncivil Clowns
Are curſt to Frogs. From tears clear Marſyas *flowes.*
His Ivory ſhoulder new-made Pelops *ſhows.*
Progne, *a Swallow; ſign'd with murders ſtains.*
Sad Philomel *to ſecret night complains.*
Rage *to a Lapwing turns th'* Odriſian *King.*
Calais *and* Zetes *native feather wing.*

TRitonia to the Muſe attention lends:
Who both her Verſe, and juſt revenge commends.
Then ſaid t'her ſelf: To praiſe is of no worth:
Let our revengeful Power our praiſe ſet forth.
Intends *Arachnes* ruine. She, ſhe heard,
Before her curious webs, her own preferr'd.
Nor dwelling, nor her nation fame impart
Unto the Damſel, but excelling Art.
Deriv'd from *Colophonian Idmonds* ſide;
Who thirſty Wool in *Phocian* purple dide.

Her Mother (who had paid her debt to fate)
Was alſo mean, and equal to her mate.
Yet through the *Lydian* towns her praiſe was ſpred;
Though poor her birth in poor *Hypæpa* bred.
The Nymphs of *Tmolus* oft their Vines forlook;
The ſleek *Pactolian* Nymphs their ſtreams; to look
On her rare works: nor more delight in viewing
The done (done with ſuch grace) then when a-doing.
Whether ſhe Orb-like roul the ruder wooll;
Or, finely finger'd, the ſelected cull;
Or draw it into cloud-reſembling flakes;
Or equal twine with ſwift-turn'd ſpindle makes;
Or with her lively-painting Needle wrought:
You might perceive ſhe was by *Pallas* taught.
Yet ſuch a Miſtreſs her proud thoughts diſclaim:
Let her with me contend? if foyl'd, no ſhame
(Said ſhe) nor punithment will I refuſe.
Pallas, forth-with, and old-wives ſhape indues:
Her hair all white; her limbs, appearing weak,
A ſtaff ſupports: who thus began to ſpeak.
Old Age hath ſomething which we need not ſhun:
Experience by long tract of time is won.
Scorn not advice: with Dames of humane race
Contend for fame, but give a Goddeſs place.
Crave pardon, and ſhe will thy crime remit.
With eyes confeſſing rage, and ey-brows knit,
(Her labour-leaving hands ſcarce held from ſtrokes)
She, masked *Pallas* with theſe words provokes.
Old Fool, that dot'ſt with age; to whom long-life
Is now a curſe: thy Daughter, or ſons Wife,
(If thou haſt either) taught be they by this:
My wiſdom, for thy ſelf, ſufficient is.
And leſt thy counſel ſhould an int'reſt claime
In my diverſion, I abide the ſame.
Why comes ſhe not? why tryal thus delayes?
She comes, ſaid *Pallas*, and her ſelf diſplayes.
Nymphs, and *Mygdonian* Dames the Power adore:
Only the Maid her ſelf undaunted bore:
And yet ſhe bluſht; againſt her will the red
Fluſht in her cheeks, and thence as ſwiftly fled.
Even ſo the purple Morning paints the skies:
And ſo they whiten at the Suns upriſe.
Who now, as deſperately obſtinate,
Praiſe ill-affecting, runs on her own fate.

No

No more *Joves* daughter labours to diſſwade;
No more refuſeth; nor the ſtrife delayd.
But ſettle to their tasks apart: both ſpread
At once their warps, conſiſting of fine thread,
Ty'd to their beams: a reed the thred divides,
Through which the quick-returning ſhuttle glides,
Shot by ſwift hands. The combs inſerted tooth
Between the warp ſuppreſt the riſing woof:
Strif leſs'ning toil. With skirts tuckt to their waſte,
Both move their cunning arms with nimble haſte.
Here crimſon dyde in *Tyrian* braſs they weave:
The ſcarce diſtinguith't ſhadows ſight deceive.
So watry clouds, guilt by *Apollo*, ſhow;
The vaſt sky painted with a mighty Bow:
Where though a thouſand ſeveral colours ſhine,
No eye their cloſe tranſition can define:
The next, the fame ſo clearly repreſents;
As by degrees, ſcarce ſenſible, diſſents.
Through-out imbeliſhed with ductil gold:
And both reviv'd antiquities unfold.
Pallas, in *Athens*, *Mars*'s Rock doth frame:
And that old ſtrife about the Cities name.
Twice ſix Celeſtials ſit inthron'd on high,
Repleat with awe-infuſing gravity:
Jove in the midſt. The ſuted figures took
Their lively forms: *Jove* had a royal look.
The Sea-god ſtood, and with his Trident ſtrake
The cleaving Rock, from whence a fountain brake:
Whereon he grounds his claim, With ſpear and ſhield
Her ſelf ſhe arms: her head a murrion ſtield:
Her breſt her *Ægis* guards. Her Launce the ground
Appears to ſtrike; and from that pregnant wound
The hoary Olive, charg'd with fruit aſcends.
The Gods admire: with victory ſhe ends.
Yet ſhe, to ſhew the Rival of her praiſe
What hopes to cheriſh for ſuch bold aſſayes,
Add's four contentions in the utmoſt bounds
Of every angle, wrought in little rounds.
One, *Thracian*, *Rhodope* and *Hæmus* ſhowes,
Now Mountains, topt with never melting ſnows.
Once humane bodies: who durſt emulate
The bleſt Celeſtials, both in ſtile, and ſtate.
The next contains the miſerable doom,
Of that *Pygmean* matron, overcome

By *Juno* made a Crane, and forc't to jar
With her own nation in perpetual war.
A third presents *Antigone*, who strove
For unmatcht beauty with the Wife of *Jove*.
Nor *Ilium*, nor *Laomedon* her sire,
Prevail'd with violent *Saturnia's* ire.
Turn'd to a Stork, who, with white pinions rais'd.
Is ever by her creaking Bill self-prais'd.
In the last circle *Cynarus* was plac't;
Who charg'd with grief, the Temple stairs imbrac't;
(Of late his Daughters by their pride ore-thrown)
Appears to weep, and grovel on the stone.
The web a wreath of peaceful Olive bounds;
And her own tree her work both ends and crowns.
Arachne weaves *Europa's* rape by *Jove*:
The Bull appears to live, the Sea to move.
Back to the shore she casts a heavy eye;
To her distracted Damsels seems to cry:
And from the sprinkling waves, that skip to meet
With such a burden, shrinks her trembling feet.
Asteria there a strugling Eagle prest:
A Swan here spreds his wings o're *Leda's* brest,
Jove, Satyr-like, *Antiope* compels;
Whose fruitful womb with double issue swells:
Amphytria for *Alcmena's* love became:
A shower for *Danae*; for *Ægina* flame:
For beautiful *Mnemosyne* he takes
A shepherds form; for *Deois* a Snakes.
Thee also, *Neptune*, like a lustful steer,
She makes the fair *Æolian* Virgin bear:
And get th' *Aloides* in *Enepe's* shape:
Now turn'd t' a Ram in sad *Bisaltis* rape.
The gold-hair'd mother of life-strengthning seed,
The snake-hair'd mother of the winged Steed,
Found thee a Stallion: thee *Melanthe* findes
A Delphin. She to every form assignes
Like-equal looks; to every place the same
Aspect. A herdsman *Phœbus* here became;
A Lyon now; now Falcons wings displays:
Macarean Issa shepherd-like betrayes.
Liber, a Grape, *Erigone* compreſt:
And *Saturn*, horse-like *Chiron* gets, half beast.
About her web a curious trail designs:
Flowers intermixt with clasping Ivy twines.

Not

Not *Pallas* this, nor Envy this reproves:
Her fair ſucceſs the vext Virago moves;
Who teers the web, with crimes celeſtial fraught:
With ſhuttle from *Cytorian* Mountains brought,
Arachne thrice upon the fore-head ſmote.
Her great heart brooks it not. About her throat
An halter knits. Remorſeful *Pallas* ſtaid
Her falling weight; Live wretch, yet hang, ſhe ſaid.
This curſe (leaſt of ſucceeding times ſecure)
Still to thy iſſue, and their race, indure
Sprinkled with *Hecat*'s bainful weeds, her hair
She forthwith ſheds: her noſe and ears impair;
Her head grows little; her whole body ſo;
Her thighs and legs to ſpiny fingers grow:
The reſt all belly. Whence a thred ſhe ſends:
And now, a Spider, her old webs extends.
All *Lydia* ſtorms; the fame through *Phrygia* rung:
And gave an argument to every tongue.
Her, *Niobe* had known; when ſhe a maid,
In *Sipylus*, and in *Meonia* ſtaid.
Yet ſlights that home example: ſtill rebels
Againſt the Gods; and with proud language ſwells.
Much made her haughty. Yet *Amphion*'s town,
Their high deſcents; nor glory of a crown:
So pleas'd her (though ſhe pleas'd her ſelfin all)
As her fair race. We *Niobe* might call
The happieſt mother that yet ever brought
Life unto light; had not her ſelf ſo thought.
Tireſian Manto, in preſages skill'd,
The ſtreets, inſpir'd by holy fury, fill'd
With theſe exhorts: *Iſmenides*, prepare:
To great *Latona*, and her Twins, with prayer
Mix ſweet perfumes; your brows with Laurel bind!
By me *Latona* bids. The *Thebans* wind
About their temples the commanded Bay:
And ſacred fires, with incenſe feeding, pray.
Behold, the Queen in height of ſtate appears:
A *Phrygian* mantle, weav'd with gold, ſhe wears:
Her face, as much as rage would ſuffer, fair.
She ſtops; and ſhaking her diſhev'led hair,
The godly troop with haughty eyes ſurveys.
What madneſs is it unſeen God (ſhe ſayes)
Before the ſeen Celeſtials to prefer?
Or, while I Altars want, to worſhip her?

Me *Tantalus* (alone allow'd to feast
In heav'n) begot; my mother not the least
Pleiats greatest *Atlas* fire to those,
On whose high shoulders all the stars repose.
Jove is my mothers Grandfather; and he
My father-in-law: a double grace to me.
Me *Phrygia*, *Cadmus* kingdoms me obey:
My husbands harp-rais'd walls me jointly sway.
Through-out my Court behold in every place,
Infinite riches! adde to this, a face
Worthy a Goddess. Then, to crown my joys,
Seven beauteous daughters, and as many boys,
All these by marriage to be multiply'd.
Behold, have we not reason for our pride?
Dare you *Latona* then, by *Cœus* got,
Before me place? to whom a little spot
The ample Earth deny'd t' unlade her womb?
Heav'n, Earth, nor Seas, afford your Goddess room:
A Vagabond, till *Delos* harbor gave,
Thou wandrest on the land, I on the wave,
It said; and granted an unstable place.
She brought forth two; the seventh part of my race.
I happy am: who doubts? So will abide:
Or who doubts that? with plenty fortify'd.
My state too great for fortune to bereave:
Though much she ravish, yet much more must leave.
My blessings are above low fear. Suppose
Some of my hopeful sons this people lose,
They cannot be reduced to so few.
Off with your Bays; these idle Rites eschew,
They put them off; the sacrifice forbore:
And yet *Latona* silently adore.
As much as free from barrenness, so much
Disdain and grief th' inraged Goddess touch.
Who on the top of *Cynthus* thus begins,
To vent her passions to her sacred Twins.
Lo I, your mother, proud in you alone;
(Excepting *Juno*, second unto none)
Am question'd if a Goddess, and must lose,
If you assist not, all religious dues.
Nor is this all; that curst *Tantalian* Seed
Add's foul reproaches to her impious deed.
She dares her children before you prefer;
And calls me childless; may it light on her!

Whose

Whose wicked words her fathers tongue declare.
About to second her report with prayer;
Peace, *Phœbus* said, complaint too long delays
Conceiv'd revenge; the same vext *Phœbe* says,
Then swiftly through the yeilding air they glide
To *Cadmus* tow'rs; in clouds their glories hide,
A spacious plain before the City lies,
Made dusty with the daily exercise
Of trampling hoofs; by strifeful Chariots trackt
Part of *Amphions* active sons here backt
High-bounding Steeds; whose rich caparison
With scarlet blusht, with gold their bridles shone,
Ismenus, from her womb who first did spring,
As with his ready horse he beats a ring,
And checks his foamy jaws; ay me! out cries;
While through his groaning brest an arrow flies:
His bridle slackning with his dying force,
He leasurely sinks side-long from his horse.
Next, *Sipylus* from clashing quiver flies
With slackned reyns: as when a Pilot spies
A growing storm; and, lest the gentle gale
Should scape besides him, claps on all his sail.
His hast th' unevitable bow o're-took,
And through his throat the deadly arrow strook,
Who, by the horses mane, and speedy thighs,
Drops head-long, and the Earth in purple dyes.
Now *Phædimus*; and *Tomalus*, the heir
T' his Grand-sires name; that labor done, prepare
To wrastle. Whilst with oiled limbs they prest
Each others pow'r, close grasping brest to brest:
A shaft, which from th' impulsive bow-string flew,
Them, in that sad Conjunction, jointly slew.
Both groan at once, at once their bodies bend
With bitter pangs, at once to earth descend:
Their rowling eyes together set in death,
Together they exspire their parting breath.
In rusht *Alphenor* (bleeding in their harms)
And rais'd their heatless corses in his arms:
But in that pious duty fell. The threds
Of life, his heart-strings, wrathful *Delius* shreds.
Part of his lungs clave to th' extracted head:
And with his blood his troubled spirit fled.
But unborn *Damasichthon* slaught'red lies,
Not by a single wound: shot where the thighs

Knit

Knit with the ham-ſtrings in the knotty joint;
Striving from thence to tug the fatal point.
Another at his neck the bow directs,
Thick-guſhing blood the piercing ſhaft ejects;
Which ſpinning upward, cleft the paſſive air.
Laſt *Ilioneus*, with ſucceſleſs prayer,
His hands up-heaves: You Gods in general
Said he (and ignorantly pray'd to all)
O pity me! The Archer had remorſe;
But now irrevocable was that force:
And yet his life a little wound diſpatcht,
His heart but onely with the arrow ſcratcht.
Ill-news; the peoples grief, her houſholds tears
Preſent their ruine to their mothers ears:
Who wonders how the Gods their lives durſt touch:
And ſwells with anger that their power was ſuch.
For ſad *Amphion*, wounding his own breaſt,
Had now his ſorrow, with his ſoul releaſt.
How different is this *Niobe* from that!
Who great *Latona*'s Rites ſuppreſt of late,
And proudly pac'd the ſtreets; envy'd by thoſe
That were her friends; now pitied by her foes:
Frantick ſhe doth on their cold corſes fall,
And her laſt kiſſes diſtributes to all;
From whom, to heaven erecting her bruis'd arms:
Cruel *Latona*, feaſt thee with our harms:
Feaſt, feaſt, ſhe ſaid; thy ſalvage ſtomack cloy;
Cloy thy wild rage, and in our ſorrows joy:
Seven times, upon ſeven Herſes born, I die.
Triumph, triumph, victorious foe. But why
Victorious? hapleſs I have not ſo few:
Who, after all theſe funerals, ſubdue:
This ſaid, the bow-ſtring twangs. Pale terror chills
All hearts ſave *Niobe*'s; obdur'd by ills.
The ſiſters, in long mourning robes aray'd,
About their herſes ſtood, with hair diſplay'd.
One draws an arrow from her brothers ſide;
And joining her pale lips to his, ſo dy'd.
Another ſtriving to aſſwage the woes
That rackt her mother, forthwith ſpeechleſs grows,
And bowing with the wound, which inly bled,
Shuts her fixt teeth; the ſoul already fled,
This, flying falls: that, her dead ſiſter makes
Her bed of death: this, hides her ſelf: that quakes.

Six

Six ſlain by ſundry wounds; to ſhield the laſt,
Her mother, over her, her body caſt:
This one, ſhe cries, and that the leaſt, O ſave!
The leaſt of many, and but one, I crave!
Whilſt thus ſhe ſues, the ſu'd-for *Delia* hits.
She, by her husband, ſons, and daughters, ſits
A childleſs Widow; waxing ſtiff with woes.
The wind wags not one hair; the ruddy Roſe
Forſakes her cheek: in her declining head
Her eye-balls fix: through-out appearing dead.
Her tongue and pallate rob'd of inward heat,
At once congeal: her pulſe forbears to beat:
Her neck wants power to turn, her feet to go,
Her arms to move: her very bowels grow
Into a ſtone. She yet retains her tears:
Whom ſtraight a whirl-wind to her country bears;
And fixes on the ſummit of an Hill.
Now from that mourning Marble tears diſtil.
Th' exemplary revenge ſtruck all with fear:
Who offerings to *Latona*'s altars bear
With doubled zeal. When one, as oft befals,
By preſent accidents the paſt recals.
In fruitful *Lycia* once, ſaid he, there dwelt
A ſort of peſants, who her vengeance felt,
'Twas of no note, in that the men were baſe:
Yet wonderful. I ſaw the pool, and place,
Fam'd by the prodigy. My father, ſpent
Almoſt with age, ill-brooking travel, ſent
Me thither for choice Steers: and for my Guide
A native gave. Thoſe paſtures ſearcht, we ſpy'd
An ancient Altar, black with cinders, plac'd
Amidſt a Lake, with ſhivering reeds imbrac'd.
O favor me! he, ſoftly murmuring, ſaid:
O favor me! I, ſoftly murmuring, pray'd:
Then askt, if Nymph, or Faun, therein reſide,
Or rural God. The *Lycian* thus reply'd:
O Youth, no Mountain Powers this altar hold:
She calls it hers, to whom *Jove*'s Wife of old,
Earth interdicted: ſcarce that floating Iſle,
Wave-wandring *Delos* finiſht her exile.
Where, coucht on Palms and Olives, ſhe in ſpight
Of fretful *Juno*, brought her Twins to light.
Thence alſo, frighted from her painful bed,
With her two infant Deities ſhe fled.

Now

Now in *Chimera*-breeding *Lycia* (fir'd
By burning beams) and with long travel tir'd,
Heat raiſing thirſt the Goddeſs ſore oppreſt,
By their exhauſting of her milk increaſt.
By fortune, in a dale, with longing eyes
A lake of ſhallow water ſhe deſcries:
Where Clowns were then a gathering picked weeds,
With ſhrubby Oſiers, and plaſh-loving reeds.
Approacht, *Titania* kneels upon the brink,
And of the cooling liquor ſtoops to drink.
The Clowns withſtood. Why hinder you, ſaid ſhe,
The uſe of water, that to all is free?
The Sun, Air, Water, Nature did not frame
Peculiars; a publick gift I claim.
Yet humbly I intreat it: not to drench
My weary limbs, but killing thirſt to quench.
My tongue wants moiſture, and my jawes are dry:
Scarce is there way for ſpeech. For drink I die.
Water to me were Nectar. If I live,
'Tis by your favor: life with water give.
Pity theſe babes: for pity they advance
Their little arms! their arms they ſtretcht by chance.
With whom would not ſuch gentle words prevail?
But they, perſiſting to prohibit, rail;
The place with threats commands her to forſake.
Then with their hands and feet diſturb the lake:
And leaping with malicious motion, move
The troubled mud; which riſing, floats above.
Rage quencht her thirſt: no more *Latona* ſues
To ſuch baſe ſlaves: but Goddeſs-like doth uſe
Her dreadful tongue; which thus their fates imply'd:
May you for ever in this lake reſide!
Her wiſh ſucceeds. In loved lakes they ſtrive,
Now ſprawl above, now under water dive;
Oft hop upon the bank, as oft again
Back to the water: nor can yet reſtrain
Their brawling tongues; but ſetting ſhame aſide,
Though hid in water, under water chide.
Their voices ſtill are hoarſe: the breath they fetch
Swels their wide throats; their jaws with railing ſtretch:
Their heads their ſhoulders touch; no neck between,
As intercepted. All the back is green:
Their bellies (every part o're-ſizing) white.
Who now, new Frogs, in ſliny pools delight.

Thus

Thus much, I know not by what *Theban* ſaid:
Another mention of a Satyre made,
By *Phœbus*, with *Tritonia*'s reed, o'recome;
Who for preſuming felt an heavy doom.
Me from my ſelf, ah why do you diſtract?
(Oh!) I repent, he cry'd: Alas! this fact
Deſerves not ſuch a vengeance! whilſt he cry'd;
Apollo from his body ſtript his hide.
His body was one wound, blood every way
Streams from all parts: his ſinews naked lay;
His bare veins pant: his heart you might behold;
And all the fibers in his breſt have told.
For him the Fauns, that in the foreſts keep;
For him the Nymphs, and brother Satyres weep:
His end *Olympus* (famous then) bewails:
With all the ſhepherds of thoſe hills and dales.
The pregnant Earth conceiveth with their tears;
Which in her penetrated womb ſhe bears;
Till big with waters: then diſcharg'd her fraught.
This pureſt *Phrygian* Stream a way out ſought
By down-falls, till to toiling ſeas he came:
Now called *Marſyas* of the Satyres name.
The Vulgar, theſe examples told, return
Unto the preſent: for *Amphion* mourn,
And his loſt iſſue. All the mother hate.
Pelops alone laments his ſiſters fate.
While with torn garments he preſents his woes,
The Ivory piece on his left ſhoulder ſhows.
This once was fleſh, and colored like the right.
Slain by his Sire, the Gods his limbs unite:
His ſcattered parts all found; ſave that alone
Which interpos'd the neck and ſhoulder-bone.
They then with Ivory ſupply'd th' unfound:
And thus reſtored *Pelops* was made ſound.
The neighboring Princes met: the Cities near
Intreat their Kings the deſolate to chear.
Renown'd *Mycenæ*, *Sparta*, th' *Argive* State;
And *Calydon*, not yet in *Dian*'s hate;
Fertil *Orchomenos*; *Corinthus*, fam'd
For high-priz'd braſs; *Meſſene*, never tam'd;
Cleonæ, *Patræ*, *Pylos*, *Nelius* crown;
And *Trœzen*, not as then *Pittheus* town;
With all that two-ſea'd *Iſthmos* Straits include;
And all without, by two-ſea'd *Iſthmos* view'd.

Athens

Athens alone (who would believe't?) with-held
Thee from that civil office war compel'd.
Th' inhabitants about the *Pontick* coast
Had then beſieg'd thee with a barbarous hoſt:
Whom *Thracian Tereus*, with his Aids, o're-threw,
And by that victory renowned grew.
Powerful in wealth and people; from the loins
Of *Mars* deriv'd: *Pandion Progne* joins
To him in marriage. This, nor *Juno* bleſt,
Nor *Hymen*, nor the Graces grac'd that feaſt.
The ſnake-hair'd furies held the ſputtering light
From funeral ſnatcht, and made the bed that Night.
Th' ill-boding Owl upon the roof was ſet,
Progne and *Tereus* with theſe omens met:
Thus Parents grew. The *Thracians* yet rejoice;
And thank the Gods with one united voice.
The marriage-day, and that of *Itys* birth,
They conſecrate to univerſal mirth.
So lies the good unſeen. By this the Sun,
Conducting Time, had through five Autumns run:
When flattering *Progne* thus allures her Lord.
If I have any grace with thee, afford
This favour, that I may my ſiſter ſee:
Send me to her, or bring thou her to me;
Promiſe my father, that with ſwifteſt ſpeed
She ſhall return. If this attempt ſucceed,
The ſum of all my wiſhes I obtain.
He bids them lanch his ſhips into the Main:
Then makes th' *Athenian* port with ſails and oars,
And lands upon the wiſht *Piræan* ſhoars.
Brought to *Pandion*'s preſence, they ſalute,
The King with bad preſage begins his ſute.
For lo, as he his wifes command recites,
And for her quick return his promiſe plights,
Bright *Philomela* came in rich aray;
More rich in beauty. So they uſe to ſay
The ſtately *Naiades* and *Dryad*'s go
In Sylvan ſhades; were they apparel'd ſo.
This ſight in *Tereus* ſuch a burning breeds,
As when we fire an heap of hoary reeds;
Or catching flames to Sun-dry'd ſtubble thruſt.
Her face was excellent: but in-bred luſt
Inrag'd his blood; to which thoſe Climes are prone:
Stung by his Countries fury, and his own.

He

He straight intends her women to intice;
And bribe her Nurse, to prosecute his vice;
Her self to tempt with gifts; his crown to spend:
Or ravish, and by war his rape defend.
What dares he not, thrust on by wild desire?
Nor can his breast contain so great a fire.
Rackt with delay, he *Progne*'s suite renews:
And for himself, that but pretended sues.
Love made him eloquent. As oft as he
Exceeded, he would say; Thus charged she.
And moving tears (as she had sent them) sheds:
You Gods; how dark a blindness over-spreads
The souls of men! whilst to his sin he climbs,
They think him good; and praise him for his crimes.
Even *Philomela* wisht the same! now she
Hangs on her fathers neck: and what would be
Her utter ruine, as her safety prest:
While *Tereus* by beholding pre-possest,
Her kisses and imbraces heat his blood:
And all afford his fire and fury food.
And wisht, as oft as she her Sire imbrac'd,
Him-self her Sire: nor would have been more chast.
He, by their importunities is wrought.
She over-joy'd her father thanks: and thought
Her self and Sister in that fortunate,
Which drew on both a lamentable fate.
The labor of the Day now near an end,
From steep *Olympus Phœbus* Steeds descend.
The boards are Princely serv'd: *Lyæus* flows
In burnisht gold. Then take their soft repose.
And yet th' *Odrisian* King, though parted, fries:
Her face and graces ever in his eyes.
Who parts unseen unto his fancy feigns;
And feeds his fires: Sleep flies his troubled brains.
Day-rose, *Pandion* his departing Son
Wrings by the hand; and weeping, thus begun:
Dear son, since Piety this due requires;
With her, receive both your, and their desires;
By faith, alliance, by the Gods above,
I charge you guard her with a fathers love:
And suddenly send back (for all delay
To me is death) my ages onely stay.
And Daughter ('tis enough thy sister's gone)
For pity leave me not too long alone.

As he impos'd this charge, he kiſt with-all;
And drops of tears at every accent fall.
The pledges then of promis'd faith demands,
(Which mutually they give) their plighted hands:
To *Progne*, and her little boy, ſaid he,
My love remember, and ſalute from me.
Scarce could he bid farewel: ſobs ſo ingage
His troubled ſpeech; who dreads his ſouls preſage.
As ſoon as ſhipt; as ſoon as active oars
Had mov'd the ſurges, and remov'd the ſhoars;
She's ours! with me my wiſh I bare? he cries.
Exults; and barbarous, ſcarce defers his joyes:
His eyes faſt fixt. As when *Joves* eagle bears
An Hare t'her Airy, truſs'd in rapeful fears:
And to the trembling priſoner leaves no way
For hoped flight; but ſtill beholds her prey.
The voyage made; on his own land he treads:
And to a Lodg *Pandions* daughter leads;
Obſcur'd with woods: pale, trembling, full of fears;
And for her ſiſter asking now with tears.
There mues her up; his foul intent makes known:
Inforc'd her; a weak virgin, and but one.
Help father! ſiſter help! in her diſtreſs,
She cries; and on the Gods with like ſucceſs.
She trembles like a Lamb, ſnacht from the phangs
Of ſome fell Wolf; that dreads her former pangs:
Or as a Dove, who on her feathers bears
Her bloods freſh ſtains, and late-felt tallons fears
Reſtor'd unto her mind, her ruffled hair,
As at a woful funeral ſhe tare;
Her arms with her own fury bloody made:
Who, wringing her up-heaved hands, thus ſaid;
O monſter! barbarous in thy horrid luſt?
Treacherous Tyrant! whom my fathers truſt,
Impos'd with holy tears; my ſiſters love;
My virgin ſtate; nor nuptial ties, could move!
O what a wild confuſion haſt thou bred!
I, an adultereſs to my ſiſters bed!
Thou, husband to us both; my onely hate;
And to expect a miſerable fate.
Why mak'ſt thou not thy villanies compleat,
By forcing life from her abhorred ſeat?
O would thou hadſt, e're I my honor loſt;
Then had I parted with a ſpotleſs ghoſt.

Yet,

Yet, if the Gods have eyes; if their Powers be
Not meerly names, nor all decay with me;
Thou ſhalt not ſcape due vengeance. Senſe of ſhame
I will abandon; and thy crime proclame
To men, if free; if not, my voice ſhall break (ſpeak:
Through theſe thick walls, and teach the woods to
Hard rocks reſolve to ruth. Let Heaven this hear;
And Heaven-thron'd Gods; if there be any there!
Theſe words the ſalvage Tyrant moves to wrath:
Nor leſſe his fear; alike provok'd by both:
Who draws his ſword: his cruel hands he winds
In her looſe hair: her arms behind her binds.
Her throat glad *Philomela* ready made:
Conceiving hope of death from his drawn blade;
Whilſt ſhe reviles, invokes her father; ſought
To vent her ſpleen; her tongue in pincers caught;
His ſword divided from the panting root:
Which, trembling, murmurs curſes at his foot.
And as a Serpents tail, diſſever'd, leaps:
Even ſo her tongue: and dying ſought her ſteps.
After this fact (if we may rumour truſt)
He oft abus'd her body with his luſt.
Yet to his wife, even after this retires,
Who for her ſiſter haſtily inquires;
He funerals belies, with feigned grief,
And by inſtructed tears begets belief.
Progne her royal ornaments rejects,
And puts on black, an empty tomb erects,
To her imagin'd Ghoſt oblations burns,
Her ſiſters fate, not as ſhe ſhould, ſhe mourns,
Now through twelve Signs the Sun had born his light,
What ſhould ſad *Philomela* do? her flight
A barbarous guard reſtrain'd, the walls were ſtrong,
Her mouth had loſt the Index of her wrong.
The wit that miſery begets is great;
Great ſorrow adds a quickneſs to conceit.
A woof upon a *Thracian* loom ſhe ſpreads,
And inter-weaves the white with crimſon threads,
That character her wrong: The cloſely wrought
Gave to a ſervant, by her looks beſought
To bear it to her Miſtreſs; who preſents
The Queen therewith, not knowing the contents.
The wife to that dire Tyrant this unfolds,
And in a woful verſe her ſtate beholds.

She held her peace: 'twas strange: grief struck her mute,
No language could with such a passion sute.
Nor had she time to weep. Right, wrong, were mixt
In her fell thoughts: her soul on vengeance fixt:
It was that time, when, in a wild disguise,
Sithonian matrons use to solemnize
Lyæus three-years Feast. Night spreads her wings:
By night high *Rhodope* with timbrels rings.
By night th' impatient Queen a javelin takes,
And now a Bacchanal, the Court forsakes:
Vines shade her brows: the rough hide of a Deer
Shogs at her side: her shoulder bare a spear.
Hurried through woods, with her attendant froes,
Terrible *Progne*, frantick with her woes,
Thy far more sober fury *Bacchus* strives
To counterfeit. Now at the Lodg arrives:
Howls; *Evohe*, cries: breaks ope the doors, and took
Her sisters thence: with Ivy hides her look:
In habit of a Bacchanal aray'd:
And to her City the amaz'd convey'd.
That hated roof when *Philomela* knew,
The poor soul shook; her visage bloodless grew.
Progne with-draws; the sacred weeds unloos'd;
Her woful sisters bashful face disclos'd:
Falls on her neck. The other durst not raise
Her down-cast eyes: her sisters wrong surveys
In her dishonour. As she strove t' have sworn
With up-rais'd looks; and call the Gods t' have born
Her pure thoughts witness, how she was compel'd
To that loth'd fact; she hands, for speech, upheld.
Stern *Progne* broils; her bosom hardly bears
So vast a rage: who chides her sisters tears.
No tears, said she, our lost condition needs:
But steel; or if thou hast what steel exceeds.
I, for all horrid practices, am fit.
To wrap this roof in flame, and him in it:
His eyes, his tongue, or what did thee inforce,
T' extirp: or with a thousand wounds, divorce
His guilty soul. The deed I intend is great:
But what, as yet, I know not. In this heat
Came *Itys* in, and taught her what to do.
Behold with cruel eyes; Ah, how I view
In thee, said she, thy father! then intends
Her tragick Scene; Rage in her looks ascends

But

But when her ſon ſaluted her, and clung
Unto her neck, mixt kiſſes, as he hung,
With childiſh blandiſhments; her high-wrought blood
Began to calm, and rage diſtracted ſtood.
Tears trickl'd from her eyes by ſtrong conſtraint;
But when ſhe found her reſolution faint
With too much pity; her ſad ſiſter views,
And ſaid, while both, by turns her eyes peruſe.
Why flatters he? why tongueleſs weeps the other?
Why Siſter calls not ſhe, whom he calls Mother?
Degenerate! think whoſe Daughter; to whom wed:
All piety is ſin to *Tereus* bed.
Then *Itys* trails: as when by *Ganges* floods
A Tigreſs drags a Fawn through ſilent woods.
Retiring to the moſt ſequeſtred room:
While he, with hands up-heav'd, foreſees his doom
Clings to her boſome; mother! mother! cry'd;
She ſtabs him: nor once turn'd her face aſide.
His throat was cut by *Philomela*'s knife:
Although one wound ſuffic'd to vanquiſh life.
His yet quick limbs, e're all his ſoul could paſs,
She piece-meal teers. Some boil in hollow braſs.
Some hiſs on ſpits. The pavements bluſht with blood:
Progne invites her husband to this food,
And feigns her Countries Rite; which would afford
No ſervant, nor companion, but her Lord.
Now *Tereus*, mounted on his Grand-ſires throne,
With his ſons carved intrails ſtuffs his own:
And bids her (ſo Soul-blinded!) call his boy.
Progne could not diſguiſe her cruel joy:
In full fruition of her horrid ire,
Thou haſt, ſaid ſhe, within thee thy deſire.
He looks about: asks where. And while again,
He asks, and calls: all bloody with the ſlain,
Forth like a Fury, *Philomela* flew;
And at her face the head of *Itys* threw.
Nor ever, more then now, deſir'd a tongue;
T' expreſs the joy of her revenged wrong.
He, with loud out-cries, doth the board repel;
And calls the Furies from the depth of hell.
Now teers his breaſt, and ſtrives from thence in vain
To pull th' abhorred food: now weeps amain:
And calls himſelf his ſons unhappy tomb.
Then draws his ſword; and through the guilty room

Pursues the sisters; who appear with wings
To cut the air: and so they did. One sings
In woods; the other near the house remains:
And on her breast yet bears her murders stains.
He, swift with grief and fury, in that space
His person chang'd. Long tufts of feathers grace
His shining crown; his Sword a Bill becomes;
His face all arm'd: whom we a Lapwing name.
This killing news, e're half his age was spent,
Pandion to th' infernal Shadows sent.
Erichthem his throne and sceptre held:
Who, both in justice, and bold arms excel'd.
To him his Wife, four sons, all hopeful bare:
As many daughters; two surpassing fair.
Thee, *Cephalus*, thy *Procris* happy made:
But *Thrace* and *Tereus*, *Boreas* nuptial staid.
The God-belov'd *Orithya* wanted long,
While he put off his pow'r to use his tongue;
His suite rejected, horridly inclin'd
To anger (too familiar with that wind.)
I justly suffer this indignity:
For why, said he, have I my arms laid by?
Strength, violence, high rage, and awful threats!
'Tis my dishonor to have us'd intreats:
Force me befits. With this, thick clouds I drive;
Tos the blue billows, knotty Oaks up-rive;
Congeal soft Snow, and beat the earth with hail.
When I my brethren in the air assail,
(For that's our field) to meet with such a shock,
That thundring skies with our encounters crack,
And cloud-struck lightning flashes from on high:
When through the crannies of the earth I fly,
And force her in her hollow caves, I make
The Ghosts to tremble, and the ground to quake.
Thus should I've wooed, with these my match have
Erichthem should have been compeld, not pray'd. (made:
Thus *Boreas* chafes; or, no less storming, shook
His horrid wings, whose airy motion strook
The earth with blasts, and made the Ocean roar.
Trailing his dusky mantle on the floor,
He hid himself in clouds of dust, and caught
Belov'd *Orithya*, with her fear distraught.
Flying, his agitated fires increast:
Nor of his airy race the reyns suppress:

Till

Till to the walled *Cicones* he came.
Two goodly Twins th' espous'd *Athenian* Dame
Gave to the Icy author of her rape:
Who had their fathers wings, and Mothers shape.
Yet not so born. Before their faces bare
The manly ensigns of their yellow hair.
Calais and *Zetes* both unplumed were.
But as the down did on their chins appear;
So, fowl-like, from their sides soft feathers bud.
When youth to action had inflam'd their blood;
In the first vessel, with the flow'r of *Greece*,
Through unknown Seas, they sought the Golden Fleece.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE SEVENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

MEn, Dragons teeth produce. Wing'd Snakes their years
By odors cast. A feir branch Olives bears.
Drops sprout to flowers. Old Æson young became.
So Liber's Nurses. An old Sheep a Lamb.
Cerambus flies, A Snake, a Snake-like stone.
An Ox, a Stag. Sad Mera barks unknown.
Horns front the Coan Dames. The Telchines
All change. A Dove turn'd Maid. The hard to please
Becomes a Swan. His Mother Hyrie weeps
Into a lake. High-mounting Combe keeps
Her son-sought life. A King and Queen estrang'd
To flightful Fowl. Cephisus Nephew chang'd
Into a Seal. Eumelus daughter flies
Through traceless regions, Men from Mushroms rise.
Pluneus and Perphas light wings assume.
So Polyphemons Neece. From Cerberus spume
Springs Aconite. Just Earth a grave denies
To Scyrons bone; which now in Rocks arise.
Arne, a Chough. Stout Myrmidons are born
Of toiling Ants. The late rejected Morn
Masks Cephalus. The Dog, that did pursue,
And Beasts pursu'd; two Marble Statues grew.

WIth Pegasæan keel the Minyæ plow
The curling waves: and Phineus see, who now
In endless night his needy Age consumes.
The youthful sons of Boreas, rais'd with plumes.

Those

Thoſe greedy *Harpyes*, with the Virgin face,
Far-off from his polluted table chaſe.
They, under *Jaſon*, having ſuffered much;
At length the banks of ſlimy *Phaſis* touch.
Now *Phryxus* fleece the hardy *Minyæ* ask:
And from the King receive a dreadful taſk.
Mean while *Æetias* fries in ſecret fires:
Who ſtrugling long with over-ſtrong deſires,
When reaſon could not ſuch a rage reſtrain;
She ſaid: *Medea*, thou reſiſts in vain. (prove:
Some God, unknown, with-ſtands, What will this
Or is it ſuch as others fancy, love?
Why ſeem the Kings commands ſo too ſevere?
And ſo, in truth they be. Why ſhould *I* fear
A Strangers ruine, never ſeen before?
Whence ſpring theſe cares? Why fear I more and more?
Theſe furies from thy virgin-breaſt repel
Wretch, if thou canſt. Could I, I ſhould be well.
A new-felt force my ſtriving powr's invades:
Affection this, Diſcretion that, perſwades.
I ſee the better, I approve it too:
The worſe I follow. Why ſhouldſt thou purſue
An husband of another world; that art
Of royal birth? Our Country may impart
A choice as worthy. If this foreign mate,
Or live, or die; 'tis in the hands of fate.
Yet, may he live! I ſuch a ſute might move
To equal Gods; although I did not love.
For what hath *Jaſon* done? his hopeful youth
Would move all hearts, that were not hard, to ruth;
His birth, his valor. Set all theſe apart;
His perſon would: I feel it moves my heart.
Yet ſhould not I aſſiſt, the flaming breath
Of Bulls would blaſt him; or, aſſaults of death
Spring up in arms from *Tellus* hoſtile womb:
Or elſe the greedy *Dragon* proves his tomb.
This ſuffer, and thou haſt an heart of ſtone;
Born of a Tygreſs, and more ſalvage grown.
Yet why, why ſtand I not by? behold him ſlain?
And ſo my acceſſary eyes profane?
Add fury to the Bulls? to th' Earth-born ire?
And ſleepleſs Dragon with more ſpleen inſpire?
The Gods forbid! yet rather help, then pray.
My fathers kingdom ſhall I then betray?

And save this Stranger, whom I hardly know,
That sav'd by me, he should without me go,
Marry another and leave me behind
To punishment? could he prove so unkind,
Or for another my deserts neglect?
Then should he die. Such is not his aspect;
The clearness of his mind, his very grace;
That I should fraud suspect, or think him base.
Besides, before-hand he shall plight his troth;
And bind the contract with a solemn oath.
What need thou doubt? go on; delay decline:
Obliged *Jason* will be ever thine.
Hymen shall crown, and mothers celebrate
Their sons Protectress through th' *Achaian* State.
My sister, brother, father, country Gods,
Shall I abandon for unknown abodes;
Fierce is my father, barbarous my land,
My brother a child, my sisters wishes stand
With my desires; the greatest God of all
My breast inflames. What I forsake, is small;
Great hopes I follow. To receive the grace
For *Argo*'s safety know a better place,
And Cities, which in these far-distant parts,
Are famous; with civility, and arts:
And *Æsons* son, whom I more dearly prize
Then wealthy Earth, and all her Monarchies.
In him most happy, and affected by
The bounteous Gods, my crown shall reach the sky.
They tell of Rocks that justle in the main;
Charybdis, that sucks in, and casts again
The wrackful waves now in *Sicilian* Straits,
Girt round with barking dogs, fierce *Scylla* waits,
My love possest; in *Jasons* bosom laid;
Let seas swell high: I cannot be dismay'd,
While I infold my husband in my arms.
Or should I fear; I should but fear his harms.
Call'st thou him husband? wilt thou then thy blame
Medea, varnish with an honest name?
Consider well what thou intendst to do:
And, while thou mayst, so foul a crime eschew.
Thus she. When Honor, Piety, and Right,
Before her stood, and *Cupid* put to flight:
Then goes where *Hecates* old Altar stood;
O're-shadowed by a dark and secret wood.

Her

Her broken ardor she had now reclaim'd:
Which *Jasons* presence forth with re-inflam'd.
Her cheeks blush fire: her face with fervor flashes.
And as a dying cinder, rak'd in ashes,
Fed by reviving winds, augmenting, glows;
And tossed, to accustom'd fury grows:
So sickly love, which late appear'd to die;
New life assum'd from his inflaming eye.
Whose looks my chance more beauty now discover
Then heretofore: you might forgive the lover.
Her eager eyes she rivets on her face;
And, frantick, thinks him of no humane race:
Nor could divert her looks. As he his tongue
Began t' unloose, her fair hand softly wrung,
Implor'd her aid, and promis'd her his bed:
She answer made, with tears profusely shed.
I see to what events m' intentions move:
Nor ignorance deceives me thus; but love.
I by my cunning will preserve your life:
But swear, that done, to take me to your wife.
He, by the Altar of the Triple Power,
The groves which that great Deity imbowers;
Her fathers Sire, to whom the hid appears.
His own success, and so great danger, swears,
Believ'd: from her th' inchanted herbs receives;
With them, their use: and his Protectress leaves.
The Morrow had the sparkling stars defac'd:
When all in *Mars's* field assemble; plac'd
On circling ridges: seated on a throne,
The Ivory-sceptre'd King in scarlet shone.
From adamant nostrils brass-hoost bulls now cast
Fierce *Vulcan*; and the grass with vapors blast.
And as full forges, blown by art, resound,
As lime of flints, infurnest under ground,
By sprinkled water fire conceive: so they
Pent flames, involv'd in noisful breasts, display;
So roar their scorched throats. Yet *Æsons* Hair
Came bravely on: on whom they turn, and stare
With terrible aspects; his ruine threat
With steel-cipt horns. Inrag'd, their cleft hoofs beat
The thundring ground; whence clouds of dust arise;
And with their smoky bellowings rend the skies.
The *Minya* fear congeals, but he remains
Untouch't: Such virtue Sorcery contains.

Their dew-laps boldly with his hand he ſtrokes.
Inforc'd to draw the plough with unknown yoke.
The *Colchians* at ſo ſtrange a ſight admire:
The *Minyæ* ſhout, and ſet his thoughts on fire.
Then, in his cask, the Vipers teeth aſſumes:
Thoſe in the turn'd-up furrows he inhumes.
Earth mollifies the pois'nous ſeeds, which ſpring;
And forth a harveſt of new People bring.
And as an Embryon, in the womb inclos'd
Aſſumes the form of man; within compos'd
Through all accompliſht numbers; nor comes forth
To breath in air, till his maturer growth:
So when the bowels of the teeming Earth
Grew great, ſhe gave mens perfect ſhapes their birth.
And, what's more ſtrange; with them, their arms aſcend:
Who at th' *Æmonian* youth their lances bend.
When this th' *Achaians* ſaw, they hung the head:
And all their courages for terror fled.
Even ſhe, who had ſecur'd him, was afraid,
When ſhe beheld ſo many one invade.
A chill cold checks her blood; death looks leſs pale.
And leſt the herbs ſhe gave ſhould chance to fail,
Unheard auxiliary charms imparts:
And calls th' aſſiſtance of her ſecret Arts.
He hurls a maſſie ſtone among her foes,
Who on themſelves convert their deadly blows.
The Earth-born brothers mutual wounds deſtroy;
And civil war. The *Grecians* skipt for joy,
And throng t' imbrace the Victor. Her the ſame
Affection ſpur'd, but was with-held by ſhame.
Yet that too weak, if none had lookt upon her:
Not virtue checkt her, but the wrack of honor.
Now, in conceit, ſhe hugs him in her arms:
And thanks the Gods, the authors of her charms.
To make the Dragon ſleep that never ſlept,
Remains; whoſe care the golden purchaſe kept.
Bright-creſted, triple-tongu'd; his cruel jaws
Arm'd with ſharp phangs; his feet with dreadful claws.
When once beſprinkled with *Lethæan* juice,
And words repeated thrice; which ſleep produce,
Calm the rough ſeas, and make ſwift rivers ſtand;
His eye-lids vail'd to ſleeps unknown command.
The *Hero* of the Golden Fleece poſſeſt,
Proud of the ſpoil, with her whoſe favor bleſt

His

His enterprize, another Spoil now bore
To sea, and lands on safe *Ioleian* shoar.
Æmonian parents, for their sons return,
Bring grateful gifts, congested incense burn;
And chearfully with horn-gilt offerings pay
Religious vows. But *Æson* was away;
Oppress with tedious age, now near his tomb.
When thus *Æsonides*: O wife, to whom
My life I ow: though all I hold in chief
From thy deserts, which far surpass belief;
If Magick can (what cannot Magick do?)
Take years from me; and his with mine renew.
Then wept. His piety her passion stirs:
Who sighs to think how she had used hers:
Yet this concealing, answers: What a crime
Hath slipt thy tongue? thinkst thou, that with thy (time
I can, or will, anothers life invest?
Hecat' fore-fend! nor is't a just request.
Yet *Jason*, we a greater gift will give:
Thy father, by our Art renew'd, shall live,
Without thy loss; if so the triple Pow'r
Assist me with her presence in that hour.
Three nights yet wanted, e're the Moon could join
Her growing horns. When with repleniſht shine
She view'd the Earth, the Court she leaves; her hair
Untrest, her garments loose, her ancles bare.
And wanders through the dead of drowzy Night
With unseen steps. Men, beasts, and birds of flight,
Deep Rest had bound in humid-gyves; she crept
So silently, as if her self had slept.
No Aspen wags, moist air no sound receives;
Stars onely twinkle: who to those up-heaves
Her arms: thrice turns about, thrice wets her crown
With gathered dew, thrice yawns: and kneeling down:
O *Night* thou friend to Secrets, you clear fires,
That with the Moon, succeed when day retires:
Great *Hecate*, that know'st, and aid imparts
To our designs: you Charms, and Magick Arts:
And thou, O Earth, that to Magicians yields
Thy powerful simples: airs, winds, mountains, fields,
Soft murmuring springs, still lakes, and rivers clear:
You Gods of woods, you Gods of night, appear:
By you, at will, I make swift streams retire
To their first fountains, whilst their banks admire,

Seas tos, and smooth; clear clouds, with clouds deform,
Storms turn to calms, and make a calm a Storm.
With spells and charms I break the vipers jaw,
Cleave solid rocks, oaks from their seasures draw,
Whole woods remove, the airy mountains shake;
Earth force to groan, and ghosts from graves awake.
And thee, *Titania*, from thy sphere I hale:
Through brass-resounding thy extreams avail.
Our charms thy chariot pale; our poi'nous weeds,
That blushing Goddess which the night succeeds.
Flame-breathing bulls you tam'd; you made them bow
Their stubborn necks unto the servile plow:
The Serpents brood by you self-slaughtred lies;
Your slumbers clos'd the wakeful Dragons eyes;
At our command: and send the Golden Fleece
(The guard deluded) to the towers of *Greece*.
Now need I drugs, that may old age indue
With vigor, and the flower of youth renew,
Which you shall give. Nor blaze these stars in vain:
Nor Dragons vainly through the airy main
This Chariot draw. Hard by the Chariot rests.
Mounting, she strokes the bridled Dragons crests;
And shakes the reyns. Rapt up, beneath her spies
Thessalian Tempe; and her Snakes applies
To parts remote. The herbs that *Ossa* bear
Steep *Pelion*, *Othrys*, *Pindus*; ever clear
Olympus, who the lofty *Pindus* tops;
Up-roots, or with her brazen sickle crops.
Much gathers on the bank of *Apidan*;
By *Amphrysus* much; and where *Enipeus* ran.
Nor *Spercheus*, nor *Peneus*, barren found:
Nor thee smooth *Bœbes* with sharp rushes crown'd;
And raviht from *Euboian Anthedon*,
That herb, as yet by *Glaucus* change unknown.
By winged Dragons drawn, nine nights, nine days,
About the romes; and every field surveys:
Return'd her Snakes, that did but only smell
The Odors, cast their skins, and age expel.
Her feet to enter her own roof refuse,
Rooft by the sky: the touch of man eschews.
Two Altars builds of living turf: the right
To *Hecate*, the left to *Youth*. These dight
With Vervin and green boughs; hard by, two pits
She forthwith digs: and sacrificing slits

The

The throats of black-fleec't Rams. With reeking blood
The ditches fills; and pours thereon a flood
Of honey, and new milk, from turn'd-up bowls;
Repeating powerful words. The King of Souls,
His ravisht Queen invokes, and Pow'rs beneath,
Not to prevent her by old *Æson's* death.
They with long murmurings and pray'rs appeas'd:
She bids them to produce the age-diseas'd.
Her sleep producing charm his spirits deads:
Who on the grass his senseless body spreads.
Charg'd *Jason* and the rest, far-off with-drew:
Un-hallowed eyes might not such secrets view.
Furious *Medea*, with her hair unbound,
About the fragrant Altar trots a Round.
The brands dips in the ditches, black with blood;
And on the Altars fires th' infected wood:
Thrice purges him with waters, thrice with flames,
And thrice with sulphur; muttering horrid names.
Mean while in hollow brass the med'cine boils,
And swelling high, in foamy bubbles toils.
There seeths she what th' *Æmonian* vales produce:
Roots, juices, flow'rs, and seeds of soveraign use.
Adds stones from Oriental rocks bereft:
And others by the ebbing Ocean left.
The dew collected e're the Dawning springs:
A Screech-Owls flesh with her ill-boding wings.
The intrails of ambiguous Wolves; that can
Take, and forsake the figure of a Man.
The Liver of a long-liv'd Hart: then takes
The scaly skins of small *Cinyphean* Snakes.
A Crows old head and pointed beak, was cast
Among the rest; which had nine ages past,
These, and a thousand more, without a name,
Were thus prepared by the barbarous Dame,
For humane benefit. Th' ingredients now
She mingles with a withered Olive bough.
Lo! from the caldron the dry stick receives
First verdure; and a little after, leaves;
Forth-with, with over-burdning Olives deckt.
The skipping froth with under-flames eject,
Upon the ground descended in a dew:
Whence vernal flow'rs, and springing pasture grew.
This seen, the cuts the old mans throat; out-scrus'd
His scarce-warm blood, and her receipt (infus'd)

His

His mouth or wound ſuckt in. His beard and head
Black hair forthwith adorns, the hoary ſhed.
Pale color, morphew, meager looks remove:
And under-riſing fleſh his wrinkles ſmooth.
His limbs wax ſtrong and luſty. *Æſon* much
Admires his change: himſelf remembers ſuch
Twice twenty Summers paſt. With all, indu'd
A youthful mind: and both at once renew'd.
This wonder from on high *Lyæus* views:
By *Colchis* gifts his Nurſes dates renews.
Leſt fraud ſhould ceaſe, ſhe, with her bed's Conſort
Diſſention feigns, and flies to *Pelias* Court.
His Daughters (for ſad age the King arreſts,)
Her entertain. Who ſoon with ſlie proteſts
Of forged love, allures their quick belief.
Her many merits mentions, but in chief
Of *Æſons* cure; inſiſting on that part.
This hope ingenders, that her able Art
Might ſo their Fathers vaniſht youth reſtore:
Whom they, with infinite rewards implore.
She, muſing, ſeems to doubt: and, with pretence
Of difficulty, holds them in ſuſpenſe.
But when ſhe had a tardy promiſe made;
To win your ſtedfaſt confidence (ſhe ſaid)
Take from your flocks the moſt age-ſhaken Ram;
And ſuddenly he ſhall become a Lamb.
Straight thither by the wreathed horns they drew
A ſunk-ey'd Ram; whoſe youth none living knew.
Now, at his riveled throat, out-lancing life
(Whoſe little blood could hardly ſtain her Knife)
His carcaſe ſhe into a Caldron throws:
With it, her Drugs. Each limb more ſlender grows:
He caſts his horns, and with his horns his years:
Anon a tender bleating ſtrikes their ears.
While they admire, out-skips a friſking Lamb;
That ſports, and ſeeks the Udder of his Dam.
Fixt with amaze: they, ſtrongly now poſſeſt,
Her promiſe more importunately preſt.
Thrice *Phœbus* had unyok'd his panting Steeds,
Drencht in *Iberian* Seas; whilſt Night ſucceeds,
Studded with ſtars: when falſe *Medea* took,
With uſeleſs herbs, meer waters of the brook,
On *Pelias*, and his drowzy Guard, ſhe hung
A death-like ſleep with her inchanting tongue.

Whom

Whom now the ſo-inſtructed Siſters led
Into his chamber; and beſiege his bed.
Why pauſe you thus, ſaid ſhe, O ſlow to good?
Unſheath your ſword, and ſhed his aged blood;
That I his veins with ſpritely juice may fill;
His life and youth depends upon your will.
If you have any virtue, not purſue
Unfruitful hopes, perform this filial due.
With Steel your fathers age expulſe, and purge
His dregs through wounds. Their zeal her ſpeeches urge.
Who were moſt pious, impious firſt became:
And, by avoiding, perpetrate the ſame.
Yet hearts they had not to behold the blow:
But, with averted looks, blind wounds beſtow.
He, blood-imbrew'd, his hoary head advanc'd:
Half-mangled ſtrove to riſe. Who now intran.'d
Amidſt ſo many ſwords, his arms up-held;
And, Daughters cr,'d, what do you! what compel'd
Thoſe cruel hands t'invade your Fathers life!
Down ſunk their hands, and hearts. *Medea's* knife,
His following ſpeech, and throat aſunder cuts:
And his hackt limbs in ſeething liquor puts.
And had not Dragons rapt her through the skies,
Revenge had tortur'd her. Aloft ſhe flies
O're ſhady *Pelion* God-like *Chirons* Den,
Aſpiring *Othrys*, hills renown'd by men
For old *Cerambus* ſafety: who by aid
Of favoring Nymphs, relief-ful wings diſplay'd;
While ſwallowing waves the weighty earth confound:
And ſwoln *Deucalions* ſurges ſcap'd undrown'd.
Æolian Pitane on her left hand leaves
That Marble, which the Serpents ſhape receives;
Idæan groves, where *Liber* turn'd a Steer
(To cloke his ſons ſlie theft) into a Deer;
The ſand heap which *Corytus* Sire contains;
And where new-barking *Mera* frights the plains:
Euryphilus town, where horns the Matrons ſham'd
Of *Co*, when *Hercules* the *Coans* tam'd;
Phœbeian Rhodes, *Jalyſian Telchines*,
Drencht by *Joves* vengeance in his brothers ſeas,
For all tranſorming with their vicious eyes:
By *Cea's* old *Carthean* turret flies.
Where fates *Alcidamus* with wonder move,
To think his daughter could become a Dove.

Then

Then *Hyries* lake *Cycneian Tempe* view'd :
Grac'd by a Swan with sudden plumes indu'd.
For *Phyllius* there, had, at a Boys command,
Wild birds, and salvage Lions, brought to hand.
Who bid to tame a Bull, his will perform'd ;
Yet at so stern a love not seldome storm'd,
And his last purchase to the Boy deny'd.
Pouting, You'l with yo' had giv'n him me, he cry'd ;
And jumpt from down-right cliffs. All held him slain;
When spreading wings a si'ver Swan sustain.
His mother (ignorant thereof) became
A Lake with weeping, which they *Hyrie* name.
Next *Pleuron* lies, where *Ophian Combe* shuns,
With trembling wings, her life-pursuing sons :
Then near *Latona*-lov'd *Calaurea* rang'd ;
In which the King and Queen to birds were chang'd.
Cyllene on the right hand (where that beast
Menephron would his mother have compress)
Cephisus spies (who for his nephew mourn'd;
Into a Sea-calf by *Apollo* turn'd :)
Eumelus Court, whose daughter sads her Sire,
With mounting wings. Her Snakes at length retire,
To *Piren Ephyr*: men, if Fame say true,
Here at the first from thow'r-rais'd mushroms grew;
But after *Colchis* had the new-wed Dame,
And *Creons* Palace, wrapt in Magick flame,
When impious steel her childrens blood had shed,
The ill-reveng'd from *Jasons* fury fled.
Whom now the swift *Titanian* Dragons draw
To *Pallas* towers. Those thee, just *Phinem*, saw;
And thee, old *Periphas*, together fly :
Where *Polyphemons* Neece new wings supply.
Ægæus entertains her (of his life
The onely stain) and took her for his wife.
And now arrives unknown *Ægæus* seed :
Who great in name had two-sea'd *Isthmos* freed.
Whose undeserved ruin *Phasias* sought
By mortal Aconite, from *Scythia* brought.
This from th' *Echidnean* Dog dire essence draws.
There is a blind steep cave with foggy jaws,
Through which the bold *Tirynthian* Hero strain'd,
Drag'd *Cerberus* with adamant inchain'd.
Who backward hung, and scouling, lookt askew
On glorious day ; with anger rabid grew :

Thrice

Thrice howls, thrice barks at once, with his three heads:
And on the grass his foamy poison sheds.
This sprung; attracting from the fruitful soil
Dire nourishment, and power of deathful spoil
The rural Swains, because it takes delight
In barren rocks, firnam'd it Aconite.
Ægæus, by her sly perswasions won;
As to a foe, presents it to his Son.
He took the cup; when by his Ivory hilt,
He both his son discovered, and her guilt;
And struck the potion from his lips. With charms
Ingendring clouds, she scapes his lengthless arms.
Though glad of his sons safety, a chill fear
Shook all his powers, that danger was so near.
With fire he feeds the Altars, richly feasts
The Gods with gifts. Whole Hecatombs of beasts
(Their horns with ribands wreath'd) imbrue the ground;
No day, they say, was ever so renown'd
Amongst th' *Athenians*. Noble, vulgar, all,
Together celebrate that Festival.
Thus singing, when full bowls their spirits raise:
Great *Theseus*, *Marathon* resounds thy praise
For slaughter of the *Cretan* Bull. Secure
They live, who *Cremyons* wasted field manure,
By thy exploit and bounty. *Vulcans* Seed
By thee glad *Epidaure* beheld to bleed.
Salvage *Procrustes* death *Cephisia* view'd:
Elusis, *Cercyon's*. *Scinis* ill indu'd
With strength so much abus'd; who beeches bent,
And tortur'd bodies 'twixt their branches rent,
Thou slew'st. The way which to *Alcathoe* led
Is now secure, inhumane *Scyron* dead.
The Earth his scatter'd bones a grave deny'd;
Nor would the Sea his hated reliques hide:
Which tossed to and fro, in time became
A solid rock: the rock we *Scyron* name.
If we thy years should number with thy acts:
Thy years would prove a cypher to thy facts.
Great soul! for thee, as for our publick wealth,
We pray; and quaff *Lyæus* to thy health.
The Palace with the peoples praises rings,
And sacred Joy in every bosome springs.
Ægæus yet (no pleasure is compleat:
Grief twines with joys;) for *Theseus* safe receit

Reaps

Reaps little comfort. *Minos* threatens war:
Though ſtrong in men and ſhips, yet ſtronger far
Through vengeance of a father: who, his harms
In ſlain *Androgeus*, ſcourgeth with juſt arms.
Yet wiſely firſt endeavors foreign aid:
And all the Iſlands of that Sea ſurvey'd.
Who *Anaphe* and *Aſtipalea* gain'd;
The one by gifts, the other war conſtrain'd:
Low *Mycone*, *Cymolus* chalky fields,
High *Scyros*, *Siphnus*, which rich metals yields,
Champian *Seriphos*, *Pares* far diſplay'd
With marble brows, and *Cythnos* ill-betray'd
By impious *Arne* for yet-loved gold,
Turn'd to a Chough, whom ſable plumes infold.
Oliaros, *Didyma*, the Sea-loved ſoil,
Of *Tenos*, *Peparethos* fat with oil,
Andros, and *Gyaros*; theſe their aid deny'd.
The *Gnoſſian* fleet from thence their ſails apply'd
Unto *Oenopia*, for her children fam'd,
Oenopia by the ancient dwellers nam'd.
But *Æacus*, there reigning, call'd the ſame
Ægina, of his honor'd mothers name.
All throng to ſee a Prince of ſo great worth,
Straight *Telamon* and *Peleus*, iſſuing forth,
With *Phocus*, youngeſt of that royal race,
Make haſt to meet him. With a tardy pace
Came aged *Æacus*, and askt the cauſe
Of his repair. When after ſome ſhort pauſe,
With ſighs, which his imboſom'd grief diſplay'd;
The Ruler of the hundred Cities ſaid:
Aſſiſt our arms, born for my murdred ſon;
And in this pious war our fortunes run:
Give comfort to his grave. The King reply'd;
In vain you ask what needs muſt be deny'd,
No City is in ſtricter league then ours
Conjoin'd to *Athens*: mutual are our pow'rs,
He, parting, ſaid; Your league ſhall coſt you dear.
And held it better far to threat, then bear
An accidental war; whereby he might
Conſume his force before he came to fight.
Yet might they ſee the *Cretans* under ſail
From high-built walls: when, with a leading gale,
The *Attick* ſhip attain'd their friendly ſhoar:
Which *Cephalus*, and his embaſſage, bore.

Th' Æa-

Th' *Æacides* him knew (though many a day
Unseen) imbrace, and to the Court convey.
The goodly Prince, who yet th' impression held
Of those perfections, which in youth excel'd,
Enters the Palace, bearing in his hand
A branch of *Attick* Olive. By him stand
Clytus and *Butes*; valorous and young:
Who from the loins of high-born *Pallas* sprung.
First *Cephalus* his full Oration made;
Which shew'd his message, and demanded aid:
Their leagues, and ancient loves to mind recals;
And how all *Greece* was threatned in their falls:
With eloquence inforc'd his embassie:
When God-like *Æacus* made this reply,
(His royal Scepter shining in his hand)
Athenians, crave not succor, but command:
This Islands forces yours vouchsafe to call;
For in your aid I will adventure all.
Soldiers I have enough, at once t' oppose
My enemies, and to repel your foes.
The Gods be prais'd, and happy times, that will
Bear no excuses. May your City still
Increase with people; *Cephalus* reply'd.
At my approach I not a little joy'd,
To meet so many youths of equal years,
So fresh and lusty. Yet not one appears
Of those who heretofore your town possest;
When first you entertain'd me for a Guest.
Then, *Æacus*, (in sighs his words ascend)
A sad beginning had a better end.
Would I could utter all: Day would expire
E're all were told, and 'twould your patience tire.
Their bones, and ashes, silent graves inclose.
And what a treasure perished with those!
By *Juno*'s wrath, a dreadful pestilence
Devour'd our lives: who took unjust offence,
In that this Isle her Rivals name profest.
While it seem'd humane, and the cause unghest;
So long we death-repelling Physick try'd:
But those diseases vanquisht Art deride.
Heav'n first, the earth with thickned vapors shrouds;
And lazy heat involves in sullen clouds.
Four pallid Moons their growing horns unite,
And had as oft with-drawn their feeble light:

Yet

Yet ſtill the death-producing *Auſter* blew,
Sunk Springs, and ſtanding Lakes infected grew:
Serpents in unfill'd fields by millions creep;
And in the ſtreams their tainting poiſons ſteep.
Dogs, Oxen, Sheep, and ſalvage beaſts firſt die:
Nor birds can from the ſwift infection fly.
Sad Swains, amazed, ſee their Oxen ſhrink
Beneath the yoke, and in the furrows ſink.
The fleecy flocks with anguiſh faintly bleat;
Let fall their wool, and pine away with heat.
The generous Horſe, that from the Race of late
Return'd with honor, now degenerate,
Unmindful of the glory of his prize;
Groans at his manger, and there deedleſs dies.
The Boar forgets his rage: ſwift feet now fail
The *Hart*: nor Bears the horned Herd aſſail.
All languiſh. Woods, fields, paths (no longer bare)
Are fill'd with carcaſes, that ſtench the air.
Which neither Dogs, nor greedy Fowl (how much
To be admir'd) nor hoary Wolves would touch.
Falling conſume: which deadly Odors bred,
That round about their dire contagion ſpred.
Now raves among the wretched Country-Swains:
Now in our large and populous City raigns.
At firſt, their bowels broil, with fervor ſtretcht:
The ſymptomes, redneſs, hot-wind hardly fetcht.
Their furr'd tongues ſwell: their dry jaws gaſp for (breath;
And with the air inhale a ſwifter death.
None could endure or coverture, or bed:
But on the ſtones their panting bodies ſpred.
Cold ſtones could no way mitigate that heat:
Even they beneath thoſe burning burdens ſweat.
None cure attempt: the ſtern diſeaſe invades
The heartleſs Leech; nor art her author aids.
The near ally'd, whoſe care the ſick attend,
Sicken themſelves, and die before their friends.
Of remedy they ſee no hope at all,
But onely in approaching funeral:
All their deſires obey: for help none care:
Help was there none. In ſhameleſs throngs repair
To Springs and Wells: there cleave in bitter ſtrife
T' extinguiſh thirſt; but firſt extinguiſh life.
Nor could th' o're-charg'd ariſe; but dying, ſink:
And of thoſe tainted waters others drink.

The

The wretches loath their tedious beds; thence break
With giddy steps. Or, if now grown too weak,
Roul on the floor: their quitted houses hate,
As guilty of their miserable fate;
And, ignorant of the cause, the place accuse.
Half-Ghosts, they walk, while they their legs could
You might see others on the earthly mourning; (use
Their heavy eyes with dying motion turning.
Stretching their arms to heaven, where ever death
Surpris'd them, parting with their sigh't-out breath.
O what a heart had I! or ought to have!
I loath'd my life, and wisht with them a grave.
Which way so-ever I convert my eye,
The breathlesse multitude dispersed lye.
Like perisht apples, dropping with the strokes
Of rocking winds; or acorns from broad oakes.
See you yon' Temple, mounted on high stairs?
'Tis *Jupiters*. Who hath not offer'd prayers,
And slighted incense there! husbands for wives:
Fathers for sons: and while they pray, their lives
Before th' inexorable Altars vent;
With incense in their hands, half yet unspent!
How oft the Ox, unto the temple brought,
While yet the Priest the angry Powers besought,
And powr'd pure wine between his horns; fell down
Before the ax had toucht his curled crown!
To *Jupiter* about to sacrifice,
For me, my countrey, sons; with horrid noise
Th' unwounded Offring fell; and now the wound
Scarce blood, to wet the knife, that made it, found.
The Inwards lost their signs of heavens presage,
Out-razed by the stern Diseases rage.
The dead before the sacred doors were laid:
Before the Altars too; the Gods t' upbraid.
Some choke themselves with cords: by death eschue
The fear of death; and instant Fates pursue:
Dead coarses without Dues of funeral
They weakly bear: the Ports are now too small.
Or un-interr'd they lye: or else are thrown
On wealthless pyles. Respect these give to none.
For Pyles they strive: on those their kinsfolk burn,
That flame for others. None are left to mourn,
Ghosts wander undeplor'd by sons or sires:
Nor is there room for tombs, or wood for fires.

Astonish

Astonisht with these tempests of extreams:
O *Jove*, said I if they be more then dreams
That laid thee by *Ægyna*; nor thy ire
Incensed be, that I should call thee sire;
Render me mine, or me afford a grave!
With prosperous thunder-claps a sign he gave,
I take it, said I; let this Omen be,
A happy pledge of thy intents to me!
Hard by, a goodly Oak, by fortune, stood,
Sacred to *Jove*; of *Dodonean* wood.
Grain-gathering Ants there, in long files I saw,
Whose little mouthes self-greater burthens draw;
Keeping their paths along the rugged rine,
While I admire their number: O divine,
And ever helpfull! give to me, said I,
As many men; who may the dead supply.
The trembling Oak his lofty top declin'd:
And murmured without a breath of wind.
I shook with fear: my tresses stood an end:
Yet on the earth and oak I kisses spend.
I durst not seem to hope, yet hope I did:
And in my breast my cherisht wishes hid.
Night came; and sleep care-wasted bodies chear'd:
Before my eyes the self-same Oak appear'd;
So many branches, as before, there were:
So many busie Ants those branches bear;
So shook the Oak, and with that motion threw
To under-earth the grain supporting crue.
Greater and greater straight they seem to sight:
To raise themselves from earth, and stand up-right.
Whom numerous feet, black colour lankness leave:
And instantly a humane shape receive.
Now sleep with-drew. My dream I waking blame:
And on the small performing Gods exclaim:
Yet heard a mighty noyse; and seem'd t' have heard
Almost forgotten voyces: yet I feard.
That this a dream was also. Where-upon,
The door thrust open, in rusht *Telamon*:
Come forth, said he, O father; and behold
What hope transcends; nor can with faith be told!
For h went I; and beheld the men which late
My dream presented: such in every state
I saw; and knew them. They salute their King.
Jove prais'd, a party to the town I bring;

Leave

Leave to the reſt the empty fields: and call
Them *Mermydons* of their original.
You ſee their perſons: ſuch their manners are
As formerly. A people given to ſpare,
Patient of Labour; what they get, preſerve,
They, like in years and minds, theſe wars ſhall ſerve,
And follow your conduct; when firſt this wind
(The wind blew Eaſterly) that was ſo kind
To bring you hither, will to your avail
Convert it ſelf into a Southern gale,
Diſcourſe thus entertain'd the day; with feaſts
They crown the Evening: Sleep the Night poſſeſt.
The Morning Sun projects his golden rayes:
Still *Eurus* blew; and their departure ſtayes.
Now *Pallas* ſons to *Cephalus* reſort.
And *Cephalus* with *Pallas* ſons, to Court
With early viſits: (ſleep the King in chains)
Whom *Phocus* at the entrance entertains.
For *Peleus*, with his brother *Telamon*,
To raiſe an army were already gone.
Phocus mean while into an inward room,
Of fair receipt, th' *Athenians* led: with whom
They ſeated firſt, he ſits: his fancy fed
Upon the Javelin with the golden head
Held by *Æolides*: of what tree made
Being ignorant; ſome ſpeeches paſt, he ſaid:
I haunt the deſart woods; delight in blood
Of ſa'vage Beaſts; yet know not of what wood
Your Dart conſiſts: For if of Aſh it were
'Twould look more brown; if Cornel, 'twould appear
More knotty: on what tree ſo e're it grew,
Mine eyes ſo fair a Dart did never view,
One of th' *Aeacon* brethren made reply:
You would more wonder at the quality.
It hits the aim'd at, not by fortune led;
And of it ſelf returns with ſlaughter red.
Phocus the cauſe deſireth much to know,
From whence it came; and who did it beſtow.
He yields to his requeſt, yet things well known,
Reſtrain'd by modeſty, he lets alone.
Who toucht with ſorrow for his wife, that bleeds
In his remembrance, thus with tears proceeds.
This Dart, O Goddeſs-born, provokes theſe tears:
And ever would, if endleſs were my years.

Thi

This me, in my unhappy Wife destroy'd:
This gift I would I never had injoy'd!
Procris Orithya's sister was: if Fame
Have more inform'd you of *Orithya's* name.
Yet she (should you their minds, and forms confer)
More worth the rape. *Erichthæus*, me to her,
And love, unite. Then happy! happy, I
Might yet have been. But O, the Gods envy!
Two months were now consum'd in chast delight:
When gray *Aurora*, having vanquisht night,
Beheld me on the ever-fragrant hill,
Of steep *Hymettus*: and, against my will,
As I my toyls extended, bare me thence.
I may the truth declare without offence:
Though rosie be her cheeks; although she sway
The dewy Confines of the Night and Day,
And Nectar drink: my *Procris* all passest:
My heart was hers; my tongue her praise profest.
I told her of her holy nuptial ties;
Of wedlocks breach; and yet scarce tasted joyes.
Fire-red she said, thy harsh complaints forbear:
Possess thy *Procris*. Though so fair, so dear:
Thou'lt wish th' hadst never known her, if I know
Insuing fate: and angry lets me go.
Her words I pondered as I went along:
Began to doubt she might my honour wrong.
Her youth, and beauty tempt me to distrust:
Her vertue checks those fears as most unjust.
But I was absent: but example fed
My jealousie: but lovers all things dread.
I seek my sorrows; and with gifts intend
To tempt the chaste. *Aurora* proves a friend
To this suspition; and my form translates.
Unknown, I enter the *Athenian* gates;
And then my own. The house from blame was free:
In decent order, and perplext for me.
Scarce with a thousand sleights I gain'd a view:
View'd with astonishment I scarce pursue
My first intent: scarce could I then forbear
Due kisses; scarce not what I was appear.
She still was sad: yet lovelier none then she,
Even in that sadnesse: sorrowful for me.
How excellent, O *Phocus*, was that face,
Which could in grief retain so sweet a grace?

What

What need I tell how often I assaild
Her vexed chastity! how often faild!
How often said she! One I onely serve:
For him, whereever, I my bed preserve.
What mad man would such faith have farther prest,
But I? industrious to my own unrest,
With fervent vowes, and gifts still multiply'd,
At length she wavers. False of faith I cry'd,
Thou art disclos'd; I, no adulterer,
But thy wrong'd spouse: not can this triall erre,
She made no answer, prest with silent shame,
Th' unhappy house and me, far more in blame,
Forsaking; mankind for my sake eschews:
And *Dian*-like the mountain chase pursues.
Abandon'd hotter flames my bloud incense,
I pardon beg'd, confessing my offence:
And said, *Aurora* might have me subdu'd
With such enticements, had but she so woo'd.
My fault confest; her wrong revenged, we
Grow reconcil'd; and happily agree.
Besides her self, as though that gift were small,
A Dog she gave; which *Cynthia* giving; All,
Said she, surpass in swiftness; and this Spear
You so commend, which in my hand I bear,
Do you the fortune of the first inquire?
Receive a wonder; and the fact admire.
Dark prophetess; not understood of old,
The *Naiades* with searching wits unfold.
When sacred *Themis*, in that so obscure,
Neglected grew; Nor could she this indure.
A cruel Beast infests th' *Aonian* plains;
To many fatal; fear'd by Country Swains,
Both for their cattel, and themselves, I met
The neighbouring youth, our toyles the fields beset.
He nimbly skips above the upper lines;
And mounting over, frustrates our designs.
The dogs uncouple, from them all he springs,
With no less speed, then if supply'd by wings.
All bid me let my *Lelaps* slip, (for so
My dog was call'd,) who struggling long ago;
Half-throtled, strain'd the leash. No sooner gone,
Then out of sight, his foot-steps left upon
The burning sand: who vanquisht from our eyes
As swiftly as a well-driv'n javelin flyes;

Or

Or as a singing pellet from a sling
Or as an arrow from a *Cretan* string.
I mount a hill which over-topt the place,
From thence beholding this admired chace.
The beast now pincht appears, now shuns by flight
His catching jaws. Nor (crafty) runs out-right,
Nor trusts his heels: with nimble turnings shunning
His urgent foe, cast back by over-running.
Who prest what onely might in speed compare.
Appears to catch th' uncaught, and mouthes the air.
My dart I take to aid: which while I shook,
And on the throng direct my hasty look,
To fit my fingers: looking up again,
I saw two marble statues on the plain.
Had you these seen, you could not choose but say,
That this appear'd to run, and that to bay.
That neither should each other over-go
The Gods decreed: if Gods descend so low.
Thus he: here paus'd. Then *Thoeus*, Pray unfold
Your Darts offence. Which *Cephalus* thus told.
Joy grief fore-runs: that joy we first recite.
For O, those times I mention with delight,
When youth, and *Hymen* crown'd our happy life:
She in her Husband blest, I in my Wife.
In both one care, and one affection moves.
She would not have exchang'd my bed for *Joves*,
Nor *Venus* could have tempted my desire:
Our bosoms flam'd with such an equal fire.
When *Sol* had rais'd his beams above the floods,
My custom was to trace the leavy woods.
Arm'd with this dart, I solitary went.
Without horse, huntsmen, toyls, or dogs of scent,
Much kild, I to the cooler shades repair:
And where the valley breaths a fresher air.
Cool air I seek, while all with fervour gloes:
Cool air expect, the cause of my repose.
Come air, I use to sing, relieve th' oppress,
Come, O most welcome, glide into my brest:
Now quench, as erst, in me this scalding heat.
By chance I other blandishments repeat,
(So Fates inforce) as, O my souls delight!
By thee I'm fed and cheat'd: thy sweets excite
M' affections to these woods: O may thy breath
Still fix with mine, and so preserve from death!

A busie

A buſie ear theſe doubtful ſpeeches caught:
Who oft-nam'd air ſome much lov'd *Dryad* thought;
And told *Pocris* with a leuder tongue,
His falſe ſurmiſes; with the ſong I ſung.
Love is too credulous. With grief ſhe faints;
And ſcarce reviling, burſts into complaints:
My ſpotleſs faith with fury execrates:
Woe's me, ſhe cryes, produc't to cruel fates!
Tranſported with imaginary blame,
What is not, fears: an unſubſtantial name.
Yet grieves (poor ſoul!) as if in truth abu'd:
Yet often doubts; and her diſtruſt accus'd.
Now holds the information for a lye:
Nor will truſt other witneſs then her eye,
Aurora re-inthron'd th' inſuing Day:
I hunt, and ſpeed. As on the graſs I lay.
Come Air, ſaid I my tired ſpirits chear.
At this an unknown ſigh invades my ear.
Yet I; O come, before all joyes preferr'd
I then among the leaves a ruſling heard.
And threw my dart; ſuppoſing it ſome beaſt:
But O, 'twas *Pocris*! wounded on the breſt,
She ſhriekt at me! Her voice too well I knew:
And thither, with my grief diſtracted flew.
Half dead; all bloud imbru'd, my wife I found:
Her gift (alaſs!) extracting from her wound.
I rais'd her body, then my own more dear:
To bind her wounds my lighter garments tear;
And ſtrive to ſtench the bloud. O pity take,
Said I, nor thus a guilty ſoul forſake!
She, weak, and now a dying, thus replies
(Her laſt of ſpeech) by all our nuptial ties;
By heaven-imbowred Gods, by thoſe below,
To whoſe infernal monarchy I go:
By that, if ever I deſerved well;
By this ill-fated love, for which I fell,
Yet now in death moſt conſtantly retain;
O, let not *Ayre* our chaſter bed prophane,
This ſaid; I ſhew'd, and ſhe perceived how
That error grew: but what avai'ld it now?
She ſinks; her bloud along her ſpirits took:
Who looks on me, as long as ſhe could look.
My lips her ſoul receive, with her laſt breath:
Who now reſolved, ſweetly ſmiles in death.

865 The weeping Heroe told this Tragedy
To those that wept as fast. The King drew nye,
And his two sons, with well arm'd Regiments,
New rais'd; which he to *Cephalus* presents.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

The Eighth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

HArmonious walls. Lew'd Scylla now despairs;
With Nisus, *chang'd: the Lark the Hobby dares:*
Ariadnes Crown a Constellation made,
Th' inventive youth a Partridge; still afraid
Of mounting. Meleagers *Sisters mourn*
His Tragedy: to Fowl, so named, turn.
Five water Nymphs the five Echinades
Demonstrate. Perimele, *near to these,*
Becomes an Island. Jove *and* Hermes *take*
The forms of men. A City turn'd to Lake:
A Cottage to a Temple. That good pare,
Old Baucis *and* Philemon, *changed are*
At once to sacred Trees; in various shapes
Blew Proteus *sports. Oft self-chang'd* Metra *scapes*
Scorn'd servitude, The Stream of Calidon
Forsakes his own, and other shapes puts on.

NOw *Lucifer* exalts the Day: to Hell
Old *Night* descends. The Easterne winds now fell;
Moyst clouds arose: when gentle Southern gales
Befriend returning *Cephalus*. Full sailes
Wing his successful course: who long before
All expectation, toucht the wished shore.

Mean-

Mean-while just *Minos* wastes *Lelegia's* coast,
And girts *Alcathoes* City with his Hoast.
This *Nisus* held; whose head a purple hair,
'Mong those of honourable silver, bare:
His Kingdoms strength. Six aged Moons grew young,
Yet wars success in equal ballance hung:
Slow Victory, in choice yet what to do,
With doubtful wings 'twixt either army flew.
A royal Tower, with sounding walls, there stands,
Erected by *Apollo's* sacred hands:
Whereon, they say, he lai'd his golden Lyre;
Whose strings the stones with harmony inspire.
This, *Nisus* daughter oft ascends alone;
And drops small pebbles on the warbling stone;
In time of peace. When war had peace expeld,
From thence the conflicts of stern *Mars* beheld,
By this delay: the Princes names she knows;
Their arms, horse, habits, and *Cydonian* bows;
Europa's Son, the General, yet knew,
More then the rest, more then 'twas fit to do.
For when he wore his fairly plumed cask;
She thought him lovely in that warlike mask:
Or when his brass-refulgent shield he rais'd;
His graceful gesture infinitely prais'd.
Nor could his practis'd arm let flie a dart;
But straight sh' extols his strength, inform'd by art;
If he an arrow drew; sh' would swear that so
Apollo stood, when he discharg'd his bow.
But when, his helmet off, he shew'd his face;
When clad in purple, with a gallant grace,
He on his hot-high bounding Courser sits:
O then she scarce was mistris of her wits!
Happy she calls the launce his hand sustains:
Happy she calls his hand sustained rains.
And had she power, she would have madly past
Through all the hostile ranks; her self have cast
Amid the *Cretan* tents, even from that Tower;
Or ope the brass rib'd gates to *Minos* power:
Or what he else could wish. She then survay'd
The *Grecian* Kings white Tents: and softly said:
Whether I should for this so sad a war
Or joy or grieve; within my self I jarr.
Alas, that he I love should be my foe!
I had not known him, had he not been so.

Yet me in hostage might he take: of peace
A pledge; his spouse; and bloudy broyls surcease.
No marvel though a God her beauty took:
If she that bare thee had so sweet a look.
Thrice happy I, could I with wings prevent
This dull delay; and fly to *Minos* tent.
My self I would disclose, confesse my flame;
And buy him, with what dowry he should name.
But to betray these towers: die, die, desire,
E're I by treason to your ends aspire.
Yet, through the Victors clemency, it some,
Nay many, hath avail'd t' have been o're-come.
Just war he wageth for his sons sad end:
His cause is strong; strong arms his cause defend.
Sure we must fall. If such our Cities fate;
Why should his power inthrone him in this State,
And not my love? better, without delay
His souldiers bloud, his own, he conquer may.
For ill-presaging fears my rest confound,
Lest some, not knowing him, should *Minos* wound:
For no heart is so hard, that did but know,
And would a Launce against his bosome throw.
Then thus: with me, my countrey I intend
To render up; and give these wars an end.
What is't to intend? Each passage hath a guard;
My father keeps the keys, and sees them bard.
'Tis he defers my joyes; 'tis he I dread:
Would I were not, or he were with the dead!
Tush, we are our own Gods. They thrive that dare,
And fortune is a foe to slothful pray'r.
Long since, another scorcht with such a fire,
By death had forc't a way to her desire.
And why should any more adventurous prove?
I dare through sword, and fire make way to Love.
And yet here is no use of fire, nor sword;
But of my fathers hair. This must afford
What I so much affect, and make me blest:
Richer then all the treasure of the East.

This said; Night, nurse of cares, her curtains drew;
When in the dark she more audacious grew.
In prime of rest, when tir'd with day-bred cares
Sleep all infolds; she silently repairs
Into her fathers bed-chamber; and there
Picks out (O horrid act!) his fatal hair.

Seiz'd

Seiz'd on her wicked prey; with her she bore
The guilty spoil; unlocks a Postern door:
Then past the foe (bold by her merit made)
Unto the King not un-astonisht, said.
Inforc't by Love I *Scylla*, *Nisus* Seed,
Yield up my Country, and my Gods: no meed,
But thee, I crave. This purple hair receive,
My lovesrich pledge: nor think a hair I give,
But my old fathers head. And therewith she
Presents the gift with wicked hand. But he
Rejects her proffer: and much terrifi'd
With horror of so foul a deed, repl,'d:
The Gods exile thee (O thou most abhord!)
Their world; to thee nor Land nor Sea afford.
How-ere *Joves Creet*, the world wherein I raign,
Shall such a monster never entertain.
This said: the most just victor doth impose
Laws no lesse just, upon his vanquisht foes.
Then orders, that they forthwith oars conveigh
Aboard the brass-beakt ships, and anchors weigh.
When *Scylla* saw the *Gnossian* navy swim,
And that her treason was abhorr'd by him,
To violent anger she converts her prayers,
And fury-like, with stretcht arms, and spread hairs;
Cry'd; Whither fly'st thou? leaving me, whose love
With conquest crown'd thee? O prefer'd above
My Country: Father, 'twas not thou didst win;
But I that gave: my merit, and my sin.
Not this; not such affection, could perswade:
Nor that on thee I all my hopes had lai'd.
For whither should I go, thus left alone?
What? to my Country? that's by me o're-throne,
Wer't not; my treason dooms me to exile.
Or to my father; given unto thy spoil?
Me worthily the Citizens will hate:
And neighbours fear th' example in their State.
I, out of all the world my self have thrown,
To purchase an access to *Creet* alone.
Which if deny'd and left to such despair;
Europa never one so thankless bare:
But swallowing *Syrt's Charibdis* chaft with wind,
Or some fell Tygers, of th' *Armenian* kind.
Jove's not my father; nor with forged shape
Of Bull begui'd, thy mother suffer'd rape,

That ſtory of thy glorious race is fain'd:
For ſhe a wild, and loveleſs Bull ſuſtain'd.
O father *Niſus*, thy revenge beholds
Rejoyce, O City, by my treaſon ſold!
Death, I confeſs, I merit. Yet would I
Might by their hands whom I have injur'd, dye.
For why ſhouldſt thou, who only didſt ſubdue
By my offending, my offence purſue?
My Country, and my father felt this fin:
Which unto thee hath meritorious been,
Thou worthy art of ſuch a wife, as ſtood
A Bulls hot luſt, within a Cow of wood:
Whoſe ſhameleſs womb a monſtrous burthen bare.
Ah! do my ſorrows to thy ears repair?
Or are my fruitleſs words born by that wind
That bears thee hence, and leaves a wretch behind?
No marvel though *Paſiphaë* prefer'd
A Bull, thou far more ſalvage then the Heard.
Woe's me! make haſte I muſt: the waves with oars
Reſound; his ſhip forſakes, with us, our ſhores.
In vain! I'le follow thee ungrateful King:
And while I to thy crooked veſſel cling,
Be drag'd through drenching ſeas. This having ſaid,
Attempts the waves, by *Cupids* ſtrengthning aid,
And cleaves t' his ſhip. Her father, now high-flown
Strikes airy rings (a red-maild Hobby grown)
And ſtoops to cuff her with his golden ſears,
She ſlips her hold, infeebled by her fears
While yet a falling, that ſhe might eſchue
The threatning ſea, light wings t' her ſhoulders grew.
Now changed to a bird in ſight of all:
This, of that raviſht hair, we *Ciris* call.
No ſooner *Minos* touch't the *Cretan* ground,
But by an hundred Bulls, with garlands crown'd,
His vowes to conqueſt-giving *Jove* he payd:
And all his palace with the ſpoyl arayd.
And now his families reproach increaſt,
That uncouth prodigie, half man, half beaſt,
The mothers foul adultery deſcry'd,
Minos reſolves his marriage ſhame to hide
In multitude of rooms, perplext, and blind.
The work t' excelling *Dædalus* aſſign'd.
Who ſenſe diſtracts, and error leads a maze
Through ſubtil ambages of ſundry wayes,

As

As *Phrygian Meander* ſports about
The flowry vales; now winding in, now out;
Himſelf incounters, ſees what follows, guides
His ſtreams unto their ſprings; and, doubling, ſlides
To long mockt ſeas: ſo *Dædalus* compil'd
Innumerable by-ways, which beguil'd
The troubled ſenſe; that he who made the ſame,
Could ſcarce retire: ſo intricate the frame.
When in this fabrick *Minos* had inclos'd
This double form, of man and beaſt compos'd;
The Monſter with *Athenian* blood twice fed,
His own, the third Lot, in the ninth year, ſhed.
Then by a Clew reguided to the door
(A virgins counſel) never found before;
Ægides, with wrapt *Ariadne*, makes
For *Dia*: on the naked ſhore forſakes
His confident, and ſleep oppreſſed Mate.
Now, pining in complaints, the deſolate
Bacchus, with marriage, comforts and that ſhe
Might glorious by a Conſtellation be;
Her head unburthens of her crown, and threw
It up to heaven: through thinner air it flew.
Flying, the jewels that the verge in chace
Convert to fires; faſt fixed in one place;
Th' old form retaining. They their ſtation take,
'Twixt him that kneels, and him who holds the Snake.
The Sea-impris'nd *Dædalus*, mean-while,
Weary of *Creet*, and of his long exile;
Toucht with his countries love and place of birth;
Thus ſaid: Though *Minos* bar both ſea, and earth;
Yet heaven is free. That courſe attempt I dare:
Held he the world, he could not hold the air.
This ſaid; to arts unknown he bends his wits,
And alters nature, Quils in order knits,
Beginning with the leaſt: the longer ſtill
The ſhort ſucceeds; much like a riſing hill.
Their rural Pipes, the Shepherds, long ago
(Fram'd of unequal reeds) contrived ſo.
With threeds the midſt, with wax he joyns the ends:
And theſe, as natural wings, a little bends.
Young *Icarus* ſtood by, who little thought
That with his death he play'd; and ſmiling, caught
The feathers toſſed by the wand'ring ayr:
Now chafes the yellow wax with buſie care,

And interrupts his Sire. When his laſt hand
Had made all perfect: with new wings he fand
The air that bare him. Then inſtructs his ſon:
Be ſure that in the middle courſe thou run.
Dank Seas will clog the wings that lowly flie:
The Sun will burn them, if thou ſoar'ſt too high.
'Twixt either keep. Nor on *Bootes* gaze,
Nor *Helice*, nor ſtern *Orions* rayes:
But follow me. At once, he doth adviſe;
And unknown feathers to his ſhoulders ties.
Amid his work and words the ſalt tears brake
From his dim eyes; with fear his fingers ſhake.
Then kiſt him, never to be kiſſed more:
And rais'd on lightſome feathers flies before;
His fear behind: as birds through boundleſs skie
From airy neſts produce their young to flie;
Exhorts to follow; taught his baneful skill;
Waves his own wings, his ſons obſerving ſtill.
Theſe, while ſome Angler, fiſhing with a Cane;
Or Shepheard leaning on his ſtaff; or Swain;
With wonder views: he thinks them Gods that glide
Through airy regions. Now on his left ſide
Leaves *Juno's Samos*, *Delos*, *Paros* white,
Lebynthos, and *Calidna* on the right,
Flowing with honey. When the Boy, much took
With pleaſure of his wings, his Guide forſook:
And raviſht with deſire of heaven, aloft
Aſcends. The odor yielding wax more ſoft
By the ſwift Suns vicinity then grew:
Which late his feathers did together glew.
That thaw'd, he ſhakes his arms, which now were bare
And wanted wherewithal to gather air.
Then falling, Help O father, cries: the blew
Seas ſtops his breath; from whom their name they drew
His father, now no father left alone,
Cry'd *Icarus!* where art thou? which way flown?
What region, *Icarus*, doth thee contain?
Then ſpies the feathers floating on the Main.
He curſt his arts; inters the corps that gave
The land a name, which gave his ſon a grave.
The Partridge from a thicket him ſurvey'd;
As in a tomb his wretched ſon he laid;
Who clapt his fanning wings, and lowdly churd
T'expreſs his joy: as then an only bird.

So

So made of late (unknown in former time)
O *Dædalus* by thy eternal crime.
To thee thy Siſter gave him to be taught;
Who little of his deſtiny fore-thought:
The Boy then twelve years aged; of a mind
Apt for inſtruction, and to Arts inclin'd,
He Saws invented, by the bones that grow
In fiſhes backs; the ſteel indenting ſo.
And two ſhant Compaſſes with rivet bound;
Th' one to ſtand ſtill, the other turning round
In equal diſtance. *Dædalus* this ſtung:
Who from *Minerva*'s ſacred turret flung
The envy'd head-long; and his falling feigns.
Him *Pallas*, fautrix of good wits, ſuſtains:
Who ſtraight the figure of a fowl aſſumes;
Clad in the midſt of air with freckled plumes.
The vigor of his late ſwift wit, now came
Into his feet, and wings: he keeps his name!
They never mount aloft, nor truſt their birth
To tops of trees; but fleck as low as earth.
And lay their eggs in tufts. In mind they bear
Their ancient fall, and lofty places fear.
Tir'd *Dædalus* now in *Sicilia* lights:
In whoſe defence hoſpitious *Coc'lus* fights.
Now *Athens*, by *Ægeus* glorious Seed,
Was from her lamentable tribute freed.
They crown their Temples: warlike *Pallas*, *Jove*,
Invoke; with all the Deities above.
Whom now they honor, with the large expence
Of bloud, free gifts, and heaps of frankincenſe.
Vaſt fame through all th' *Argolian* Cities ſpred
His praiſe: and all that rich *Achaia* fed
His aid in their extremities intreat,
And *Calydon* (through *Meleagers* ſeat)
His aid implores. A Boar by *Dian* ſent,
As her revenge, and horrid inſtrument.
For *Oeneus*, with a plenteous harveſt bleſt,
To *Ceres* his firſtfruits of corn addreſt,
To *Pallas* oil, and to *Lyæus* wine
Ambitious honors all the Powers divine
Reap from the rurals; who neglect to pay
Diana dues, her Altars empty lay.
Anger affects the Gods. This will not we
Unpuniſht bear; nor unreveng'd, ſaid ſhe,

Though un-adored, shall they vaunt we be.
With that she sent into *Oenetan* fields
A vengeful Boar. Rank-grass'd *Epirus* yields
No big-bon'd bullock of a larger breed:
But those are less which in *Sicilia* feed.
His eyes blaze blood and fire: his stiff neck bears
Horrible bristles, like a grove of spears.
A boiling foam upon his shoulders flows
From grinding jaws: his tushes equal those
Of *Indian* Elephants: his fell mouth casts
Swift lightning; and his breath the pastures blasts.
Now tramples down the Corn, when in the blade;
The husbandmans ripe vows now frustrate made,
And reaps the weighty ears. Their usual grain
The Barns, and threshing-floors expect in vain.
Broad-spreading Vines he with their burden, shears:
And boughs from ever-leavy Olives tears.
Then falls on beasts: the Herdsmen, now unfear'd;
Nor Dogs, nor raging Bulls, defend their Herd.
The people fly; security scarce find
In walled towns: till *Meleager* join'd
With youths of choicest worth, inflam'd with praise,
Attempts his death. The twin'd *Tyndarides*;
One for his horsemanship, the other fam'd
For Whorl-bats; *Jason*, who the first ship fram'd;
Theseus with his *Pirithous*, a pair
Of happy friends; and *Lynceus*, *Aphar's* heir;
The two *Thestiades*, *Lucippus*, crown'd
For strength; *Acastus*, for his dart renown'd;
Swift *Idas*, *Caeneus*, not a woman then;
Hippothous *Dryas*; *Phoenix* (best of men,)
Amyntors son; th' alike *Actorides*,
And *Phyleas* sent from *Elis*, came with these:
Pheretes hope; adventurous *Telamon*;
And he who call'd the great *Achilles* son,
Hyantian Iolaus, the well-grac't
Eurytus, and *Echion*, who surpast
In running, *Lelex* the *Narycian*,
With *Panopaeus*, *Hyleus*, *Hippasus*,
Now youthful *Nestor*: sons to that intent
Hippocoon from old *Aonyclis* sent:
Penelopes father-in-law, *Parrhasia* bred
Ancaeus, wise *Ampycides* well read
In fates, *Oiclides*, not as yet betray'd

By?

By's wife, *Tegæan Atalant'*, a maid
Of paſſing beauty, ſprung from *Schœnus* race:
Of high *Lycæan* woods the onely grace.
A poliſht Zone her upper garment bound;
And in one knot her artleſs hair was woond:
Her arrows Ivory guardian clatteri ng hung
On her left ſhoulder; and a Bow well ſtrung
Her left-hand held. Her looks a wench diſplay'd
In a boys face, a boys face in a maid.
The *Calydonian* Heroes her beheld
And wiſht at once: his wiſhes fate repel'd.
Who lurking flames attracts; and ſaid, O bleſt
Is he, whom thou ſhalt with thy joys inveſt!
But time, and modeſty his courtſhip ſtay,
By a more preſſing action call'd away.
A wood o're-grown with trees, yet never fell'd,
Mounts from a plain, that all beneath beheld.
The glory-thirſting Gallants this aſcend.
Forth with a part their corded toils extend,
Some hounds uncoupled; ſome the track or feet
Together trace: and danger long to meet.
A Dale there was, through which the rain rais'd flood
Oft tumbled down, and in the bottom ſtood:
Repleat with pliant willows, mariſh weeds,
Sharp-ruſhes, Oſiers, and long ſlender Reeds.
The Boar from thence diſlodg'd, like lightning cruſht
Through juſtling clouds, among the hunters ruſht:
Bears down the obvious trees; the craſhing woods
Report their fall. The youths each others bloods
With high rais'd ſhouts inflame, who keep their ſtands:
And ſhake their broad-tipt ſpears with threatning hands.
The dogs he ſcatters; thoſe that durſt oppoſe
His horrid fury, wounds with ganching blows.
Echion firſt his javelin vainly caſt,
Which ſtruck a Beech. The next his ſides had paſt,
But that with too much ſtrength it over-flew:
The weapon *Pegaſean Jaſon* threw.
O *Phœbus*, ſaid *Ampycides*, if I
Have honor'd, and do honor thee, apply
Thy ſuccor in ſucceſs of my intents.
The God, as much as lay in him, aſſents:
But from the dart the head *Diana* took;
Which gave no wound, although the Boar it ſtrook:
The beaſt like lightning burns, thus chas'd with ire:

His

His grim eyes shine, his breast breaths flames of fire.
And as a stone which some huge engine throws
Against a wall, or bulwark man'd with foes:
The deadly Boar with such sure violence
Assaults their forces. The right wings defence;
Epalamon, and *Pelagonus*, cast
On sounding earth: drawn off with timely hast.
Enesimus, great *Hippocoons* son,
Could not so well his slaughtering tushes shun;
Which cut the shrinking sinews in his thigh.
Even as he trembled, and prepar'd to flie.
And *Nestor* long had perished, perchance,
Before *Troy*'s war; but vaulting on a Lance,
He took a tree, which there his branches spred:
And safely saw the foe from whom he fled.
Who, full of rage, his vengeful tushes whets
Upon an Oak, and dire destruction threats:
When, trusting to his new edg'd arms, the Boar
The manly thigh of great *Orithym* tore.
The brother Twins, not yet celestial stars;
Conspicuous both, both terrible in wars;
Both mounted on white Steeds, aloft both bare
Their glittering spears, which trembled in the air:
And both had sped: but that the swine with-drew
Where neither horse nor javelin could pursue.
In follows *Telamon*, hot of the chase;
And stumbling at a root, fell on his face.
While *Peleus* lifts him up, a winged slight
Tegæa drew, which flew as swift as sight:
Below his ear the fixed arrow stood,
And stain'd his bristles with a little bloud.
The Virgin lesse rejoiced in the blow
Then *Meleager*: who first saw it flow;
First shew'd his mates the bloud; O most renown'd,
Said he, thy honor hath thy virtue crown'd.
The men, they blush for shame; each other chear;
And high-rais'd souls, with clamors higher rear:
Their spears in clusters fling; which make no breach
Through idle store: and throws their throws impeach.
Behold, *Ancæus* with a poll-ax, stern
To his own fate; who said, By me O learn
You youths, how much a mans sharp steel exceeds
A womans weapons, and applaud my deeds.
Though *Dian* should take arms, and in his strife

Pro-

Protect her beast, she should not save his life.
Thus gloriously he boasts; in both his hands
Advanc'd his poll-ax, and on tip-toes stands.
Whom, e're his arms descend, the furious Swine
Prevents; and sheathes his tushes in his groin.
Down fell *Ancæus*, out his bowels gusht,
All gore; with bloud the earth, as guilty, blusht.
Ixions son *Perithous* forward prest:
And with an able arm his Launce addrest.
To whom *Ægides*; O to me more dear
Then my own life! my better half; forbear.
The wise in valor should aloft contend:
Fool-hardy courage was *Ancæus* end.
This said, his heavy cornel, with an head
Of brass, he hurls: which sure had struck him dead
(It was delivered with so true an aim)
But that a tall Beech interpos'd the same.
Æsonides then threw his thrilling Lance;
Which hit (diverted from the mark by chance)
A dog between his baying jaws: the wound
Rusht through his guts, and nail'd him to the ground.
Oenides varying hand discharg'd two spears:
The earth the one, the beast the other bears.
While now he raves, grunts, turns his body round,
Casts bloud and foam; the author of his wound
Rusht in; provokes his greater wrath; and where
His shields dissever, thrusts his deadly spear.
They all with chearful shouts their joys unfold;
Shake his victorious hands; the beast behold
With wonder, whose huge bulk possest so much:
And hardly think it safe the slain to touch:
Yet dye their javelins in his bloud. He laid
His foot upon his horrid head; and said:
My right receive beloved *Nonacrine*,
And let my glory ever share with thine.
Then gave the bristled spoil, and gastly head
With monstrous tushes arm'd, which terror bred:
She in the Gift, and giver pleasure took.
All murmur, with prepostrous envy strook.
On whom the violent *Thestiada* frown;
And cry aloud with stretcht-out arms; Lay down.
Nor, Woman, of our titles us bereave,
Lest thee thy beauties confidence deceive;
He no fit judge, whom love hath rest of sight:

And

And snatcht from her, her gift; from him, his right.
Oenides swells; his looks with anger stern:
You ravishers of others honors, learn
(Said he) the distance between words and deeds:
With impious steel secure *Plexippus* bleeds.
While *Toxeus*, whether to revenge his blood,
Or shun his brothers fortune, wavering stood;
He clears the doubt: the weapon, hot before
By th' others wounds, new heats in his hearts gore.
Gifts to the holy Gods *Althæa* brings
For her sons victory; and *Pæans* sings,
When back she saw her slaughtred brothers brought:
At that sad object screecht; and grief-distraught,
The City fills with out-cries: off she tears
Her royal robes, and funeral garments wears.
But told by whom they fell; no longer mourns:
Rage dries her eyes; her tears to vengeance turns.
The triple Sisters erst a brand convey'd
Into the fire, her belly newly laid;
Thus chanting, while they spun the fatal twine:
O lately born, one period we assign
To thee, and to this brand. The charm they weave
Into his fate; and then the chamber leave.
His mother snacht it with an hasty hand
Out of the fire; and quencht the fragrant brand.
This in an inward closet closely lays:
And by preserving it, preserves his days.
Which now produc'd; a pile of wood she rais'd,
That by the hostile fire invaded, blaz'd.
Four times she proffers to the greedy flame
The fatal brand: as oft with-drew the same.
A mother, and a sister, now contend:
And two-contending names one bosom rend.
Oft fear of future crimes a paleness bred:
Oft burning fury gave her eyes his red.
Now seems to threaten with a cruel look;
And now appears like one that pity took.
Her tears the fervor of her anger dries:
Yet found she tears again to drown her eyes.
Even as a ship, when wind and tide contends,
Feels both their furies, and with either bends:
So *Thestias*, whom unsteddy passion drives,
By changes, calms her rage, and rage revives.
A sisters love at length subdues a Mothers:

That

That blood may calm the ghosts of bleeding brothers,
Impiously pious. Flames, to ashes turn
This brand, said she, and my loth'd bowels burn.
Then, holding in her hand the fatal wood;
As she before the funeral altar stood:
You triple Powers, who guilty Souls pursue,
Eumenides; these Rites of vengeance view.
I act the crime I punish. Death must be
By death aton'd. On murder, murder we
Accumulate; redoubling funerals.
This cursed house by throngs of mischief falls.
Shall *Oeneus* joy in his victorious son?
Sad *Thestius* rob'd of his? One fortune run.
Look up, O you my brothers ghosts; you late
Dislodged souls; see how I right your fate.
Accept of this infernal sacrifice,
Which cost me dear: my wombs accursed price.
Ay me! O whither am I rapt! excuse
A mother, brothers. Trembling hands refuse
Their fainting aid. He merits death: yet by
A mothers rage me-thinks he should not die.
Then shall he scape? Alive, a victor, feast
In proud success; of *Calydon* possest?
You, little ashes, and chill shades, forlorn?
I'le not endure it. Perish Villain, born
To our immortal ruine. Ruinate
With thee, thy fathers hopes, his crown and state.
Where is a mothers heart? a parents pray'r!
Th' unthought-of burden which I ten months bare?
O would, while yet an infant, the first flame
Had thee devour'd; nor I oppos'd the same!
Thy life, I gave; by thine own merit die:
A just reward for thy impiety.
Thy twice-giv'n life resign; first by my womb,
Last by this ravisht brand; or me intomb
With my poor brothers. Fain I would pursue
Revenge, yet would not. O, what shall I do!
Before my eyes my brothers wounds now bleed:
And the sad image of so foul a deed.
Now pity, and a mothers name controul
My stern intention. O distracted soul!
You 've won, my brothers; but, alas, ill won:
So that, while thus I comfort you, I run
Your fate. With eyes turn'd back, her quaking hand

To

To trembling flames expos'd the funeral brand.
The brand appears to ſigh, or ſighs expires:
Wrapt in th' imbracements of unwilling fires.
Unknowing *Meleager*, abſent-broils
Even in thoſe flames: his bloud thick-panting, boils
In unſeen fire. Who ſuch tormenting pains
With more then manly fortitude ſuſtains.
Yet grieves, that by a ſlothful death he falls
Without a wound: *Ancæus* happy calls.
His aged father, brothers, ſiſters, wife,
Now groaning names, with his laſt words of life:
Perhaps his mother. Flames, and pains increaſe;
Again they languiſh; and together ceaſe.
To liquid air his vaniſht ſpirits turn:
The ſable coals in clouds of aſhes mourn.
Low lies high *Calydon*, the young, the old,
Ignoble, noble, all their gifts unfold.
The *Calydonian* Matrons cut their hair;
Deflower their beauties: cry, wo and deſpair!
His hoary head with duſt his father hides;
Lies groveling on the ground; and old age chides.
For now his mother, by her guilt purſu'd,
Revenging ſteel in her own breaſt imbru'd:
Though *Phœbus* would an hundred tongues beſtow,
A wit that ſhould with full invention flow.
All *Helicon* infuſe into my breſt;
His ſiſters ſorrows could not be expreſt.
Themſelves forgetting decency, deface:
While he retains a body, that imbrace;
Kiſs his pale lips: when turn'd to aſhes, they
The aſhes in their bruiſed boſoms lay:
Fall on his tomb; his name, that there appears,
Imbrace, and fill the characters with tears.
But when *Diana*'s wrath was ſatisfi'd
With *Oenius* miſery: they all (beſide
Fair *Gorge* and the lovely *Deianire*)
On plumy pinions, by her power aſpire;
With long extended wings, and beaks of horn:
Who through the air in varied ſhapes are born.
Mean while to *Pallas* towers *Ægides* hides
(His part perform'd in that joint enterprize)
Whoſe haſt rain-raiſed *Achelaus* ſtaid.
Renown'd *Cecropian* Prince, the River ſaid,
Vouchſafe my roof; nor to th' impetuous flood

Commit

Commit thy perſon. Oft huge logs of wood,
And broken Rocks, down-tumble, loudly roar.
Herds with their ſtalls not ſeldome heretofore
Hurried away: nor was the Ox of force
To keep his ſtand; nor ſwiftneſſe ſav'd the Horſe.
And when diſſolved ſnow from mountains pour'd,
Their violent whirl-pits many have devour'd.
More ſafe to ſtay until the current run
Within his bounds. To whom *Ægeus* ſon:
'Twere folly, if not madneſs, to refuſe
Thy houſe and counſel: both I mean to uſe.
Then enters his large cave, where Nature play'd
The Artiſan; of hollow Pumice made,
And rugged Tofus, floor'd with humid moſs:
The roof pure white, and purple ſhells imboſs.
Now had *Hyperion* paſt two parts of day:
When *Theſeus*, with the partners of his way,
Pirithous, and *Lelex* the renown
Of *Trezen*; now appearing gray; ſat down:
And whom the River, glad of ſuch a gueſt,
Prefer'd unto the honor of his feaſt.
Forthwith bare-footed Nymphs bring in the meat:
That t'ane away, upon the table ſet
Crown'd cups of wine. When *Theſeus* turn'd his face
To under-ſeas; and pointing, ſaid; What place
Is yon, and of what name, that ſtands alone;
And yet me-thinks it ſhould be more then one?
It is not one, the courteous flood replies;
But five: their neighbourhood deceives your eyes.
The leſs t' admire *Diana*, late deſpis'd,
Five Nymphs they were: who having ſacrific'd
Ten beeves, invited to their feſtival
The rural Gods; my ſelf forgot by all.
At this I ſwell: and never greater, roul
With ſtreams as much inraged as my ſoul.
The woods from woods, and fields from fields I teer.
With them, the Nymphs (now mindful of me) bear
In exile to the deep: whoſe waves, with mine,
That then-united maſs of earth diſjoin
Into as many pieces, as in ſeas
Are of the flood-imbrac'd *Echinades*.
Yet ſee one Iſle, far; O far off remov'd?
Call'd *Peremele*; once by me belov'd.
I, from this Nymph, her virgin-honor took.

Hippodamas

Hippodamas his daughter could not brook:
But cast her from a rock into the deep.
Whom, while my loving streams from sinking keep;
I said; O *Neptune*, thou that dost command
The wandring waves, that beat upon the land;
To whom we Rivers run, in whom we end;
Incline a gentle ear. I did offend
Whom I support: O kind and equal prove!
Had but *Hippodamas* a fathers love,
Or had he not been so inhumane; he
Would both have pitied her, and pardon'd me.
Her whom his fury hath from earth exil'd,
When in the troubled waves he cast his child;
A place afford: or let her be a place
Which I may ever with my streams imbrace.
His head the King of Surges forward shook:
And, in assenting, all the Ocean strook.
The Nymph yet swims; although with fear oppress
I laid my hand upon her panting brest:
While thus I handled her, I might perceive
The earth about her stiffning Body cleave.
Now, with a mass infolded, as she swims,
An Iland rose from her transformed limbs.
He held his peace. The admiration won
In all: derided by *Ixions* son:
By nature rough, and one who did despise
All-able Gods: who said; thou tell'st us lyes,
And think'st the Gods too potent: as if they
Could give new shapes, or take our old away.
His saying all amaz'd, and none approv'd:
Most *Lelex*, ripe in age and wisdome, mov'd.
Heav'ns power, immense and endless, none can shun;
Said he; and what the Gods would do, is done
To check your doubt; on *Phrygian* hills there grows
An Oak by a Line-tree, which old walls inclose.
My self this saw, while I in *Phrygia* stay'd;
By *Pittheus* sent: where erst his father sway'd.
Hard by, a lake, once habitable ground;
Where Coots, and fishing Cormorants abound.
Jove, in an humane shape with *Mercury*,
(His heels unwing'd) that way their steps apply.
Who guest-rites at a thousand houses crave,
A thousand shut their doors, One onely gave.
A smal thatch'd Cottage: where, a pious wife

Old

Old *Baucis*, and *Philemon*, led their life.
Both equal-ag'd. In this, their youth they ſpent:
In this, grew old: rich onely in content.
Who poverty, by bearing it, declin'd:
And made it eaſie with a chearful mind.
None maſter, nor none ſervant, could you call,
They who command, obey, for two were all.
Jove hither came, with his *Cyllenian* mate,
And ſtooping, enters at the humble gate.
Sit down, and take your eaſe, *Philemon* ſaid.
While buſie *Baucis* ſtraw-ſtuft cuſhions laid:
Who ſtirr'd abroad the glowing coals, that lay
In ſmothering aſhes, rak'd up yeſter-day.
Dry bark, and withred leaves, thereon ſhe throws:
Whoſe feeble breath to flame the cinders blows.
Then ſlender clefts, and broken branches gets:
And over all a little Kettle ſets.
Her husband, with the cool-flow'rs, cuts their leaves,
Which from his grateful Garden he receives:
Took down a flitch of Bacon with a Prong,
That long had in the ſmoky chimney hung:
Whereof a little quantity he cuts:
And it into the boiling liquor puts.
This ſeething, they the time beguile with ſpeech:
Unſenſible of ſtay. A bowl of Beech,
There, by the handle hung upon a pin:
This fills he with warm water, and therein
Waſhes their feet. A moſs-ſtuft bed and pillow
Lay on an homely bedſtead made of willow:
A coverlet us'd but at feaſts they ſpred:
Though coarſe, and old, yet fit for ſuch a bed.
Down lie the Gods. The palſie-ſhaken Dame
Sets forth a table with three legs, one lame,
And ſhorter then the reſt, a pot-ſhare rears:
This, now made level, with green Mint ſhe clears,
Whereon they party-color'd Olives ſet,
Autumnal Cornels, in tart pickle wet,
Cool Endive, Radiſh, new Eggs roſted reer,
And late-preſt Cheeſe, which earthen diſhes bear.
A Gobler, of the ſelf-ſame ſilver wrought.
And bowls of Beech, with wax well varniſht, brought.
Hot victuals from the fire were forthwith ſent:
Then wine, not yet of perfect age, preſent.
This ta'ne away, the ſecond courſe now comes!

Philberds,

Philberds, dry Figs, with rugged Dates, ripe Plums,
Sweet-swelling Apples, disht in Osier twines;
And purple grapes new-gather'd from their vines.
L'th' midst, an honey-comb. Above all these;
A chearful look, and ready will to please.
Mean-while, the Maple cup it self doth fill:
And ofr exhausted, is replenisht still.
Astonisht at the miracle; with fear
Philemon, and the aged *Baucis*, rear
Their trembling hands in pray'r: and pardon crave,
For that poor entertainment which they gave.
One Goose they had, their cottages chief guard;
Which they to hospitable Gods award:
Who long their slow pursuit deluding, flies
To *Jupiter*; so sav'd from sacrifice.
W' are Gods, said they; Revenge shall all destroy:
You in this ruine shall your lives enjoy.
Together leave your house; and to yon' hill
Follow our steps. They both obey their will;
The Gods conducting: feebly both ascend:
Their staves, with theirs; they, with times burden bend.
A flight-shot from the top, review they take;
And see all swallowed by a mighty Lake:
Their house excepted. While they this admire
Lament their neighbours ruine, and desire
To see their cottage: which doth onely keep
Its place; while for the places fate they weep;
That humble shed, two little even for two,
Become a Fane. Two columns crotches grew,
The thatch and roof shine with bright gold; the doors
Divinely carv'd; the pavement Marble floors.
While fearful *Baucis* and *Philemon* pray'd.
Saturnius with a chearful count'nance said:
Thou just old man; and thou good woman, who
Deserv'st so just an husband: what do you
In chief desire? They talk a while alone;
Then thus to *Jove* their common wish make known.
We crave to be your Priests, this Fane to guard.
And since in all our lives we never jar'd,
Let one hour both dissolve: nor let me be
Intomb'd by her, nor she intomb'd by me.
Their sute is sign'd. The temple they possest,
As long as life. With time and age oppress,
As now they stood before the sacred gate,

And

And call to memory that places fate,
Philemon saw old *Baucis* freshly sprout:
And *Baucis* saw *Philemon* leaves thrust out.
Now on their heads aspiring branches grew;
While they could speak, they spake: at once adieu
They jointly said: at once the creeping rine
Their trunks inclos'd; at once their shapes resign.
They of *Tyana* to this present show
These neighbor trees that from two bodies grow.
Old men, nor like to lie, nor vain of tongue,
This told. I saw their boughs with Garlands hung:
And hanging fresher, said, who Gods before
Receiv'd, be such: adorers, we adore.
The tale, and teller, wonder, and belief,
Provok'd in all, but *Theseus* mov'd in chief.
Who covetous to hear such deeds as these:
The *Calydonian* River, prest to please,
In this sort, leaning on his elbow, spake;
There be, who ever keep the form they take:
Others have power themselves, at will to change,
As thou blue *Proteus*, that in seas dost range.
Who now a Man, a Lion now appears,
Now, a fell Boar: a Serpents shape now bears.
A Bull, with threatning horns, now seem'st to be:
Now like a stone, now, like a spreading Tree.
And sometimes like a gentle River flows:
Sometimes like Fire, averse to water, shows,
Antolicus his Wife, the daughter to
Leud *Erisichthon*, things as strange could do.
He was her father, who the Gods despis'd:
Nor ever on their Altars sacrific'd.
Who *Cetes* groves with steel profan'd: where stood
An old huge Oak, even of it self a Wood.
Wreaths, ribands, grateful tables, deckt his boughs,
And sacred stems, the Dues of powerful Vows.
Full oft the *Dryades*, with chaplets crown'd,
Danc'd in his shade, full oft they tript a Round
About his bole. Five cubits three times told,
His ample circuit hardly could infold.
Whose stature other trees as far exceeds,
As other trees surmount the humble weeds.
Yet this his fury rather did provoke:
Who bids his servants fell the sacred Oak.
And snatches, while they pauz'd, an Ax from one:

Thus

Thus storming: Not the Goddess-lov'd alone,
But though this were the Goddess, she should down,
And sweep the Earth with her aspiring crown.
As he advanc'd his arms to strike; the Oak
Both sigh'd and trembled at the threatning stroke.
His leaves and Acorns, pale together grew:
And colour-changing branches sweat cold dew.
Then wounded by his impious hand, the blood
Gusht from th' incision in a purple flood.
Much like a mighty Ox, that falls before
The sacred altar; spouting streams of gore.
On all amazement seiz'd: when One of all
The crime deters; nor would his Ax let fall,
Contracting his stern brows; Receive, said he,
Thy pieties reward; and from the tree
The stroke converting, lops his head; then strake
The Oak again: from whence a voice thus spake;
A Nymph am I, within this tree inshrin'd,
Belov'd of *Ceres*. O prophane of mind,
Vengeance is near thee. With my parting breath
I prophesie: a comfort to my death.
He still his guilt pursues: who overthrows
With cables, and innumerable blows,
The sturdy Oak: which, nodding long, down rusht;
And in his lofty fall his fellows crusht.
Their sisters, and their grove, the Nymphs lament;
Who, hid in sable vales, to *Ceres* went;
On *Orisichthon* just revenge require:
Who readily consents to their desire.
The fair-brow'd Goddess shakes her shining hairs:
With that, the fields shook all their golden ears.
Who to a mercilesse revenge proceeds
(Had he deserved mercy by his deeds)
By starving. But, since not by fatal doom,
Ceres, and *Famine* might together come;
A Nymph, one of the light *Oreades*,
Dispatcheth thither, with such words as these.
In frosty *Scythia* lies a land, forlorn
And barren; bearing neither fruit, nor corn.
Numb Cold, pale Hue, chill Ague, there abide;
And meagre *Famine*: Bid that fury glide
Into his cursed intrails; laild devour
All plenty: Let her rage subdue my power.
But for long ways the journey tedious make;

My

My chariot, and my yoked Dragons take.
Taking her chariot, through the empty skies
To *Scythia*, and rough *Caucasus* she flies.
There, in a ſtony field, ſad *Famine* found,
Tearing with teeth and nails the foodleſs ground:
With ſnarled hair, ſunk eyes, looks pale and dead,
Lips white with ſlime, thin teeth with ruſt o're-ſpred.
Through her hard skin the writhel'd guts appear,
Her huckle-bones ſtuck up, a valley where
Her belly ſhould aſcend, her dry breaſts hung
So lank, as if they to her back had clung:
By falling fleſh the riſing joints augment,
Round knees and ancles ſeanly eminent,
Eſpy'd far-off (ſhe durſt not be ſo bold
To come too near) the Nymph her meſſage told,
After a little ſtay, although ſhe were
Far-off, although but now arrived there,
She famine felt. Who wheels about her Snakes,
And her high paſſage to *Æmonia* takes.
Famine obeys the Goddeſſes command,
Though their endeavours ſtil oppoſed ſtand.
Who, by a tempeſt hurried through the skies,
Enters the wretches roof: beſides him lies,
Then faſt a-ſleep: (for now Nights heavy charms
All eyes had cloſ'd) imbrac'd him in her arms,
Her ſelf infus'd, breathes on his face and breaſt:
And empty veins with hunger rage poſſeſt.
This thus perform'd, forſakes the fruitfull earth:
And back returns to her abodes of dearth.
Sound ſleep as yet with pleaſurable wings
On *Eriſichthon* gentle ſlumber flings.
Who dreams of feaſts, extends his idle jaws,
With laboring teeth fantaſtically chaws.
Deludes his throat by ſwallowing empty fare:
And for affected food devours the air.
Awak'd; hot famine raves through all his veins:
And in his guts, and greedy palate reigns.
Forth-with, what Sea, what Earth, what Ayr affords,
Acquits: complains of ſtarving at full boards.
In banquets ſeeks. What might alone
Have Towns and Nations fed, ſuffice not one,
Hunger increaſeth with increaſe repaſt.
And as all Rivers to the Ocean haſt,
Who, thirſty ſtil, drinks up the ſtranger floods:

As

As ravenous fires refuse no proffer'd foods,
Huge piles receive, the more they have, the more
By much desire, made hungry with their store.
So *Erisichthon*, of a mind prophane,
Full dishes empties, and demands again.
Meat breeds in him an appetite to meat,
Who, ever empty, still prepares to eat.
His bellies gulf his patrimony wasts:
Consuming famine yet unlessned lasts:
And his insatiable throats extent,
Now all his wealth, into his bowels sent:
A daughter left, unworthy such a Sire,
The begger sold to feed his hungers fire.
Her noble thoughts base servitude disdain:
Who now her hands extended to the Main;
O thou that hadst my maiden-head, said she,
Thy ravisht spoil from hated bondage free!
Neptune had this, who to her prayer consents.
And, though then by her master seen, prevents.
His following search: transforming of his Rape
Into a man, maskt in a fishers shape.
Angler, her master said, that with thy bait
Conceal'st thy hook, so prosper thy deceit,
So rest the Sea compos'd, so may the fish
Be credulous, and taken at thy wish;
As thou reveal'st her, who in garments poor,
And ruffled hair, late stood upon this shoar.
For here, but very now, I saw her stand:
Nor father trace her foot-steps in the sand.
She, *Neptunes* bounty finding, well apaid
To be inquir'd for of her self, thus said:
Pardon me Sir, who e're you are, my eyes
Have been attentive on this exercise.
To win belief, so may the God of Seas,
Assist my cunning in such Arts as these:
As late nor man nor maid I saw before
Your self, my self excepted, on this shoar,
He credits, and beguil'd, the shoar forsook:
When she again her former figure took.
Her father, seeing she could change her shape,
Oft sold her; who as often made escape.
Now Hart-like, now a Cow, a Bird, a Mare:
And fed his hunger with ill-purchas'd fare.
But when his malady all means had spent;

And

And he had given it the laſt nouriſhment;
Now to devour his proper fleſh proceeds,
And by diminiſhing, his body feeds.
What need I dwell on foreign facts? even we
Can vary ſhapes, though limited they be.
Now ſeem I as I am; oft like a Snake:
And many times a Bulls horn'd figure take.
But while I horns aſſum'd, one thus was broke,
As you behold. This, with a ſigh he ſpoke.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

The Ninth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

A Serpent Achelous: *now a Bull:*
His severed Horn with plenty ever full.
Licas *a Rock.* Alcides *sunk in flame,*
Ascends a God. The labor-helping Dame
A Weesel. Lotis, *flying lust, becomes*
A Tree: the like sad Dryope *intombs.*
Old Iolaus *waxeth young agen.*
Callirrhoe's *Infants suddenly grow Men.*
Byblis *a weeping Fountain.* Iphis, *now*
A Boy, to Iris, *pays his Maiden Vow.*

HE, who his high descent from *Neptune* draws,
Of his so sad a sigh demands the cause,
And maimed brow. When thus the God proceeds;
His dangling curls impal'd with quivering reeds.
An heavy task you impose: his own disgrace
Who would revive? Yet was it not so base
To be subdu'd, as noble to contend:
And such a Victor doth by foil defend.
Have you not heard of fair cheekt *Deianire?*
The envy'd hope of many: the desire
Of all that knew her. We, with others, went
To *Oeneus* Court, to purchase his consent.
Parthaons son, make me thy son-in-law;
I, and *Alcides* said: the rest with-draw.

He,

He, with his father *Jove*, his Labors fame,
And Step-dames vanquiſht tasks, inforc'd his claim.
'Twere ſhame, ſaid I, that deathleſſe Gods, to men
Who die, ſhould ſtoop. (A God he was not then.)
Theſe ever-living waters I command,
That wind in endleſſe currents through thy Land.
Thy ſon no ſtranger is, if I be He:
But of thy Country, and a friend to thee:
And be't no prejudice; that *Juno's* hate,
Nor puniſhing imployments preſs my fate.
If from *Alcmena* you your being drew:
Jove's your falſe father, or the crime is true.
You ſeek a Father in a mothers ſhame,
Or be not *Jove*, or take a baſtards name.
He, all this while, with eyes that ſparkle fire,
Upon me frown'd: and weakly rul'd his ire.
Then onely ſaid: My hand my tongue exceeds:
Win thou with words, ſo I ſubdue with deeds.
With that, fell on. To ſpeak ſo big, and ſhrink,
I ſhame: and let my wave-green Mantle ſink;
My arms oppoſe, my hands for ſeaſure preſt;
And every fitted part for fight addreſt.
He throws duſt on me with his hollow hand:
And I again beſprinkle him with ſand.
Now catches at my neck, now at my thighs,
Or proffer makes: and every limb applies.
But me my weight defends; in vain he ſtrives.
Much like as when a roaring billow drives
Againſt a rock: the rock repels his pride;
By his own poiſure firmly fortify'd.
Both for a while with-drew: again we meet,
And ſtrongly keep our ſtands; feet join to feet.
With that I ruſht upon him with my breſt.
My fingers, his, my brow his ſore-head preſt.
So have I ſeen two Bulls with horrid might
Together cloſe; the motive of their fight
The faireſt Cow in all thoſe fields; the Herd
With fear expecting which ſhould be prefer'd.
Thrice *Hercules* did all his force incline
(As oft in vain) to free his breaſt from mine.
The fourth aſſay my ſtrong imbrace unbound:
And from my graſping arms his body wound.
Then turning me about (truth guides my tongue)
Upon my back with all his burden hung.

If I have faith (this lye can find no way
To praiſe) on me, me thought a mountain lay.
Scarce could I claſp my arms, all froth'd with ſweat:
Scarce from his gripes could I my body get:
Still preſſing on, he gives nor time to breathe,
Nor gather ſtrength: my powers my truſt deceive.
At laſt, his yoking arms my neck command:
When, puſh'd upon my knees, I bit the ſand.
My native flight my weaker force ſupply'd:
I from him like a lengthful Serpent glide.
Now in contracted folds I forward ſprung:
Horridly hiſſing with my forked tongue.
He laughs; and flouts my cunning in this ſort:
To ſtrangle Serpents was my cradles ſport.
Though other Dragons to thy conqueſts bow:
To dire *Lernean Hydra* what art thou?
Her wounds were fruitful: from each ſever'd head;
Each of her hundred necks two fiercer bred:
More ſtrong by twining hairs. Theſe thus renew'd
And multiply'd by death, I twice ſubdu'd.
What hope haſt thou, a forged Snake, to ſcape?
That fight'ſt with other arms; and beg'ſt thy ſhape.
This ſaid; my neck his graſping fingers clinch'd:
And ſcruz'd my throat; as if with pincers wrinch'd:
While from his gripes I ſtrove my jaws to pull,
Twice-over-come; now, like a furious Bull,
Once more his terrible aſſau'ts oppoſe.
His arms about my ſwelling cheſt he throws,
And following, hales: my horn (my head turn'd round)
Fixt on the earth; and threw me on the ground.
My brow (that not ſufficing) diſadorn's:
By breaking one of my ingaged horns.
The *Naiades* with fruits and flowers this fill:
Whereiu abundant plenty riots ſtill.
Here *Achelous* ends. One lovely-fair,
Girt like *Diana*'s Nymph, with flowing hair,
Came in; and brought the wealthy Horn; repleat
With Autumns ſtore, and fruit ſerv'd after meat.
Day ſprung; and mountain ſhone with early beams.
His Gueſts depart: nor ſtay till peaceful ſtreams
Glide gently down, and keep their bounded race.
Sad *Achelous* now his ruſtick face,
And maimed head within the current ſhrouds.
This blemiſh much his former beauty clouds:

All

All elſe compleat. The dammage of his brows
He ſhades with flaggy wreathes, and ſallow boughs.
But *Deianira*, *Neſſus*, was thy wrack:
A deadly arrow piercing through thy back.
Jove's ſon, with his new Wife; to *Thebes* his courſe
Directing; came t' *Evenus* rapid courſe.
The big-ſwoln ſtreams increaſt with Winters rain,
And whirling round, their paſſage now reſtrain.
For her he fears: fear for himſelf abhorr'd,
When ſtrong-limb'd *Neſſus* came, who knew the Ford;
And ſaid; I ſafely will tranſport thy Bride:
Mean-while ſwim thou unto the other ſide.
To him *Alcides* his pale Wife betakes:
Who, fearing both the flood, and *Neſſus*, quakes.
Charg'd with his quiver, and his Lions ſkin
(His club and bow before thrown over) in
The Heros leaps, and ſaid, How'ever vaſt,
Theſe waves, ſince undertaken, ſhall be paſt.
And confident, nor ſeeks the ſmootheſt ways:
Nor by declining entertains delays.
Now over; ſtooping for his bow, he heard
His Wives ſhrill ſhrieks; and *Neſſus* ſaw, prepar'd
To violate his truſt. Thou raviſher,
What hope, ſaid he, can thy vain ſpeed confer:
Holla, thou half a beaſt; withhold thy flight;
I wiſh thee hear; nor intercept my right:
If no reſpect of me can fix thy truſt,
Yet, let thy Fathers wheel reſtrain thy luſt.
Nor ſhalt thou ſcape revenge; how ever fleet,
Wounds ſhall o're-take thy ſpeed, though not my feet.
The laſt, his deeds confirm; for as he fled,
An arrow ſtruck his back: the barbed head
Paſt through his breaſt. Tug'd out, a crimſon flood
Spours both ways; mixt with *Hydras* poiſ'nous bloud,
This *Neſſus* took; and ſoftly ſaid: yet I,
Alcides, will not unrevenged die.
And gave his rape a robe, dipt in that gore:
This will (ſaid he) the heat of love reſtore.
Long after (all the ample world poſſeſt
With his great acts, and *Juno*'s hate increaſt)
From raz'd *Oechalia* haſting his remove,
To ſacrifice unto *Cenæan Jove*:
Fames bablings *Deianira*'s ears ſurprize
(Who falſhood adds to truth, and grows by lies)

How *Iole*, *Amphitryoniades*
With love inthral'd. Stung with this ſtrong diſeaſe,
The troubled lover credits what ſhe fears.
At firſt ſhe nouriſheth her grief with tears:
Which weeping eyes diffuſe. Then ſaid; But why
Weep we? the Strumpet in theſe tears will joy.
Since ſhe will come, ſome change attempt I muſt;
Before my bed be ſtained with her luſt.
Shall I complain? be mute? ſhift houſes? ſtay?
Return to *Calydon*, and give her way?
Or call to mind that I am ſiſter to
Great *Meleager*, and ſome miſchief do?
What injur'd Woman, what the ſpleenful wo
Of jealouſie, by harlots death, can ſhow?
Her thoughts, long toil'd with change, now fixed ſtood
To ſend the garment dipt in *Neſſus* bloud;
To quicken fainting love. The preſent ſhe
To *Lycas* gave (as ignorant as he)
And her own ſorrow. Who with good intent,
And kind reſpects, the robe t' her husband ſent.
Which now the unſuſpecting Hero wore:
Wrapt in the poiſon of *Echidna*'s gore.
Who praying, new-born flames with incenſe fed:
And Bowls of Wine on Marble Altars ſhed.
The ſpreading miſchief works: with heat diſſolv'd,
The manly limbs of *Hercules* involv'd.
Who, whil'ſt he could, with uſual fortitude
His groans ſuppreſt. All patience now ſubdu'd
With ſuch extreams; the Altar down he flings:
And thady *Oeta* with his clamor rings
Forth-with, to teer the torture off, he ſtrives.
The riven robe, his skin that lines it, rives;
Or to his limbs unſeperably cleaves;
Or his huge bones and ſinews naked leaves.
As fire-red ſteel in water drencht; ſo toils
His hiſſing bloud, and with hot poiſon boils,
No mean! the greedy flames his entrals eat,
And all his body flows with purple ſweat:
His ſcorched ſinews crack, his marrow fries.
Then to the Stars his hands advancing, cries:
Feaſt, *Juno*, on our harms. O, from on high
Behold this plague! thy cruel ſtomack cloy.
If foes may pity purchaſe (ſuch are we;)
This life, with torments vext; long ſought by thee;

And

And born to tōil, receive. For death would prove
To me a bleſſing: and a Step-dames love
May ſuch a bleſſing give. Have I this gain'd,
For ſlain *Buſiris*; who *Jove*'s temple ſtain'd
With ſtrangers bloud? That from the earth earth-bred
Antæus held? Whom *Geryons* tripple head,
Nor thine, O *Cerberus*, could once diſmay?
Theſe hands, theſe made the *Cretan* Bull obey?
Your labors, *Elis*; ſmooth *Stymphalian* floods,
Confeſſe with praiſes; and *Parthenian* woods.
You got the golden Belt of *Thermodon*:
And Apples from the ſleepleſs Dragon won.
Nor cloud-born *Centaures*, nor th' *Arcadian* Boar,
Could me reſiſt: nor *Hydra* with her ſtore
Of frighted heads; which by their loſs increaſt.
I, when I ſaw the *Thracian* Horſes feaſt
With humane fleſh, their mangers over-threw:
And with his Steeds, their wicked Maſter ſlew.
Theſe hands the *Nemean* Lion chok'd: theſe quell'd
Huge *Cacus*, and theſe ſhoulders heav'n up-held.
Jove's cruel wife grew weary to impoſe:
I never to perform. But O, theſe woes,
This new-found plague, no virtue can repel;
Nor arms, nor weapons! Hungry flames of hell
Shoot through my veins; and on my liver prey.
Euryſtheus yet triumphs: and ſome will ſay
That there be Gods! Here his complaint he ends;
And high-rais'd ſteps o're lofty *Oeta* bends,
Hurried with anguiſh: like a Bull, that bears
A wounding javelin; whom the wonder fears.
Oft ſhould you ſee him quake, oft groan, oft ſtriving
To teer his garments; ſolid trees up-riving,
Inraged with the mountains, and then rears
His ſcorched arms unto his fathers ſpheres.
Hid in an hollow Rock, he *Lycas* ſpies:
When torture had poſſeſt his faculties
With all her furies. *Lycas* didſt thou give
This horrid gift, ſaid he? Think'ſt thou to live;
I dying by thy treaſon? While he quakes,
Looks ghaſtly pale, unheard excuſes makes;
While yet he ſpake, while to his knees he clung;
Caught by the heels, about his head thrice ſwung,
Him into deep *Euboan* ſurges threw;
(As engines ſtones) who hardned as he flew.

As falling ſhow'rs congeal'd with freezing winds,
Convert to ſnow; as ſnow together binds,
And rolling round, in ſolid hail deſcends:
So while the air his forced body rends,
Bloudleſs with terror, all his moiſture gone;
That Age reports him chang'd to rugged ſtone:
And ſtill within *Eubœas* gulphy deeps,
A ſmall rock lies, which mans proportion keeps:
Whereon the mariners forbear to fall,
As if t' had ſenſe: and this they *Lycas* call.
But thou, *Jove's* God-like ſon (a pile with ſtore
Of trees advanc'd, which lofty *Oeta* bore)
Thy Bow and ample Quiver (wherein lie
Thoſe arrows, that again muſt viſit *Troy*)
Bequeathſt to *Peans* Heir: who catching fire
Puts to the Pile. While greedy flames aſpire;
Thou on the top thy Lions ſpoil didſt ſpread:
And lay'ſt thereon (thy club beneath thy head)
With ſuch a look; as if a crowned Gueſt
Amidſt full goblets, at a mirthful feaſt.
Now all imbracing flames a crackling made:
And their Contemners patient limbs invade.
The Gods much thought for Earths Defender took:
When thus *Saturnius*, with a chearful look:
This grief, you Gods, is our delight: with all
Our ſoul we joy, that ſuch a people call
Us King and Father; who ſo grateful are,
And of our progeny expreſs ſuch care:
For though his noble acts deſerve as much;
You us oblige. But leſt vain terrors touch
Your loyal hearts, let not theſe flames diſpleaſe:
Who conquered all, ſhall alſo conquer theſe.
Vulcan ſhall but his mothers part ſubdue:
For that's immortal which from us he drew;
And can nor taſt of death, nor ſtoop to fire:
Which, freed from earth, ſhall to our joys aſpire!
This all your Deities I think will pleaſe.
If any grudg ſuch grace to *Hercules*,
Nor would his honor; let them envy ſtill:
They ſhall confirm our act againſt their will.
The Gods aſſent. And *Juno's* ſelf accords;
At leaſt in ſhow: yet *Jupiter's* laſt words
Unſmooth her fore-head with obſerv'd diſtaſt.
What flame could vanquiſh, *Mulciber* doth waſt.

And

And *Hercules*, not known by face, remains;
Who nothing of his mothers form retains:
Now onely *Jove*-like. As a Snake his years
Cast with his skin, and sprightly young appears
With glittering scales: so, the *Tirynian*,
Having put off the habit of frail man,
Shines in his better part, and seems more great:
With aw-infusing majesty repleat,
Rapt in a chariot by almighty *Jove*,
Through hollow clouds unto the stars above.
Prest *Atlas* feels his weight. *Euristhews* ire
Ends not in death; his hatred to the Sire,
Pursues his race. *Alcmena*, worn with care,
Had *Iole*, to whom she might declare
Her old-wives plaints, her sons hard labors (known
Through broad-spread Earth) his fortunes and her own
Her *Hyllus*, by *Alcides* testament,
Took to his bed, with loves unforc'd consent;
And fill'd her womb with generous seed: when thus
Alcmena: Be the Gods propitious,
And quick in working, when thy time draws near
To call *Ilithya*, whom sad mothers fear:
To me made difficult by *Juno*'s spight.
For ten accomplisht signs, did now excite
My travel to *Alcides* birth; whose weight
My belly stretcht: which bare so great a fraight,
That you might swear it was begot by *Jove*,
When with intolerable pains I strove.
Now also, speaking, horror chills my heart:
And griefs remembred adds to grief a part.
Seven nights, seven days, thus rackt; with anguish tir'd,
My hands upheld; with out-cries, I desir'd
Lucina's aid, my burden to untie,
She came indeed, but pre-corrupted by
Jove's wife, to execute her deadly hate,
Hearing my groans, she sat before the gate
On yonder Altar: her right knee upholds
Her cross left-ham: whose fingers knit in folds
Delai'd delivery: and with mutter'd spells
Of secret power, the pressing birth repels.
I strive: and raving task ungrateful *Jove*,
Desire to die; and breath complaints might move
Relentless flints. The *Cadmean* Dames were there;
Who pray for me, and comfort my despair.

Red-hair'd *Galanthis*, one of mean deſcent;
In all employments ſtoutly diligent,
Beloved for her duty: doth miſdoubt
Malicious *Juno*. Paſſing in and out,
She ſaw the Goddeſs on the Altar ſit:
Her arms about her knees her fingers knit.
What e're you be, rejoice with us, ſhe ſaid;
Joyful *Alcmena* hath her belly laid.
The Goddeſs, ruling child-birth, ſtarting, roſe;
And parting her link'd fingers, eas'd my Throes.
They ſay *Galanthis* laught at this deceit:
Whom ſtraight the flooted Goddeſs, in a fret,
Drags by the hair; nor ſuffers her to riſe!
Forth-with her arms convert to legs and thighs:
Agility and colour ſtill abide:
Her ſhape transform'd. In that her mouth ſupply'd
Help to that child-birth, at her mouth ſhe bears.
Nor now our ſtill frequented houſes fear.
This ſaid, ſhe ſighs for her old ſervants ſake:
To whom her daughter, likewiſe ſighing, ſpake.
You, Mother, ſorrow for no kindreds fate.
But what if I the wondrous change relate
Of my poor ſiſter? Tears, and ſorrow ſeize
My troubled ſpeech. Of all th' *Oebalides*
For form few might with *Dryope* compare;
The onely child her dying mother bare:
I born by a ſecond Wife. Her Virgin-flow'r
Being gath'red by that over-maſtring pow'r,
Who in *Delos*, and in *Delphos* doth reſide;
Andræmon weds her: happy in his Bride:
A Lake there is, which ſhelving borders bound,
Much like a ſhoar, with fragrant Myrtles crown'd.
Hither came ſimple *Dryope* (what more
Afflicts me!) to thoſe Nymphs the garlands bore.
Her arms, her child, a pleaſing burden, hold;
Who ſuckt her breaſts: not yet a twelve-month old:
Hard by the Lake a flow'ry Lotus grew,
(Expecting berries) of a crimſon hue.
Thence pulling flowers, ſhe gave them to her ſon
To play withal; ſo was I like t' have done:
For I was there. I ſaw the bloud deſcend
From dropping twigs: the bough with horror bend,
And heard, too late; how that a Nymph, who fled
From luſtful *Priapus* to quit her dread,

Aſſum'd

Assum'd this shape, the name of *Lotis* kept.
My Sister, this not knowing, backward stept;
And would depart, as soon as she had pray'd,
But roots her feet, for all her struggling, stay'd,
Who onely moves above. The bark increast,
Ascending from the bottom to her breast.
This seen, she thought t' have torn her hair, but teers
Leaves from their twigs, her head green branches bears.
The child *Amphisus* (for his grand-father
Eurytus, did that name on him confer)
Now finds his mothers breasts both stiff and dry.
I, a spectator of thy tragedy,
Dear sister, had in me no power of aid.
Yet, as I could, thy growing trunk I staid,
Clung to thy spreading boughs; and wisht that I
Intomb'd with thee, might in thy Lotus lie.
Behold, *Andræmon* comes; with him her Sire;
(Both wretched!) And for *Dryope* inquire:
When I for *Dryope* the Lotus show'd,
They kisses on the yet warm wood bestow'd:
And, groveling on the ground, her roots imbrace.
Now all of thee, dear Sister, but thy face
Th' incroaching habit of a tree receives.
With tears she bathes her new-created leaves.
Who, while she might, while yet a way remain'd,
For speaking passion; in this sort complain'd:
If credit to the wretched may be given;
I swear by all the Pow'rs impow'rd in Heaven,
I never this deserv'd. Without a sin
I suffer: innocent my life hath bin.
Or if I lie, may my green branches fade:
And, fell'd with axes, on the fire be laid.
This Infant, from his dying mother bear
To some kinde Nurse: and often let him here
Befed with milk; oft in my shadow play.
Let him salute my tree; and sadly say,
(When he can speak) This Lotus doth contain
My dearest mother. Let him yet refrain
All Lakes; nor ever dare to touch a flower:
But think that every tree inshrines a Power.
Dear Husband, Sister, Father, all farewel.
If in your gentle hearts compassion dwell,
Suffer no ax to wound my tender boughs;
Nor on my leaves let hungry cattel browze.

And

And since I cannot unto you decline,
Ascend to me; and join your lips to mine,
My little son, while I can kiss, advance,
But fate cuts off my falling utterance,
For now the softer rine my neck ascends,
And round about my leavy top extends.
Remove your hands, without the help of those;
The wrapping bark my dying eies will close.
So left to speak, and be. Yet humane heat
In her chang'd body long retain'd a seat.
While *Iole* this storie told, her eies,
Fill'd with her tears, the kind *Alcmena* dries,
And weeps her self. Behold, a better change
With joy defers this sorrow, nor less strange.
For *Iolaus*, twice a youth, came in,
The doubtful down now budding on his chin:
Fair *Hebe*, at her Husbands sute, on thee
This gift bestow'd. About to swear that she
Would never give the like; wise *Themis* said,
Forbear; War raves in *Thebes* by discord swai'd:
And *Capaneus* but by *Jove* alone
Can be subdu'd. The brothers then shall groan
With mutual wounds. The sacred Prophet, lost
In swallowing earth, alive shall see his Ghost.
His Sons red hands his mothers life extract,
T'appease his Sire; a just yet wicked fact.
Rapt from his home and senses, with th' affright
Of staring furies, and his mothers spright,
Until his Wife the fatal gold demands:
Her Husband murder'd by *Phegides* hands.
Then *Acheloian Callirrhoe*
Shall *Jove* importune, that her infants may
Be turn'd to men: and due revenge require
(As he, for his) of those who slew their Sire;
Her prai'rs shall win consent from *Jove*; who then
Will bid thee make *Callirrho*'s children men.
This, *Themis* with prophetick rapture sung,
Among the Gods a grudging murmur sprung,
Why she this gift should not to others give.
Aurora for her husbands age doth grieve;
Ceres complains of *Jasius* hoary hair;
Vulcan would *Erichthonius* youth repair;
And cares of time to come in *Venus* reign,
That her *Anchises* might wax young again.

All

All sue for some: seditious favour strove
In height of tumult; thus suppresst by *Jove*.
What mutter you? Or where is your respect?
Think you, you can the power of Fate subject?
Old *Iolaus* was by fate renew'd:
By fate *Callirrhoe*'s babes shall be indew'd
With youth: not by ambition, nor by war.
Even we, that you may better brook it, are
Prescrib'd by Fate. Which could we change; not thus
Should time suppress our God-like *Æacus*:
Eternal youth should *Radamanthus* crown:
Nor should our *Minos* lose his old renown;
Despised now through age: who heretofore,
With such a brave command his scepter bore.
These words of *Jove*'s the yielding Gods asswage;
Sith *Radamanth*' and *Æacus*, with age
Decline: and *Minos* whose youths active flame
Made mightie nations tremble at his name.
But now in minde and bodie impotent,
Delonides Miletus fear'd assent
T' his throne suspects; adorn'd with youth, and stile
Of *Phœbus* son: nor durst his fears exile.
But thou *Miletus*, of thy own accord
Forsook'st thy native home: and now abord,
Through deep *Ægean* seas to *Asia* came:
Erecting there a city of thy name.
He, as the Nymph *Cyanee* (excellent
For beautie) daughter to *Meander*, went
Along his winding banks, compress her there:
Who *Byblis* at one birth with *Caunus* bare.
Byblis example lawless love reports:
Byblis Apollinean Caunus loves,
Nor as a sister should a brother do:
Nor at the first her own affections knew.
Nor thought it sin so eagerly to kisse:
Nor by imbracing to have done amiss.
Whom shadow of false pietie beguiles;
Love by degrees corrupts. Her dress, and smiles,
She frames t' attract; to seem to fair desires:
And envies whomsoever he admires
Yet knows not her disease: no wishes rise
In sighs as yet; and yet within she fries.
Now calls him Lord; the due of bloud disclaim'd:
Who would by *Byblis*, and not sister nam'd.

Nor

Nor waking durſt ſhe harbour in her breſt
A wanton hope: but in diſſolving reſt
Her lover oft enjoyes; her ſenſes keep
A feſtival; yet bluſhes in her ſleep.
Sleep fled; long mute; her dream again renues
By repetition: which ſhe thus purſues.
Woe's me! what boad theſe fantaſies of night?
If true, how wretched! why ſhould ſuch delight?
His heavenly form by envy is approv'd:
Who might, if not a brother, be belov'd
And merits my affections (O too well)
If I were not his ſiſter: there's my hell!
While waking, I endeavour no ſuch ill,
May theſe bewitching dreams inchant me ſtill!
No ſpy could blab that imitated joy.
O *Venus*, and with thee, thou winged Boy!
What pleaſure, what content had I that night!
How lay I all diſſolved in delight!
With how much joy remembred! ſhort thoſe joyes;
And haſty Night our happineſſe envies.
Would I could change this wretched name of mine!
Or he the intereſt in his bloud reſign!
How well, O *Cauna*, might our father be
A father in law, or to thy ſelf, or me!
O would to *Jove* we all in common held,
Except our birth! though mine his birth exceld!
Who then, (O faireſt!) wilt thou make a mother?
How ill hath Nature linkt us to each other!
Still muſt thou be my brother: what I hate
I onely have. What then prognoſticate
Theſe flattering viſions? What in theſe extreams,
Can dreams avail? or is there weight in dreams?
The Gods forbid! yet Gods their Siſters wed.
Saturn and *Ops* had both one womb and bed.
So *Tethis* with *Oceanus*; ſo *Jove*
Combines with *Juno* in eternal love.
Gods have peculiar lawes: how dare I draw
From them examples, bound t' another law?
Die, die, forbidden flames, or let me die.
Then may my brother kiſs me when I lie
On ſable herſe. Beſides, the joint conſent
This craves of two, ſay it ſhould me content:
He may abhor it. Yet *Æolides*
Imbraced his. Whence ſprung ſuch proofs as theſe!

O whe-

O whether wrapt! you wicked flames, remove:
A brother, as befits a ſiſter, love.
Yet ſhould he firſt affect, perhaps I then
His love might cheriſh, and affect agen.
Then ſhall I, who would not his ſute reject,
Sue firſt? What, canſt thou ſpeak? thy thoughts detect?
I can: Love prompts. If ſhame my ſpeech ſuppreſs,
Yet Letters may my hidden flames confeſs.
This pleas'd her, and a little ſatisfide
Her doubtful mind. When rais'd on her left ſide,
And leaning on her elbow. Hap what may,
We will (ſaid ſhe) our frantick love diſplay.
O, whither ſlide I! O what flames excite
Theſe thoughts? then fits her trembling hands to write:
One holds the wax, the ſtyle the other guides.
Begins, doubts, writes, and at the tables chides,
Notes, razes, changes oft, diſlikes, approves,
Throws all aſide, reſumes what ſhe removes,
Her will ſhe knows not, no compoſure brooks:
Soft ſhame, and impudence ſtrive in her looks.
She had writ Siſter: that, as moſt unfit,
Defacing, took the tables, and thus writ.
Health to her onely Love that Lover ſends,
Whoſe health alone upon your love depends.
To tell you who I am, alas, I ſhame.
If you would know my ſute, without a name
O let me plead, nor be for *Byblis* known,
Until my hopes be to aſſurance grown.
Pale colour, leanneſſe, ruthful looks, wet eyes,
Long ſighs, which from concealed paſſion riſe,
Frequent imbracements, and (if you ſo much
Obſerved) kiſſes of too hot a touch
To ſute a ſiſters coldneſſe: theſe expreſt
The deep diſtemper of my wounded breſt.
And yet, although my ſoul the wound ſuſtain'd
Although in me a fiery fury raign'd,
Heavens witneſſe, that I might at length be well,
I try'd the utmoſt, ſtriving to repel
The violent darts of *Cupid*: and far more
Then you would think a Woman could, I bore.
Againſt my will, I now become your ſlave:
And with afflicted language pity crave.
You may preſerve, you onely can undo:
Chooſe which you will. Nor ſues a foe to you.

But

But who, too near alli'd, would never join:
And in a ſtricter league of love combine.
Let old men know what's lawful, good, or ill:
And to their froſty rules ſubject their will.
Raſh *Venus* fits our years. Yet know not we
Intangling Laws: let us think all things free,
And imitate the Gods. Paternal awe,
Reſpect of fame, nor fear, can us with-draw:
Alone all diffidency lay aſide.
Our eaſie ſtealths a brothers name will hide.
We may in private talk; converſe and kiſſe,
Who ever by. What wants to crown our bliſſe,
O pitie me, who have my love confeſt;
Nor would, had not my utmoſt ardor preſt:
Leſt thy remorſeleſs crueltie be read
Upon my monument, when I am dead.
The wax thus fild with her ſucceſsleſſe wit;
She verſes in the utmoſt margent writ.
Then ſeals her ſhame: her parched tongue deni'd
To wet her gem; which weeping eies ſuppli'd
She, bluſhing, calls a ſervant of known truſt,
And flattering him a while; My friend, thou muſt
See theſe with care, and ſecrecie convaid
To my (there paus'd and after) brother, ſaid.
In their deliverie the tables fell:
She, at that Omen, ſtarts; yet bids farewel.
The wary meſſenger attends his time:
And gives to *Caunus* her infolded crime.
Amaz'd *Meandrius* high in choler grew:
And on the ground the half-read tables threw.
About to ſtrike; Thou wicked inſtrument
Of horrid luſt, ſaid he, by flight prevent
My ſwords revenge: but that our infamy
Thy death would publiſh; villain, thou ſhouldſt dy.
He, frighted, flies; and to his miſtreſs bears
The wrath of *Caunus*, *Byblis* quaking hears
Her ſad repulſe: a death-reſembling cold
Beſieg'd her heart, and vital heat controld.
Yet, with her ſoul, her frantick love returns:
Who, with ſcarce moving lips, thus ſoftly mourns,
And worthily, Why, O too raſh! have I
Diſclos'd this wound! affections ſecrecie,
Who would ſo ſoon to headdy lines commit?
Firſt, with ambiguous words it had been fit

T' have

T' have felt his thoughts; and train'd him to purſue
I ſhould have noted how the weather grew;
And choſen a ſafe ſea: but now my ſails
Swell deſperately with unperplexed gales.
Now born on cruſhing Rocks, the floods o're-bear
My ſinking Bark; nor can I back-ward ſteer.
Could not that Omen check the cheriſht ſcope
Of my deſires; when, with our blaſted hope,
The tables fell? ſhould I not have aſſign'd
Another day; or wholly chang'd my mind?
O no, the day. This, Heaven foreſhew'd my ſad
And ſure preſages; had I not been mad.
My ſelf, before my letters, ſhould have ſu'd;
And lively love expreſt: he ſhould have view'd
My moving tears; a Lovers pleading eies:
More could I have ſpoke then letters can compriſe.
About his neck my arms I might have wound;
And, had he caſt me off, appear to ſownd;
Clung to his feet, and groveling, life implore.
This paſſion might have acted and much more:
Whereof, though each particular had fail'd;
Yet altogether join'd might have prevail'd.
Perhaps the blame-deſerving meſſenger
In choice of time, or circumſtance, did err:
Nor took him, when his mind was pleas'd and free.
This wrackt my hopes. For of no Tigreſs he,
Nor Lioneſs was born: his gentle breſt
Rough flint, hard ſteel, nor adamant inveſt.
He muſt be won, no ſowr repulſe ſhall make
My ſute ſurceaſe, till life my breaſt forſake.
The beſt, if what is done were to begin,
Is not t' attempt; next, what w' attempt, to win.
For never would he, though I ſhould o're-ſway
My ſtrong deſires, forget this lewd aſſay.
Deſiſting, would condemn my love for light;
Or that I tri'd to intrap him by this ſlight;
Or may conceive that bruti ſh luſt did move
Theſe extaſies; and not the God of love.
Nor can I but have had a wicked mind;
My will polluted; which my hand hath ſign'd.
No giving back can make me innocent;
Nought can I add to ſin, Much to content.
This ſaid; one thought another doth controul;
So great a diſcord wracks her wavering ſoul:

Diſ-

Dislikes, yet acts: who never satisfi'd,
(Accurst) attempteth, to be oft deni'd.
This seen, he flies his country for her crime:
And builds a City in a forreign clime.
When woful *Byblis*, raving through despair,
Her garments, from her bruised bosom tare,
Striking her arms through fury, and proclames
In high distraction, her incestuous flames,
Hopeless, her hated mansion she eschues:
And frantickly, her brothers flight pursues.
And as *Ismarian Bacchanals* (great son
Of *Semele*) struck with thy Thyrsus, run
In thy Triennials: so *Bubasian* Dames
Saw howling *Byblis* hurrying or'e their plains.
From these she wanders through the *Carian* bounds,
The warlike *Lelages*, and *Lycian* grounds:
Cragus, *Lymira*'s streams, the silver waves
Of *Xanthus* past; and where *Chimera* raves
On craggy Rocks; with Lyons face and main,
A Goats rough body, and a Serpents train.
The Woods were past: when thou, O *Byblis*, faint
With long pursuit, and passions strong constraint,
Sunk'st down; thy ruffled hair on earth displaid:
Thy face upon the withered leaves low laid.
The kind *Letigian* Nymphs oft in their arms
Attempt to raise her: and with powerful charms
Of counsel, strive to cure her love-sick mind.
Which at her deafned heart no entrance find.
She, grasping the green rushes, silent lies:
And bathes them in the rivers of her eyes.
The *Naiades* thrust under these a spring:
Their bounty could not give a greater thing.
As pitch distilleth from the barks black wound,
As stiff Bitumen issues from the ground.
As floods, which frosts in Icy fetters bind,
Thaw with th' approaching Sun, and Southern wind;
Even so *Phœbeian Byblis*, spent in tears,
Becomes a living fountain, which yet bears
Her name: and under a black Holm that grows
In those ranck vallies, plentifully flowes.
The fame of this so wonderful a fate
Had fil'd *Crete*s hundred Cities; if of late
The change of *Iphis*, generally known,
Had not produc't a wonder of their own.

For

For *Phæstus*, neer to *Gnossus*, fostered
One, *Lygdus*, of un-noted parents bred:
How ever free. Nor did his wealth exceed
His parentage: yet both in word and deed
Sincerely just, and of a blameless life.
Who thus bespake his now down-lying Wife:
Two things I wish: that you your belly lay
With little pain; and that it prove a boy.
A daughter is too chargeable, and we
Too poor to match her, If a girl it be,
I charge, what I abhor (O Piety
Forgive me!) that, as soon as born it die:
This having utter'd; the commanded wept
And the Commander; tears no measure kept.
Yet *Telethusa* still with fruitless prair,
Desires he would not in the Gods despair.
But he too constant. Now her time was come,
And the ripe burden stretcht her heavy womb:
When *Inacis*, with all her sacred band,
In dead of night, or stood, or seem'd to stand
Besides her bed. Her brows a crown adorns.
With ears of shining corn, and *Cynthian* horns
Barking *Anubis*, and *Bubastis* bright,
Black *Apis* spotted variously with white,
He whose mouth sealing finger silence taught,
Tymbrels, *Osiris* never enough sought,
And forrain Serpents, whose dire touch constrain
A deadly slumber, consummate her train.
Then (as if seen awake) the Goddess said:
My *Telethusa*, be not thus dismaid;
Reject these cares, thy husband disobay:
And when *Lucina* shall thy belly lay,
Foster what ere it be. A Deity
Auxiliary to Distress am I;
Ready to help, and easily implor'd:
Nor shall it grieve thee that thou hast ador'd
Ungrateful *Isis*. This admonished,
She leaves the room. When, rising in her bed,
Her hands to heaven glad *Telethusa* threw:
And humbly prays her vision may prove true.
Increasing throws at length a girl disclos'd,
Both by the father, and the world suppos'd.
To be a boy, so closely hid: and known
But to the mother, and the nurse alone.

He

He paies his vowes, and of his Fathers name
It *Iphis* calls; which much rejoic't the dame,
To each sex common; nor deceives thereby;
Who still with pious fraud conceals her lie.
A boy in show; whose looks should you assign
To boy or girl, love would in either shine.
At thirteen years her father her affide
To yellow-tresst *Ianthe*: she the pride
Of *Phæstian* virgins for unequald fair:
Teleſtes daughter, and his onely heir;
Like young, like beautiful, together bred,
Inform'd alike, alike accomplished:
Like darts at once their simple bosoms strike;
Alike their wounds; their hopes, O far unlike!
The day they expect. *Ianthe* thought time ran
Too slow; and takes her *Iphis* for a man
Poor *Iphis* loves, despaires; despair ejects
Fat fiercer flames: a maid, a maid effects.
What will become of me (she weeping said)
Whom new, unknown, prodigious love invade!
If pittiful, the Gods should have destroy'd:
Or else have given what might have been injoy'd.
No Cow a Cow, no Mare a Mare pursues:
But Harts their gentle Hindes, and Rams their Ewes,
So Birds together pair. Of all that move,
No female suffers for a female love.
O would I had no being! Yet, that all
Abhord by Nature should in *Creet* befal;
Sol's lust incensed daughter lov'd a Bull:
They male and female. Mine, O far more full
Of uncouth fury! for she pleas'd her bloud;
And stood his error in a Cow of wood:
She, for her craft, had an adulterer.
Should all the world their daring wits confer:
Should *Dædalus* his waxen wings renue,
And hither flie, what could his cunning do!
Can Art convert a virgin to a boy?
Or fit *Ianthe* for a maidens joy?
No, fix thy minde; compose thy vast desires:
O quench these ill advis'd and foolish fires!
Think of thy sex, or even thy self abuse:
What may be, seek; and love as females use.
Hope wings desire: hope *Cupids* flight sustains:
In thee thy Sex this deads. No watch restrains

Our

Our dear imbrace, nor husbands jealousies,
Nor rigorous Sires; nor she her self denies:
Yet not to be enjoy'd. Nor canst thou be
Happie in her; though men and Gods agree!
Now also all to my desires accord:
What they can give the easie Gods afford;
What me, my father hers, her self, would please,
Displeaseth Nature; stronger then all these.
She, she forbids. That day begins to shine;
Long wisht! wherein *Ianthe* must be mine:
And yet not mine. Of mortals most accurst!
I starve at feasts, and in the River thirst.
Juno, O *Hymen*, wherefore are you come?
We both are Brides: but where is the Bride-groom?
Here ended. Nor less burns the other Maid;
Who, *Hymen*, for thy swift appearance pray'd.
Yet *Telethusa* fears what she affects;
Protracting time: oft want of health objects;
Ill-boading dreams, and auguries oft fains:
But now no colour for excuse remains.
Their nuptial rites, put off with such delay,
Were to be solemniz'd the following day.
When she unbinds, hers, and her daughters hair;
And holding by the Altar form'd this pray'r:
Isis, who *Paretonium*, *Pharos* Isle,
Smooth *Mareotis*, and seven-channell'd *Nile*,
Chear'st with thy presence: thy poor suppliants hear:
O help in these extreams, and cure our fear!
The Goddess, thee of old; these ensigns, I
Have seen, and know: thy lamps, attendancy,
And sounding Timbrels: and have thee obay'd.
To me, impunitie; life, to this Maid,
Thy saving counsel gave: to both renue
Thy timely pitie. Tears her words pursue.
The Goddess shakes her Altar; when the gate
Shook on the hinges: horns that imitate
The waxing Moons, through all the Temple flung!
A sacred splendor: noise-ful Timbrels rung.
The mother, glad of this successful sign,
Though not secure, returns from *Isis* shrine.
Whom *Iphis* follows with a larger pace
Then usual; nor had so white a face.
Her strength augments; her look more bold appears;
Her shortned curles scarce hang beneath her ears;

By

By far more full of courage, rapt with joy:
For thou of late a Wench, art now a Boy.
Gifts to the Temple bear, and *Io* sing:
Sing Joy! Their gifts they to the Temple bring;
And add a title; in one verse display'd:
What *Iphis* vow'd a Wench, a Boy he pray'd
The morning Night dismasks with welcome flame:
When *Juno*, *Venus*, and free *Hymen* came
To grace their marriage; who, with gifts divine,
Iphis the Boy, to his *Iambe* joyn.

OVID'S

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

The Tenth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

Fear turns a Man to ſtint. Lethæus *blame*
Olenus *bears: now ſtones, their ſhapes the ſame.*
Vext Cybele, *to Pine her* Atys *turns,*
Sweet Cyparissus *in a Cypreſs mourns.*
Enamoured Jove *an Eagles wings diſplayes;*
And lovely Ganimed *to Heaven conveyes.*
Slain Hiacinthus *ſighes in his new flower.*
The cruel Sacrificers by the power
Of Venus *turn'd to Bulls. The Proſtitute*
To ſtones. Pygmalion *weds the living fruit*
Of his rare Art. Erigone *doth ſhine*
In Heaven; converted to the Virgin Sign.
Myrrha, *a weeping tree.* Hippomenes
And Atalanta, *Lyons.* Cyprides
(Inform'd by Mentha's *change) her Paramour*
Turns to a fair, but quickly fading flower.

HEnce, to the *Cicones*, through boundleſs skies,
In Saffron mantle, *Hymenæus* flies:
By *Orpheus* call'd. But neither uſual words
Nor chearful looks, nor happy ſigns afford.
The Torch his hand ſuſtain'd, ſtill ſputtering rais'd
A ſullen ſmoke: not yet, though ſhaken, blaz'd.
Th' event worſe then the Omen. As his Bride
Troops with the *Naiades* by *Hebrus* ſide;

A Ser-

A Serpent bit her by the heel: which forc't
Life from her hold, and nuptial ties divorc't
When when the *Thracian* Poet had above
Enough bewail'd, that his complaints might move
The under Shades, by *Tenarus* descends
To *Stygian* floods; and his bold steps extends
By airy shapes; and fleeting Souls, that boast
Of sepulture, through that unpleasant coast
To *Plutos* Court. When, having tun'd his strings,
Thus to his harp the God-like Poet sings.
You powers that sway the World beneath the Earth,
The last abode of all our humane birth:
If we the truth without offence may tell;
I come not hither to discover Hell,
Nor bind that scolding Curr, who barking shakes
About his triple brows *Medusa*'s snakes.
My Wife this journey urg'd. Who by the tooth
Of trod on Viper, perisht in her youth.
I would, and strove t'have born her loss: but Love
Won in that strife. A God well known above:
Nor here, perhaps, unknown. If truly Fame
Report old rapes, you also felt his flame.
By these obscure abodes, so full of dread;
By this huge *Chaos*, and deep Silence, spread
Through your vast Empire, by these prayers of mine,
Euridices too-hasty fate untwine.
We are all yours: and after a short stay,
Early or late, we all must run one way.
Hither we throng, for our last home assign'd:
Th' eternal habitation of man-kind:
She, when her time by nature shall expire,
Again is yours: I but the use desire.
If fate deny me this, my second choice,
Is here t'abide: in both our deaths rejoyce.
While thus he sung, and struck the quavering strings,
The bloudless Shadows wept: nor flattering Springs
Tempt *Tantalus*, *Ixions* Wheele stood still,
Their Urn the *Belides* no longer fill:
The Vultures feed not, *Tytius* left to grone:
And *Sisyphus* sate listning on his Stone.
The Furies, vanquisht by his verse, were seen
To weep, that never wept before. Hells Queen,
The King of Darkness, yield t'his powerful plea.
Among the late-come Souls, *Euridice*

They

They call: ſhe came; yet halting of her wound.
Given *Orpheus*, with this law: Till thou the bound
Of pale *Avernus* paſs, if back thou caſt
Thy careful eyes, thou loſeſt what thou haſt.
A ſteep aſcent, dark, thick with foggs, they clime
Through everlaſting Silence. By this time
Approach the confines of illuſtrious Light.
Fearing to loſe, and longing for a ſight.
His eies th'impatient Lover backward threw:
When ſhe, back-ſliding preſently withdrew.
He catches at her, in his wits diſtraught;
And yielding air for her (unhappy!) caught.
Nor did ſhe dying twice, her ſpouſe reprove:
For what could ſhe complain of, but his love?
Who takes her laſt farewell: her parting breath
Scarce reacht his ears; and ſo revolves to death.
Her double loſs ſad *Orpheus* ſtupifi'd;
With equal terror unto his, who ſpi'd
Three-headed *Cerberus* whom fear alone,
Oppreſſing nature, turn'd into a ſtone.
Or like *Olenus*, who t'excuſe his Wife
Accus'd himſelf, and taxt his guiltleſs life:
With thee *Lethea* whoſe proud beauty late
Drew on thy ſelf, and him a curſed fate:
United bodies once; but for thy pride
Now Marble ſtatues on fount-fruitful *Ide*.
He kindly (preſſing to return) intreats
The Ferry-man: who anſwers him with threats.
Upon the banks ſeven days he ſate, forlorn
And comfortleſs; all ſorts of food forborn:
Care, grief of mind, and tears, his onely chear,
Calling the Gods of *Erebus* ſevere,
At length to ſnowy *Rhodope* he haſts;
And *Hæmus*, beaten with the northern blaſts.
Now *Titan* thrice had finiſhed his years
In watery *Piſces*. *Orpheus* ſtill forbears
The love of Women. Or through bad ſucceſs:
Or former vowes. Yet many ne'r the leſs
Th'affected Poet ſeek; but none enjoys:
Who beauty firſt admir'd in hopeful boys.
A Hill there was; a plain upon that hill;
Which in a flowry mantle flouriſht ſtill:
Yet wanted ſhade. Which, when the Gods Deſcent
Sate down and touch't his well-tun'd inſtrument,

A shade receiv'd. Nor trees of *Chaony*,
The Poplar, various oaks that pierce the sky,
Soft Linden, smooth-rinde Beech, unmarried Bayes,
The brittle Hasel, Ash, whose spears we praise,
Unknotty Firr, the solace shading Planes,
Rough Chesnuts, Maple fleckt with different graines,
Stream-bordering Willow, Lotus loving Lakes,
Tough Box, whom never sappy spring forsakes,
The slender Tamarisk, with trees that bear
A purple fig, nor Myrtles absent were.
The wanton Ivy wreath'd in amorous twins,
Vines bearing grapes, and Elms supporting Vines,
Straight Service trees dropping Pitch, fruit red
Arbutus; these the rest accompan'ed.
With limber Palms, of Victory the prize:
And up-right pine, whose leaves like bristles rise:
Priz'd by the Mother of the Gods: for the
Her lust-stain'd *Atys* turned into that tree.
The spire-like Cypress in this throng appears
Of late a Boy: lov'd by that God who bears
The silver bow, and strikes the quavering strings.
Sacred to Nymphs that haunt *Carthæan* Springs
A Stag there was; whose horns, on high displaid
With spreading palms, afford his head a shade.
His antlers shone with gold; a carquenet
His neck imbrac't with sparkling Diamonds set,
A silver bell upon his forehead hung
By silken strings, which every motion rung.
Round pearl, of equal size, from either ear
Hung on his cheeks: who, void of native fear,
Frequented houses: and well pleas'd, would stand,
The gentle strokings of a strangers hand.
This, *Cyparissus*, was thy onely joy,
(Of all that *Cea* bred, the fairest boy)
By thee full oft, to change of Pasture led:
To purling streams that part the ranker mead.
With various flowers now wouldst thou trick his horns:
Now on his back (who no such burden scorns)
About the spacious fields in pleasure ride;
And with a purple raine the willing guide.
'Twas Summer, and high noon: Dales burning eye
Made *Cancers* crooked clawes with fervor fry.
Upon the ground the panting Hart was laid,
Cool air receiving from the spreading shade.

Whom

Whom ſilly *Cypariſſus* wounds by chance:
And ſeeing life purſue his tug'd-out lance,
Reſolves to die. What did not *Phœbus* ſay,
That might a grief, ſo ſlightly caus'd allay?
He anſwers him in ſighes: this laſt good-turn
Implores; That he might never ceaſe to mourn.
His bloud now ſhed in tears, a greeniſh hiew
His body dims: the locks that dangling grew
Upon his ivory fore-head, briſtling riſe
And pointing upward, ſeem to threat the skies.
When *Phœbus*, ſighing: I for thee will mourn;
Mourn thou for others: Herſes ſtill adorn.
Such troes attracting; and inviron'd round
With birds and beaſts, upon the riſing ground
The Poet ſits; who, having tun'd his ſtrings
Though diſſonant, yet muſical, thus ſings.
From *Jove*, O Muſe, my Mother, draw my verſe;
All bow to *Jove*: *Joves* power we oft rehearſe.
And late of Giants ſung, in lofty ſtrains,
Foil'd by his thunder on *Phlegræan* plains,
Now, in a lower tune, to lovely boyes
Belov'd of Gods, turn we our ſofter laies:
And Women well deſerving puniſhment,
On interdicted luſt, with fury bent
Heavens King, young *Ganymed* inflames with love:
There was what *Jove* would rather be then *Jove*:
Yet dains no other ſhape then hers that bears
His awful lightning in her golden ſears.
Who forthwith ſtooping with deceitful wings,
Truſt up *Iliades* by *Ida*'s ſprings.
Who now for *Jove* (though jealous *Juno* ſcoules)
Delicious Nectar fills in flowing bowls.
And *Amyclides*, thee in azure skies
Had *Phœbus* fixt; if cruel Deſtinies
Had not prevented: yet in ſome ſort made
Eternal. For, as oft as Springs invade
Sharp Winters, and to *Aries Piſces* yields:
So oft renu'd, thy Flower adorns the fields:
My fathers love to thee did mans excell,
Their preſident the Delphians miſs, who dwell
On round Earths navel: while the God of Beams,
Haunts wall-leſs *Sparta*, and *Eurotas* ſtreams.
Now, neither for his Harp, nor quiver, cares:
Himſelf debaſing, berres the corded ſnares:

Or leads the Dogs; or clambers Mountains; led
By Lordly *Love*, and flames by cuſtom fed.
Now *Titan* bore his equal-diſtant Light,
Between fore-running and enſuing night:
When lightned of their garments, either ſhone
With ſuppling oil, in ſtrife to throw the ſtone.
This ſwinging through the air firſt *Phœbus* threw:
Th' obvious clouds diſperſing as it flew;
On ſolid earth, though flying long, at length
Deſcends; and ſhews his art-inabling ſtrength.
Th' impudent Boy attempts with fatal haſt
To take it up; when Earth, by boundings, caſt
The ſtone, O *Hyacinthos*, at thy head.
The Boy look't pale; ſo lookt the God, who bled
Even in his bleeding. Raiſed from the ground;
He ſought t'aſſuage, and dry the bitter wound.
And would with herbs his flying ſoul have ſtaid:
That wound was cureleſs; art affords no aid.
As Violets, or Lillies loving ſtreams,
Or Poppy, bruiſed in their yellow ſtems,
Wither forthwith, and hang their heavy heads,
Nor raiſe themſelves, but bow to their firſt beds:
So hung his dying looks; ſo over-ſwai'd,
His limber neck upon his ſhoulder lai'd.
Sweet flower ſaid *Phœbus*, blaſted in the prime
Of thy fair youth: thy wound preſents my crime.
Thou art my grief and ſhame. This hand thy breath
Hath cruſht to air: I, author of thy death,
Yet what my fault? unleſs t' have plaid with thee,
Or lov'd thee (O too well!) offences be.
I would, ſweet Boy, that I for thee might die!
Or die with thee! but ſince the Fates deny
So dear a wiſh; thou ſhalt with me abide:
And ever in my memory reſide.
Our Harp, and Verſe thy praiſes ſhall reſound:
And in thy Flower my ſorrow ſhall be found.
A valiant Heroe ſhall in time, to it
Another add; and in the ſame be writ.
While thus *Apollo* truly propheſi'd:
Behold the bloud which late the graſſe had dide,
Was now no bloud: from whence a flower full-blown:
Far brighter then the *Tyrian* ſcarlet ſhone:
Which ſeem'd the ſame, or did reſemble right
A Lilly: changing but the red to white.

Nor

Nor ſo contented; (for the youth receiv'd
That grace from *Phœbus*) in the flower he weav'd.
The ſad impreſſion of his ſighes which bears
Ai! Ai! diſplaid in funeral Characters.
Nor ſhame to *Sparta Hyacinth* procures;
Whoſe adoration to this day endures:
For now as then, they yearly celebrate
The *Hyacinthian* Feaſt in ſolemn State.
Perhaps if *Amathus* you ask (whoſe earth
Abounds with mettals) if ſhe like the birth
Of her *Propœtides*; ſhe would reply:
As well as theirs, for their impiety,
In former time, with monſtrous horns defam'd:
Whereof they fitly were *Ceraſta* nam'd.
Before their doors the tragick Altar ſtood
Of *Jove* the Hoſpitable; ſtain'd with bloud
Of ſtranger gueſts. Who had this ſhambles ſeen,
Would think that bloud the bloud of Calves had been.
A Gueſt new ſacrific'd; fair *Cyprides*
Offended with ſuch cruel Rites as theſe,
Her towns and *Ophiuſa*'s fields prepares
T' abandon. Yet ſaid ſhe, what guilt of theirs
In me ſo great a deteſtation breeds?
Rather with death reward ſuch bloudy deeds;
Or exile: if from theſe extreams they ſcape,
What middle courſe, but to transform their ſhape?
When muſing to what form; the caſt her look
Upon the horned Herd; who from them took
A reſolution ſo to arm, their skulls:
And turns their mighty limbs to monſtrous Bulls.
Yet durſt th' obſcene *Propœtides* deny,
O *Venus*, thy all-ruling Deitie.
The firſt that ever gave themſelves for hire
To proſtitution; urged by thy ire
Their looks imboldned, modeſty now gone,
Convert at length to little-differing Stone.
Pygmalion ſeeing theſe to ſpend their times
So beaſt-like; frighted with the many crimes
That rule in Women; choſe a ſingle life:
And long forbore the pleaſure of a Wife.
Mean while, in Ivory with happy art
A Statue carves, ſo graceful in each part,
As Women never equal'd it: and ſtands
Affected to the fabrick of his hands.

It ſeem'd a virgin, full of living flame;
That would have mov'd if not with-held by ſhame.
Such Art his art conceal'd: which he admires:
And from it draws imaginary fires:
Then often feels it with his hands, to try
If 'twere a body, or cold Ivorie.
Nor could reſolve. Who kiſſing, thought it kiſt:
Oft courts, imbraces, wrings it by the wriſt;
The fleſh impreſſing (his conceit was ſuch)
And fears to hurt it with too rude a touch.
Now flatters her; now ſparkling ſtones preſents,
And Orient pearl (loves witching inſtruments)
Soft-ſinging birds, each ſeveral colour'd flowre,
First Lillies, painted balls, and tears that powre,
From weeping trees. Rich Robes, her perſon deck;
Her fingers, rings; reflecting gems her neck;
Pendants, her ears; a glittering zone her breſt.
In all ſhew'd well; but ſhew'd when naked, beſt.
Now laies he her upon a gorgeous bed:
With carpets of *Sidonian* purple ſpred.
Now calls her Wife. Her head a pillow preſt.
Of plumy down, as if with ſenſe poſſeſt.
Now came the day of *Venus* Feſtival:
Through wealthy *Cyprus* ſolemniz'd by all.
White heifers, deckt with golden horns, by ſtrokes
Of axes fall; aſcending incenſe ſmokes.
He, with his gift before the Altar ſtands;
You Gods, if all we crave be in your hands,
Give me the Wife I wiſh: one like, he ſaid.
But durſt not ſay, give me my ivory Maid.
The golden *Venus*, preſent at her feaſt,
Conceives his wiſh; and friendly ſigns expreſt:
The fire thrice blazing, thrice in flames aſpires.
To his admired Image he retires:
Lies down beſides her, rais'd her with his arm;
Then kiſt her tempting lips and found them warm.
That leſſon oft repeats; her boſom oft
With amorous touches feels, and felt it ſoft.
The ivory dimpled with his fingers, lacks
Accuſtom'd hardneſſe: as *Hymettia* Wax
Relents with heat, which chafing thumbs reduce
To pliant forms, by handling fram'd for uſe.
Amaz'd with doubtful joy, and hope that reels;
Again the Lover, what he wiſhes, feels.

The

The veins beneath his thumbs impreſſion beat:
A perfect Virgin full of juice and heat.
The *Cyprian* Prince with joy expreſſing words,
To pleaſure-giving *Venus* thanks affords.
His lips to her he joins, which ſeems to melt:
The bluſhing Virgin now his kiſſes felt;
And fearfully erecting her fair eyes,
Together with the light, her Lover ſpies.
Venus the marriage bleſt which ſhe had made.
And when nine Creſcents had at full diſplaid
Their joyning horns, repleat with borrowed flame.
She *Paphus* bore: who gave that Iſle a name.
He *Cinyras* begot: who might be ſtil'd
Of men moſt happy, if with-out a child.
I ſing of Horror! Daughters, far, O far
From hence remove! and You, who fathers are!
Or if my winning verſe your minds allure:
Let them no credit in this part procure.
Or if you will believe the ſame for true:
Believe withal the judgements that enſue.
If nature could permit ſo foul a Crime:
I joy for you *Iſmarians*; for this Clime;
This World of ours; ſo diſtant from that earth,
That gave to ſuch a curſed Monſter birth.
In Coſtus, Cinnamon; and Amomum,
Rich let *Panchaia* be: let pretious Gum
Sweat from her trees; affected flowers bring forth;
So't *Myrrha* bear. No new tree of that worth.
Cupid denies t' have us'd his darts therein:
And vindicates his flames from ſuch a ſin.
Alecto, with ſwoln ſnakes, and *Stygian* fire
That fury tais'd. 'Tis ſin to hate thy Sire:
This Love, a greater. Princes their abodes
Leave all in parts; and for thee fall at odds:
Of all, O *Myrrha*, make thy choice of one;
So one of all be in that number none.
She knew't: and ſtriving; to her ſelf thus ſpake:
Ah whither rapt! what is't I undertake:
O Gods: O piety! divine reſpect
Of Parents guard me: and this ſin eject:
If ſo a ſin it be. No piety
Condemns ſuch *Venus*; Natures common tie.
Horſes their fillies back, ſires Heifers bears;
Goats kids beget on thoſe whoſe kids they were;

Birds of that seed conceive, whereof but late
Conceiv'd themselves: nor they degenerate.
Happy in this are those! But humane care
Hath fram'd malignant laws: and we who are
By nature free; malicious customs bind.
There is a Nation to their blood more kind;
Where sons their mothers, fathers daughters wed;
Affection doubled by their birth and bed.
Woe's me, that there I was not born! the place (base,
Makes this a crime. What thoughts are these! hence
Hence wicked hopes. Though he all-worthy be:
Yet, as a father, must be lov'd by thee;
Were I not daughter to great *Cynira*;
All I conceive in my desires might pass.
Now, in that mine, not mine: proximity
Disjoins us; nearer were we not so nigh
Hence would I flie by unreturning ways
To shun this sin: dire Love my journey stays;
To feast my hungry eies with his dear sight,
Talk, touch and kiss; or more, if more I might.
O wicked Virgin, canst thou more propound!
Know'st thou what laws and names thy lusts confound!
Thy Fathers Whore! a Rival to thy Mother!
Thy own Sons Sister! Mother to thy Brother!
Nor fear'st the *Furies* with their killing hair,
Who on the faces of the guilty stare,
With dreadful Torches! From thy soul exile
This mischief, ere it actually defile.
Nor with thy horrid lust infringe the law
Of powerful Nature: but in time with-draw.
Would I, he would not: too too well inclin'd.
O that like fury would inflame his mind!
Thus she. But *Cynira*, prest with the store
Of worthy suters who his voice implore;
In his own choice irresolute, demands
(Their names rehearsing) how her fancy stands.
She, thoughtful silent; gazing on his face,
Flusht with inbosom'd flames and wept apace.
He, taking this for maiden fear; Desists
From weeping, said: then dri'd her cheeks, and kist.
This too much pleas'd her. Once more asked, who
She best could like: repli'd, One, like to you.
Be still, said he, so pious. At that name
She hung the head, as conscious of her blame.

'Twas

'Twas now the mid of night: when Sleep beſtows
On men, and on their cares, a ſweet repoſe.
But *Myrrha* watches, rapt with raging fires;
Retracting her implacable deſires.
Deſpairs, hopes; will not, will; now ſhames, again
Deſires; nor knows what courſe to take. As when
A mighty Oak (now almoſt feld) his fall
On each ſide threatens; and is fear'd on all:
Even ſo her mind, impair'd with various wounds,
Waves too and fro; and changes ſtill propounds.
No mean, no cure, was left for love but death.
Death pleas'd. Reſolv'd to choak her hated breath.
Up-ſtarting, to a beam her girdle ties.
Dear *Cinyras* farewel (ſhe ſoftly cries)
And of my ruine underſtand the cauſe.
That ſaid, the nooſe about her neck ſhe draws.
Her wakeful Nurſes faithful ears, they ſay,
A whiſpering heard: who in the Lobby lay.
Straight roſe; unlockt the doors; the inſtrument
Of death beholding, ſcreecht: together rent
Her hair and boſom: and, with trembling haſte,
The girdle from her pallid neck diſplac'd.
Now had ſhe time to weep, t'imbrace her Care:
And ask the cauſe of ſuch accurſt deſpair.
She, ſilent, fixes on the earth her eies:
And grieves at deaths prevented enterpriſe
Baring her hoary hairs and empty breſt,
The Nurſe, by her firſt food, and cradle, preſt
Her griefs diſcloſure. *Myrrha* turns aſide,
And ſighes. The Nurſe would not be ſo deni'd,
Nor onely promiſt ſecrecy, but ſaid,
Tell me, my child, and entertain my aid.
My old age is not fruitleſs: charms have we,
And powerful med'cines, if it fury be:
If witchcraft, magick ſhall thy torments eaſe:
If wrath of Gods, the Gods we will appeaſe
With ſacrifice. What can be elſe ſurmis'd,
Thy fortunes by incurſions unſurpris'd.
Thy mother, and thy father, well; That name
Drew from her ſoul a ſigh, that ſcorcht like flame:
Nor in the Nurſe did this ſuſpition move
Of ſuch a Crime: and yet ſhe ſaw 'twas Love.
Inportunate to know what leaſt ſhe fears,
Laid in her lap now watred with her tears,

Sh'infolds her in her feeble arms, and ſaid;
I know thou lov'ſt: wherein (nor be afraid)
Thou maiſt on my ſedulity relie:
Nor ſhall thy father ever this deſcry.
At that, in fury from her lap ſhe ſprung;
Then on the bed her proſtrate body flung:
Muffling her guilty looks: be gone, ſhe ſaid,
And ſpare the bluſhes of a wretched Maid.
Still urg'd: Be gone, repli'd; or elſe forbear
T' inquire of that which is a ſin to hear.
The Nurſe loſt in a maze: her hands with years
And terror trembling (kneeling to her) rears:
Now ſpeaks her fair, now threatens to diſcloſe
(Unleſſe ſhe made her privy to her woes)
Her purpos'd violence: and vowes to prove
Both ſecret, and aſſiſtant to her love.
At that, her head ſhe rais'd; her Nurſes breſt
With weeping bathes: oft ſtrove to have confeſt;
As oft with-held: at length ſhe hid her head;
And ſaid, O Mother, happy in thy bed!
There ends: then groans. The Nurſe cold horror ſhook:
Now too much knowing: with a gaſtly look,
Her hoary hair ſtar'd on her head: Who ſaid,
What not, that might ſo foul a luſt diſſwade,
The Virgin could not ſuch a truth deny:
But ſtands reſolv'd, or to poſſeſs or die.
Live, ſaid ſhe, and poſſeſs (there ſtopt, as loth
To ſay; thy Sire) and bound it with an oath.
Now Matrons celebrate the yearly Feaſt
Of *Ceres*; whom long linnen ſtoles inveſt:
And offer garlands of their firſt ripe corn;
Forbidden *Venus* for nine nights forborn,
And touch of man. In ſpotleſs ornaments,
With theſe, the Queen her ſecret Rites frequents,
Lying alone the lewdly diligent
Doth *Ciniras*, o're-charg'd with Wine, preſent
With proffer of true love, though falſely maskt:
And prais'd her beauty. Of what age being askt?
Of equal age with *Myrrha*, ſhe replies.
When bid to bring her: home in haſt ſhe highes;
Rejoyce, ſaid ſhe, I bring the victory.
Th' unhappy Virgin felt but little joy;
Such ill ſucceſs her troubled Soul divin'd:
And yet ſhe joy'd: ſuch diſcord rackt her mind.

Now

Now ſilence over all the world did raign:
And ſlow *Bootes* had declin'd his Wain.
(To ſin addreſt) from heaven bright *Cynthia* flies;
Stars ſhroud their heads in clouds: Night loſt her eyes.
Erigone, *Icarus*, firſt remove:
She plac'd in Heaven for her paternal love.
Thrice ſtumbled ſhe; the funeral Owl thrice rent
The air with ominous ſhreeks: yet on ſhe went:
By pitchy night, of modeſty bereft,
Her Nurſes right hand holding with her left,
And groping with the other hand, explores
Her blind acceſs. Now came ſhe to the doors
Of that dire chamber; now the way to ſin
She boldly opens; and now enters in.
Yet bloud and courage her at once forſook;
Her knees, unknitting, one another ſtrook;
The neerneſs to her crime removes deſire:
Who now repents and would unknown retire.
Protracting, by the hand the Nurſe her led;
And, having rendred her unto his bed.
Here *Cyniras*, ſaid ſhe, receive thine own,
And joins their curſed boſoms. He unknown,
His bowels to his bed aſſumes: and chears
With comfortable words her maiden fears:
By chance he call'd her daughter, (being old)
And ſhe him father: that their names might hold.
Now his inceſtuous bed his daughter leaves,
With wicked ſeed her curſed womb conceives:
Who bears about the burden of her ſhame:
Next night, and next, and next, re-acts the ſame.
When *Cinyras* who longs to ſee his Lover,
So oft imbrac't; did with a light diſcover
His ſin, and daughter. Sorrow not a word
Could utter: he unſheaths his ſhining ſword.
She ſwiftly flies: whom nights black ſhelter ſhields
From threatned death; and ſtrayes through ſpacious (fields:
Palm-clad *Arabia*, and *Panchaa* paſt;
Now having wandred by nine Noons, at laſt
Reſt to her weary limbs *Sabæa* gave.
Charg'd with her womb; not knowing what to crave;
Between the hate of life, and fear of death,
Thoſe thoughts ſhe utters with her fainting breath.
You Powers! If Penitency pierce your ear;
I have deſerved, nor refuſe to hear,

Your

Your just inflictions: yet lest I prophane
Or those who live, or who in death remain
O banish me from either Monarchy,
That, chang'd by you, I may nor live, nor die.
Confession some cœlestial pity found,
Those wishes had their Gods. Even then the ground
Cover'd her legs: a down-ward-spreading root
Burst from her toes; whose ever-fixed foot
Sustain'd the lengthful bole. Bones turn to wood,
To pith her marrow, into sap her blood:
Her arms great branches grow, her fingers spine
To little twigs; her skin converts to rine.
Now her big womb the rising tree possest.
Her bosom tolds, and now her neck oppress:
When she, delay ill-brooking, downward shrunk
And vales her visage in the closing trunk.
Though sense, with shape, she lost; still weeping, she
Sheds bitter tears, which trickle from her tree:
Tears of high honor; these their Mistress name
As yet preserve, and still shall bear the same.
This ill-got Infant, now at perfect growth
Within the tree; endeavours to get forth.
The strict imbracing bark, her belly wrung,
With torment stretcht: nor had that grief a tongue:
Nor could she call *Lucina* to her throws:
And yet the tree like one in labour shows;
Bows down with pains, and groans, and weeps a flood.
Lucina by her trembling branches stood;
Her hand impos'd, and uttered powerful words.
The yauning tree the crying Babe affords
A passage; Whom those Nymphs receive with joy.
And in his mothers tears anoint the Boy.
Nor envy could but praise his beauty: so
The naked *Cupids*, lively painted, show.
But, lest their habits some distinction make,
A quiver give, or his from *Cupid* take.
Time glides away with undiscovered hast,
And mocks our hopes: no wings can fly so fast.
He, whom his sister bore, his Grandsires son,
Late trees-inclos'd, who lately life begun,
But now a most sweet Infant, now as rare,
A Boy, now man, now then himself more fair,
And now on *Venus* for his mothers fires
Revenge inflicts; who dotingly admires,

For

For kist by quiver-bearing *Love*, his dart
By fortune raz'd her tender breast; with smart
Incenst, she thrust him from her, nor then found
The wounds deceitful depth, yet deep the wound.
Not now *Cythera* could the Lover please;
Nor *Paphos*, grasped with resulting Seas.
High *Cnidos*, *Amathus*, renown'd for brass,
Nor heaven frequents; her heaven *Adonis* was,
Him wooes, accompanies, besides him lies
In grateful shades, and strives to please his eyes.
Now like *Diana* she her self attires; (Briers:
And trips o're Hills and Rocks, through Brakes and
Hollows the Hound; pursuing beasts of chase,
Bucks, high-horn'd Harts, and Harts who fly apace:
But rapeful Wolves, rough Bears, fell Boars eschews;
And Lions, whom the bloud of Beeves imbrues.
And thee *Adonis*, her misdoubts disswade
From such encounters; had they been obey'd.
Who fly, said she, be bold in following those:
Valor unsafely copes with valiant foes.
Sweet Boy! subject not me to fortunes stroke,
Nor cruel beasts by nature arm'd provoke,
For fear such glory but too costly prove.
Thy youth and beauty, though they *Venus* move,
Nor bristled Swine, nor shaggy Lion touch:
Pity ne're pierc'd the eyes nor hearts of such.
Boars, in their crooked tushes lightning have:
And Lions with impetuous fury rave.
I hate them. Asked why? We will relate,
Old crimies, said she, and wonder-striking fate.
But now un-usual toil my strength invades:
And lo, yon' Poplar courts us with her shades,
The grass affords a bed: There let us rest.
When, lying down, the grass and him she prest.
Her head now in her Lovers bosom laid:
Thus (words with kisses intermixing) said:
Perhaps you of a Maid have heard, who wan
The Prize in running from the swiftest Man.
'Tis true, She won indeed; nor could you tell
Whether her speed or beauty did excel.
Enquiring of an husband, this reply
Apollo gave. The use of husband fly
O *Atalanta*! yet thou shalt vainly strive
Against thy fate, and lose thy self alive.

Frighted

Frighted herewith in shady woods she lives:
And troops of pressing Suters from her drives
With this reply: Except out-run I be,
I am a Wife for no man; Run with me.
My bed and I, are both the winners meed:
The tardy dies. Upon this law proceed.
She, cruel: yet so powerful was her look,
That many a youth the peril undertook.
Hippomenes beheld this tragick strife.
Will any through such danger seek a Wife?
(Said he) and taxt their follies that pursu'd.
But when his face and naked form he view'd:
Such as is mine; or thine, were thou a Maid:
Amaz'd! with hands up-heav'd, forgive (he said)
O you whom late I blam'd! not then I knew
The prizes worth. Love still by praising grew:
Who wishes now that none might run so fast:
Envies and fears. Why linger, I, nor haste
(Said he) to try my fortune? Gods still aid
Th' adventurous. While this in thought he said;
The Virgin with a winged pace past by;
Though seeming to th' *Aonian* Youth so slie
As swift as *Scythian* shafts; her form he more
Admires; by motion lovelier then before.
The wind reverberates her ancles wings,
And whisks her ham-bound buskins purple strings,
Tossing her hair, on Ivory shoulders spred.
Her pure white body so receives the red,
As when carnation curtains are displai'd
On pure white walls, and die them with their shade.
While this the stranger view'd, the race was run:
And *Atalanta*'s brows the Garland won.
The vanquisht sigh, and pay their forfeiture.
Nor could so sad success his fear procure:
Who rose; and fixing on the Maid his eyes;
Why seek you praise by easie victories?
Contend with us: if we obtain the Bays,
Our victory will not eclipse your praise.
Megareus we begot, *Onchestius* bloud;
He *Neptunes*. Ruler of the sacred flood:
Nor we degenerate. My foil, your name
Will honor; and immortalize your fame.
This while, a well-pleas'd eye she on him threw:
Nor knows her wish; to lose, or to subdue.

What

What God, a Foe to beauty, would deſtroy
This Youth, ſaid ſhe, who ſeeks my bed t' enjoy
With his lifes forfeiture? If I may be
The judg, there is not ſo much worth in me.
Nor is't his beauty moves, though it might move?
But that a Boy. We pity, and not love.
Beſides; his courage, and contempt of death!
Who from great *Neptunes* ſon derives his birth!
And then, his love; content to part with life,
If harder fate deny me for his Wife!
Be gone O ſtranger; ſhun my bloudy bed,
While yet thou mai'ſt: this match will loſe thy head.
No Virgin is there who would not be thine:
And ſuch would ſeek, whoſe luſtres darken mine.
Yet why regard I him, ſo many ſlain?
Look to thy ſelf, or periſh, ſince in vain
Admoniſht by ſuch numbers, whom this ſtrife
Hath ſent to death, Th' art weary of thy life.
And muſt he die, becauſe he'd live with me?
Muſt death, adventurous love, thy wages be?
This murder will our victory defame:
And purchaſe hate; yet am not I in blame.
O would thou wouldſt deſiſt, and danger ſhun!
Or ſince ſo mad, would thou couldſt faſter run!
How Boy and Virgin glory in his face!
O poor *Hippomenes!* O would this place
Th' hadſt never ſeen! thou well deſerv'it to live.
Were I more happy, and hard fate would give
Me leave to marry; thou art He alone,
To whom my bed, and beauties ſhould be known.
Thus ſhe, who raw, and pierc'd with loves firſt touch,
Errs in her thoughts; and loves; nor knew ſo much.
Now King and People call upon the Race;
When *Neptune's* Iſſue thus implor'd thy grace.
O *Venus*, favor my attempts, he ſaid,
And thoſe affections, which you gave me, aid!
This friendly winds convey'd unto my ear:
I pity, and no longer help forbear.
A field there is, ſo fertile none, through all
Rich *Cyprus*; which they *Damaſcenus* call.
Antiquity this to my honor vow'd;
And there withall my Temples had indow'd.
A Tree there flouriſht on that pregnant mold,
Whoſe glittering leaves, and branches, ſhone with gold;

Three

Three golden Apples, gathered from that tree,
By chance I brought: and, so us none could see,
Himself excepted, to *Hippomenes*,
Together with their use, deliver'd these.
The trumpets sound. Both from the Barrier start,
Whose nimble steps scarce touch earths upper-part.
Their feet, unwet, the sea might well have born:
Or unsuppressed stalks of standing corn.
Favor and Clamor, joyning in remorse,
The youth thus hearten: now thy speed enforce,
Make haste *Hippomenes*, delay decline,
Collect thy powers: the victory is thine.
'Tis doubtful whether, what the people said,
More joy'd the Heros or *Schæneian* Maid.
How often lag'd she, when she might o're-go;
And gazing on him, sigh'd t' out-strip him so!
Short breath from panting bosoms scorching flew,
The Goal far-off: when *Neptune*'s Nephew threw
One Apple of the three: The Maid admires;
And greedy of the shining fruit, retires
To catch the rolling gold: the Youth past by,
And all the field rebounded thouts of joy.
This hindrance the repairs with winged haste:
Again *Hippomenes* behind her cast
The second fruit, throne farther then before,
Declin'd her steps, yet him out-strips once more:
The Race now near an end, he said, O save!
Great Goddess, give success to what you gave!
And threw the shining gold another way
With all his vigor, to prolong her stay.
When I compel'd her, doubtful what to do,
To take it up, and added weight thereto,
With-held, both by diverting her pursuit,
And with the burden of the ponderous fruit.
But lest my words the race in length exceed:
She was out-run, and he receiv'd his Meed.
Deserv'd not I both thanks and frankincense,
Think you *Adonis*, for his lifes defence?
He neither gave, provokt with sudden rage
At this contempt, and lest the future age
By such examples should my God-head slight,
Against them both I due revenge excite.
The Fane, erected by *Echions* vow
Unto the Mother of the Gods, they now

Had

Had past, obscur'd by dark and secret shades:
When their long journey them to rest perswades.
Hippomenes, incensed by my fires;
Here lusteth with unseasonable desires.
A gloomy grot, much like unto a Cave,
Stood near this Fane; to which light pumice gave
A natural cover, by devotion grac'd:
Within this Cell the reverent Priest had plac'd
The wooden Images of ancient Gods:
This entring; he pollutes their chast abode.
The Statues wry their looks. The Mother, crown'd
With Towers, had struck them to the *Stygian* sound:
But that she thought that punishment too small.
When yellow mains on their smooth shoulders fall;
Their arms, to legs; their fingers turn to nails;
Their breasts of wondrous strength: their tufted tails
Whisk up the dust; their looks are full of dread;
For speech they roar: the woods become their bed.
These Lions, tear'd by others, *Cybel* checks
With curbing bits; and yokes their stubborn necks.
These O my Dear, and all such kinds of beasts
As will not turn their backs, but bend their breasts
I' encounter with the rash Assailant, Shun:
Left by thy courage We be both undone.
This said: thence flew she, rais'd by yoked Swans.
But Valor such admonishments with-stands.
By chance the dogs, pursuing long before,
His scented footings, had dislodg'd a Boar.
Whom, rushing from his covert, the bold Youth
Obliquely wounds. The Boar with crooked tooth
Writhes out the javelins with his blood imbru'd.
Who now his safety-seeking Foe pursu'd;
Sheathing his tushes in his groin: and threw
To earth the dying Boy. The Swans that drew
Idalia's weightless chariot through the air,
Yet reacht not *Cyprus*: when the heavenly Fair
Thence heard his dying groans; and wheeling round,
Her silver birds directs to that sad sound:
But when she saw him weltring in his Gore;
Down jumping from the skies, at once she tore
Her hair and bosom: then her breast invades
With bitter blows; and Destiny upbraids.
Not all, said she, is subject to your wast:
Our sorrows monument shall ever last.

Sweet

Sweet Boy! thy deaths ſad image, every year
Shall in our ſolemniz'd Complaints appear.
But be thy bloud a Flower. Had *Proſerpine*
The power to change a *Nymph* to Mint? is mine
Inferior? or will any envy me
For ſuch a change; This having utter'd, ſhe
Pour'd Nectar on it, of a fragrant ſmell.
Sprinkled there-with; the bloud began to ſwell;
Like ſhining bubbles, which from drops aſcend.
And e're an hour was fully at an end,
From thence a Flower, alike in color, roſe:
Such as thoſe trees produce, whoſe fruits incloſe
Within the limber rind their purple grains,
And yet their beauty but a while remains;
For thoſe light-hanging leaves infirmly plac't,
The winds, that blow on all things, quickly blaſt.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

The Eleventh Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

A Serpent chang'd to Stone. Rough barks infold
The cruel Bacchanals. *To ſtarving Gold*
All turns at Midas *touch: His body laves*
In clear Pactolus, *whoſe enriched waves*
Waſh off his gold and gilt; and Aſſes ears
His folly ſhame: the whiſp'red Secret bears
Like ſounding Reeds. Apollo, *and the Guide*
Of ſacred Seas, in humane ſhapes reſide.
Forc'd Thetis *varies forms.* Dædalion
T' a Falcon turn'd. A Wolf congeal'd to Stone.
Morpheus *to Mortals,* Phobetor *to Brutes,*
And Phantaſus *to ſhapes inanimate ſuites.*
Transform'd Halcyone *and* Ceyx *fly.*
So Æſacus, *who vainly ſtrives to die.*

THus while the *Thracian* Poet with his ſongs
Beaſts, Trees, and Stones, attracts in following throngs:
Behold, *Ciconian* Dames (their furious breſts
Clad with the ſpotted skins of Salvage beaſts)
The ſacred Singer from an hill eſpy'd,
As he his ditty to his Harp apply'd;
Of theſe, One cry'd, and toſs'd her flaring hair;
Lo he who hates our Sex! then threw her ſpear
At his melodious mouth; which Ivy-bound,
Kiſt his affected lips without a wound.

Another

Another hurls a ſtone; this, as it flew,
His voice and Harps according tones ſubdue:
Which ſelf-accus'd for ſuch a rude aſſay,
Before his feet, as in ſubmiſſion lay:
Raſh violence, the mean exil'd, increaſt:
And mad *Erynnis* reign'd in every breaſt.
His ſongs had all their weapons charm'd, if noiſe
Of *Berecynthian* ſhalms, clapt hands, loud cries,
Drums, howling *Bacchanals*; with frantick ſound
Had not his all-appeaſing muſick drown'd.
The ſtones then bluſh with ſilenc'd *Orpheus* bloud.
But firſt on raviſht beaſts that liſtning ſtood,
On Fowl, and Serpents, they their ſpite infer;
And raze the glory of his Theater.
Then all with cruel hands about him fly:
And flock like birds, when they by day eſpy
The bird of Night. And as a Stag at bay,
In th' Amphitheater now made a prey
To eager hounds: ſo they together ſlung
Their leavy ſpears, not fram'd for ſuch a wrong;
Some clods, ſome arms of trees, ſome ſtones let fly,
And leſt wild Rage ſhould weapons want, hard by,
By chance ſlow Oxen drew the furrowing ploughs;
And Swains, providing food with ſweating brows,
Dig'd with their brawny arms: who fear-inclin'd,
Before them fled, and left their tools behind.
Their Mattocks, Rakes, and Spades diſperſed lay
About the empty fields: theſe ſnatcht away,
(The ploughs from threatning Oxen torn) their hate
Hurries them back unto the Poets fate.
Him, holding up his hands, who then in vain
Firſt ſpent his breath, nor pity could obtain,
That Rout of ſacrilegious Furies ſlew!
Even through that mouth (O *Jupiter!*) which drew
From ſtones attention, which affection bred
In Salvage beaſts, his forced ſpirits fled!
Sad birds, wild Herds, hard flints, and woods, of late
Led by thy verſe, then wept: at thy ſad fate
Trees ſhed their leaves; ſtreams with their tears increaſt:
The *Naiades* and *Dryades* inveſt
Themſelves in ſullen ſable, and diſplay
Their ſcattered hair. Thy limbs diſperſed lay.
His head and harp they into *Hebrus* flung,
The harp ſounds ſomething ſadly; the dead tongue

Sighs

Sighs out ſad ditties: the banks ſympathize
(That bound the River) in their ſad replies.
Now then to Sea their native current bore;
Both caſt upon *Methymnian Lesbos* ſhoar.
A Dragon on the foreign ſand prepares
To ſeize his head, and lick his dropping hairs.
When gaping to devour the Hymniſts face,
Phœbus deſcended; and in that very ſpace,
Into a ſtone converts him by his power,
With jaws extended ready to devour.
His Ghoſt retires to under-ſhades: once more
He ſees, and knows, what he had ſeen before.
Then through th' *Elyſian* fields among the bleſt
Seeks his *Euridice*. Now repoſſeſt
With ſtrict Imbraces, guided by one mind.
They walk together: oft he comes behind,
Oft goes before: now *Orpheus* ſafely may
His following *Euridice* ſurvey.
Yet *Bacchus* renders vengeance for their hate.
Who vexed at his Prophets cruel fate,
Fixt all th' *Edonian* Dames that then were by
With ſpreading roots; and who more eagerly
Purſu'd his death, their toes he deeper drew
Within the ſolid earth, which down-ward grew.
And even as fowl, whoſe feet intangled are
Within the ſubtil fowlers ſecret ſnare,
Become by fearful fluttering faſter bound,
So, each of theſe, now cleaving to the ground,
With terror ſtruggle to eſcape in vain;
For faſter-binding roots their flight reſtrain.
One, looking for her nails, her toes, her feet:
Behold, her twining legs in timber meet:
In paſſion, thinking to have ſtruck her thighs,
She ſtrikes her breaſts, hard Oak her breaſts ſupplies;
Her ſhoulders ſuch: her arms appear to grow
In natural branches; and indeed did ſo.
Nor thus content, their fields *Lyæus* leaves:
Whom *Tmolus*, with a better troop receives,
And ſwift *Pactolus*, who did then infold
No precious ſands, nor grains of envy'd gold.
Satyres and *Bacchanals* to him repair,
His uſual train: *Silenus* then not there,
Him erſt the *Phrygian* Rurals reeling found
With age and wine; and now, with Ivy crown'd,

To

To *Midas* bring, whom *Orpheus* Orgies taught,
And sage *Eumolpus* from *Cecropia* brought.
When known to be his partner in those Rites;
Full twice five days, with their succeeding nights,
He entertain'd him with a sumptuous feast.
Eleven times *Lucifer* the stars suppresst:
When, with mild mirth, he treads the *Lydian* fields;
And to the God his foster-father yields.
He in his safe return doth much rejoice:
Whose bounty *Midas* frustrates by his choice.
For, will'd to wish; Let all, said he, I touch
Convert to gold. His ignorance was such.
Forth-with to him his wish *Lyæus* gives:
And at his folly not a little grieves.
But in his curse the *Berecynthian* joys:
And home-ward bound, the truth by touching tries.
Scarce trusting his own sense, a tree bereaves
Of slender boughs; they shone with golden leaves.
Takes up a stone; that stone pale gold became:
Takes up a clod; the clod presents the same:
Crops stalks of corn; these yield a sheaf of gold:
An Apple pulls; therein you might behold
Th' *Hesperian* purchase: toucht by him alone.
The marble pillars with rich metal shone.
And when he washt; that water, show'rd in rain,
Might simple *Danae* have deceiv'd again.
His brest scarce holds his hopes; whose fancy wrought
On golden wonders: when his servants brought
Meat to the table. Sooner had not he
Toucht *Ceres* bounty, but that prov'd to be
A shining mass: the carved viands straight
Between his greedy teeth convert to plate.
About to drink mixt wine; you might behold
His thirsty jaws o're-flow with liquid gold.
Struck with so strange a plague: (both rich and poor;)
He hates, and shuns the wealth he wisht before.
His plenty feeds him not; he burns with thirst:
By loathed gold deservedly accurst.
Then lifting up his shining arms, thus pray'd:
Father *Leneus*. O, afford thy aid!
I have offended; pity thou, and me
From this so glorious a mischief free:
The gentle power the penitent restor'd:
And for his faith, affords what he implor'd.

Left

Left ill-wisht gold about him still abide;
Go, said he, to those Crystal streams that glide
By potent *Sardis*: keep the banks that lead
Along th' encountring Current to his head.
There, where the gushing fountain foams, dive in:
And, with thy body, wash away thy sin.
The King obeys: who in the fountain leaves
That golden virtue, which the Spring receives.
And still those ancient seeds these waters hold:
Who gild their shoars with glittering grains of gold.
He, hating wealth, in woods and fields bestows
His time with *Pan*; whom mountain Caves inclose.
Yet his cros wit remains: his shallow brain,
And sottish senses punish him again.
High *Tmolus* with a steep ascent displays
His rigid brows, and under-seas surveys:
Whose stretcht-out bases here to *Sardis* join;
There to *Hypæpis*, girt in small confine.
Where boasting *Pan*, while he his verse doth praise
To tender Nymphs, and pipes to rural lays,
Before *Apollo*'s durst his songs prefer.
They meet (ill-matcht) great *Tmolus* arbiter.
Th' old Judg on his own Mountains sits; and clears
His ears from trees: alone a garland wears
Of Oak, with Acorns dangling on his brow.
Who thus bespake the God of Shepherds: Now
Your Judg attends. He blows his wax-bound reeds,
And *Midas* fancy with rude numbers feeds.
Then sacred *Tmolus* to divine *Apollo*,
Converts his looks: his words his motion follow.
He, his long yellow hair with Laurel bound,
Clad in a *Tyrian* robe that swept the ground,
A Viol holds, with sparkling gems inchas'd,
And *Indian* teeth; the bow his right-hand grac'd.
A perfect Artist shew'd. Then sweetly play'd,
When *Tmolus*, ravisht with his musick, said,
Pan to the Viol yield thy ruder reed.
All like of what the Mountain had decreed,
But *Midas* onely; whose exclaims traduce
The Censure. *Phœbus* for this gros abuse
Transforms his ears, his folly to declare:
Stretcht out in length, and cover'd with gray hair:
Instable, and now apt to move. The rest
The former figure of a man possest.

Punisht

Punisht in that offending part; who bears
Upon his skull a slow-pac'd Asses ears.
He strives to cover such a foul defame:
And with a red Tiara hides his shame.
But this his servant saw that cut his hair:
Who big with secrets, neither durst declare
His Soveraigns seen deformity, nor yet
Could hold his peace. Who digs a shallow pit,
And therein softly whispers his disgrace:
Then turning in the earth forsook the place.
A tuft of whispering Reeds from thence there grows;
Which coming to maturity, disclose
The husbandman: and by soft South-winds blown
Repeat his words, and his Lords ears make known.
Reveng'd *Apollo*, leaving *Tmolus*, flies
Through liquid air; and on the Land which lies
On that side *Helles* straightned surges stands:
Where far-obey'd *Laomedon* commands.
Between *Rhœteum* and *Sygæum* stood
An ancient Altar, high above the flood.
Vow'd to the *Panomphæan* Thunderer:
From whence he saw the King begin to rear
New *Troy*'s scarce founded walls; with what ado,
And with how great a charge they slowly grew.
Who, with the father of the swelling Main,
Indues a mortal shape: both entertain
Themselves for unregarded gold to build
The *Phrygian* Tyrants walls. That work fulfil'd;
The King their promised reward denies:
And falshood by forswearing multiplies.
Revengful *Neptune* his wild waves unbound;
Which all the shoars of greedy *Ilium* drown'd,
And made the Land a Lake: the Countrey Swain
His labor lost beneath that liquid Plain.
Besides, the daughter of the King demands:
Who chained to a Rock, exposed stands
To feed a Monster of the Sea; set free
By strenuous *Hercules*. Yet could not He
The horses of *Laomedon* enjoy;
His valors hire: who sacks twice perjur'd *Troy*;
And gives his fellow-Soldier *Telamon*
Hesione: for *Peleus* now had won
A Deity; nor in his Grandfather
Took greater pride, then in his Sire by her.

For

For *Jupiter* had nephews more then one:
But he a Goddess had espous'd alone.
For aged *Proteus* had fore-told the truth
To wave-wet *Thetis*: thou shalt bear a Youth,
Greater then him, from whom he took his birth,
In arms and fame. Lest any thing on earth
Should be more great then *Jove*, *Jove* shuns the bed
Of Sea-thron'd *Thetis*, though her beauty led
His strong desires: who bids *Æacides*
Succeed his love, and wed the Queen of Seas.
A Bay within *Æmonia* lies, that bends
Much like an arch, and far-stretcht arms extends:
Which were, if deep, an harbor lockt by land;
Where shallow Seas o're-spread the yellow sand.
The solid shoar (whereon no Sea-weed grows)
Nor clogs the way, nor print of footing shows.
Hard by, a Mirtle grove affords a shade:
In this, a Cave; rather, though doubtful, made
By Art then Nature: hither *Thetis* swims
On Delphins back, here laid her naked limbs.
In this the sleeping Goddess *Peleus* caught:
Who, when she could not by his words be wrought,
Attempts to force, and clasp't her in his arms.
And, had she not assum'd her usual charms
In varying shapes, he had his will obtain'd;
Now turns t'a fowl, yet he her flight restrain'd:
Now seems a massie tree adorn'd with leaves;
Close to the bole th' enamor'd *Peleus* cleaves.
A spotted Tygress she presents at last:
When he, with terror struck, his arms unclasp't!
Who pouring wine on Seas, those Gods implores;
And with perfumes and sacrifice adores:
Till the *Carpathian* Prophet rais'd his head,
And said; *Æacides*, enjoy her bed.
Do thou but bind her in her next surprize,
When in her cold moist cave she sleeping lies:
And though she take a thousand shapes, let none
Dismay; but hold, till she resume her own.
This *Proteus* said, and div'd to the Profound:
His latter word in his own waters drown'd.
Now hasty *Titan* to *Hesperian* Seas
Descends; when beauteous *Thetis*, bent to ease,
Forsook the flood, and to her Cave repair'd.
No sooner she by *Peleus* was insnar'd;

But forthwith varies forms; until she found
Her Virgin-limbs within his fetters bound.
Then, spreading forth her arms, She sighing said,
Thou hast subdu'd by some immortal aid:
Appears her self; nor his imbrace repel'd;
Whose pregnant womb with great *Achilles* swel'd.
Happy was *Pelem* in his son and wife:
And had not *Phocus* murder soil'd his life,
All fortunate. With brothers bloud defil'd,
Thee *Thracis* harbors, from thy home exil'd.
Where courteous *Ceyx*, free from rigor, reign'd;
The son of *Lucifer*; whose looks retain'd
His fathers luster: then disconsolate,
Nor like himself for his lost brothers fate.
Hither, with travel tyr'd, and clog'd with cares,
The banisht with a slender train repairs:
His flocks and herds, with men for their defence,
Left in a shady vale not far from thence.
Conducted to his royal presence, He
With Olive branch't, down bending to his knee,
His name and birth declares: the murder masks
With forged cause of flight: a dwelling asks
In field, or city. *Ceyx* thus replies:
Our hospitable bounty open lies
To men of vulgar rank: what ows it then
To your high spirit, so renown'd by men
Of monumental praise? whose bloud extracts
His source from *Jove*, improved by your acts?
To sue, is times abuse: your worth assures
Your full desires; of all, the choice is yours:
I wish it better. And then wept. The cause
Joves Nephew asks: when, after a short pause;
Perhaps you think this Bird which lives by rape,
To all a terror, ever had that shape.
He was a man; as constant in his mind
As fierce in war, to great attempts inclin'd.
Dædalion nam'd; sprung from that Star which wakes
The dewy Morn; the last that heaven forsakes.
Affected peace I foster'd, with the rites
Of nuptial joys: he joy'd in bloudy fights.
His valor Kingdoms with their Kings subdu'd;
By whom the *Thisbian* Doves are now pursu'd.
His daughter *Chione*, whose beauty drew
A thousand sutors, ripe for marriage grew.

By fortune *Phœbus* and the ſon of *Maia*,
From *Delphos*, and *Cyllene*, came this way:
Here meeting, look, and like. The God of Light
Defers his joy-imbracing hopes till night.
Hermes ill-brooks delay: who on her laid
His drowzy rod, and forc'd the ſleepy Maid.
Night ſpangs the skies with ſtars. An old-wives ſhape
Apollo took, and ſeconds *Hermes* rape.
Now when the fulneſſe of her time drew nigh,
Autolichus was born to *Mercury*.
Nor from the Sire the Son degenerates,
Cunning in theft, and wily in all ſleights:
Who could with ſubtilty deceive the ſight;
Converting white to black, and black to white.
To *Phœbus* (for ſhe bears two ſons) belongs
Philammon, famous for his harp, and ſongs.
What is't t' have had two ſons? two Gods t' inflame
A valiant father? *Jupiter* the ſame?
Is glory fatal? ſure 'twas ſo to Her:
Who to *Diana*'s durſt her face confer,
And blame her beauty. With a cruel look,
She ſaid; Our deeds ſhall right us. Forthwith took
Her bow, and bent it; which ſhe ſtrongly drew;
And through her guilty tongue the arrow flew.
It bleeds; of ſpeech and ſound at once bereft:
And life, with bloud, her falling body left.
What grief (O Piety!) oppreſt my heart!
What ſaid I not, t' aſſwage my brothers ſmart!
Who hears me ſo, as rocks the roaring waves
That beats their brows; and for his Daughters raves.
But when he ſaw her burn, four times aſſail'd
To ſack the flamy Pile: as often fail'd.
Then turns his heels to flight (much like a Bull
By Hornets ſtung) whom ſcratching brambles pull:
Yet ſeem'd to run far faſter then a man,
As if his feet had wings; and all out-ran.
Who ſwift in chaſe of wiſhed death, aſcends
Parnaſſus top. As he his body bends
To jump from down-right cliffs, compaſſionate
Apollo, with light wings, prevents his fate:
With beak and tallons arm'd; with ſtrength repleat
Above his ſize: his courage ſtill as great.
This Falcon, friend to none, all fowl purſu'th:
And grieving, is the cauſe of common ruth.

As Ceyx thus his brothres change relates:
Phocean Anetor rusheth through the gates;
(Who kept the Herd) and cry'd (half out of breath)
Peleus, I bring thee news of loss and death.
Report, said *Peleus*, we are bent to bear
The worst of fortunes. While the King with fear
Hangs on his tongue. He panting, still afear'd:
To winding shoars we drave the weary Herd.
When *Phœbus* from the heighth of all the sky,
The East and West beheld with equal eye.
A part on yellow sands their limbs display,
And from their Rest the wavy fields survey:
While other slowly wander here and there:
Some swim in Seas, and lofty fore-heads rear.
A Fane, undeckt with gold, or *Parean* stone,
Of blocks adjoins; within a grove o're-grown.
This the *Nereides* and *Nereus* hold:
By Sea-men, who there dry'd their nets, so told.
Near it, a Marish, thick with Sallow, stood;
Made plashy by the interchanging flood.
A Wolf, a monstrous beast; with hideous noise
That frights the confines from those thickets flies.
His lightning jaws with bloud and foam besmear'd:
In whose red eyes two darting flames appear'd.
Though fell with rage and famine; yet his rage
More greedy far: nor hunger seek t' asswage
With bloud of Beeves, and so surcease; but all
He meets with, wounds; insulting in their fall.
Nor few of us, while we his force withstood,
Fell by his cruel phangs. The shoar with bloud,
With bloud the Sea-brim blusht, and bellowing Lakes.
Delay is loss; who doubts, himself forsakes.
Arm, arm, while something yet is left to lose:
And joining force, this mortal plague oppose.
The Herdsman ends. Nor did this loss incense
Æacides; remembring his offence:
Born, as the justice of sad *Psamathe*,
To celebrate her *Phocus* Obsequie.
The King commands his men to arm: provides
To go in person. Busie rumor guides
This to *Alcyone*: her passion bare
Her swiftly thither; running with her hair
Half uncompos'd; and, that disordering, clung
About her neck: then weeps; and with a tongue

That

That scarce could speak, intreats, that they alone
Might go; nor hazard both their lives in one,
To whom *Æacides*: Fair Queen forbear
(Too much your bounty flows) your virtuous fear.
No force avails in such extreams as these:
'Tis pray'r that must the Sea-thron'd Power appease.
A lofty Tower within a fortress stood;
A friend to wandring ships that plow the flood;
They this ascend; and sighing, see the shoar
With cattel strew'd; the Spoiler drencht in gore.
Here *Pelem* fixt on Seas, with knees that bend,
B'ue *Psamathe*, implores, at length to end.
The justice of her wrath. She from his speech
Diverts her ears: till *Thetis* did beseech,
And got her husbands pardon: nor yet could
The salvage Wolf from thirst of bloud withhold;
Till the the beast, as he an Heifer slew,
Transform'd to Marble; differing but in hue:
All else intire. The color of the stone
Shews him no Wolf: now terrible to none.
Yet fate would not permit *Æacides*
To harbor here; nor found in exile ease;
Till at *Magnesia*, in an happy time
Acastus purg'd him from his bloudy crime.
Mean-while perplext with former prodigies,
Both of his neece and brother; to advise
With sacred Oracles, the joys of men,
Ceyx prepares for *Claros*. *Phœbus* then,
With his *Phlegian* host, alike prophane,
The passage stopt to *Delphian Phœbus* Fane.
Yet first to thee his secret purpose told,
Faith-crown'd *Alcyone*. An inward cold
Shot through her bones: her changing face appears
As pale as box, bedewed with her tears.
Thrice strove to speak, thrice weeps through dear con-
straint:
Sobs interrupting her divine complaint.
What fault of mine, my Life, hath chang'd thy mind?
Where is that love that late so clearly shin'd?
Canst thou thy self enjoy, from me remov'd?
Do long ways please? is now my absence lov'd?
Yet didst thou go by land, I should alone
Grieve without fear: now both combine in one.
Seas fright me with their tragical aspect:
Of late I saw them on the shoar eject

There ſcattered wracks: and often have I read
Sad names on ſepulchers that want their dead.
Nor let falſe hopes thy confidency pleaſe;
In that my father, great *Hippotades*,
The ſtrugling winds in rocky caverns keeps:
And at his pleaſure calms the raging Deeps.
They, once broke looſe, ſubmit to no command;
But rage through all the Sea, on all the Land;
Perplex the clouds, with ſtern encounters roar,
And ſtrike forth flames. I fear, by knowledg, more.
Theſe knew I, and oft ſaw their rude comport;
While yet a Girl, within my fathers Court:
But if my prayer no favor can procure;
And that, alas, thy going be too ſure;
Take me along: let both one fortune bear;
Then ſhall I onely what I ſuffer fear.
Together ſail we on the toiling Main:
And equally what'ever hap ſuſtain.
Thus ſpake *Alcyone*: whoſe ſorrows melt
Her ſtar-like Spouſe; nor he leſs paſſion felt.
Yet neither would his firſt intent forſake,
Nor her a Partner in his danger make.
Much ſaid he to aſſwage her troubled breſt:
As much in vain. This adds unto the reſt,
(Which anſwer onely could her paſſion tame)
All ſtay is irkſom; by my fathers Flame,
I ſwear, if fate permit, return I will
E're twice the Moon her ſhining Creſcents fill.
Reviv'd with promiſe of ſo ſhort a ſtay:
He bids them lanch the ſhip without delay,
And fit her tacklings. This renews her fears;
Preſaging ill ſucceſs: abortive tears
Flow from their Springs; then kiſt: a ſad farewel,
Long firſt, at length ſhe takes; and ſwooning, fell.
The Sea-men call aboard: in double ranks
Reduce their oars, up-riſing from their Banks
With equal ſtrokes. She rears her humid eyes,
And firſt her husband on the poop eſpies
Shaking his hand: that, anſwers. Now from ſhoar
The veſſel drives, and thence her object bore.
Her following eies the flying ſhip purſue:
That loſt, the ſails her eager gazes drew.
When all had left her, to her chamber goes;
And on the empty bed her body throws;

The

The bed and place, with tears to mind recal
That abſent part, which gave eſteem to all.
Now far from Port; the winds began to blow
On quivering ſhrouds; their Oars the Sailers ſtow:
Then hoiſe their Yards a trip, and all their ſails
At once let fall to catch th' approaching gales.
The ſhip ſcarce half her courſe, or ſure no more,
By this had run; far off from either ſhoar;
When, deep in night, fierce *Eurus* ſtiffly blew,
And high-wrought Seas with chafing foamy grew.
Strike, ſtrike the Top-ſail, let the Main-ſhear fly,
And furl your Sails, the Maſter cry'd; his cry
The bluſtring winds and roaring Seas ſuppreſs:
Yet of their own accord in this diſtreſs
They ply their tasks: ſome ſieling yards beſtride
And take-in Sails; ſome ſtop on either ſide
The yawning leaks; ſome Seas on Seas eject.
While thus Diſorder toils to ſmall effect,
The bitter ſtorm augments; the wild winds wage
War from all parts, and join with *Neptunes* rage.
The Maſter, loſt in terror, neither knew
The ſtate of things, what to command, or do;
Confeſſing ignorance; ſo huge a maſs
Of ills oppreſs! which ſlighted Art ſurpaſs.
Loud cries of men reſound; with ratling throuds,
Floods juſtling floods, and thunder-crashing clouds.
Now toſſing Seas appear to touch the ſky,
And wrap their curls in clouds, frothi with their ſpry:
The ſand now from the bottom lave, and take
Their ſwarter die; now black, as *Stygian* lake;
Sometimes depreſt, with hiſſing foam all white,
The *Trachin* ſhip ſuch horrid changes fright.
Which now, as from a mountain rockt with ſtaw,
Views under-vales, and *Acherons* dark jaws:
Now head-long with the tumbling billows fell;
And Heaven ſurveys from that low depth of Hell;
Her wave-beat ſides an hideous noiſe report:
As when a battering Ram beats down a Fort.
As chafed Lions, whom no terrors fright,
Ruſh on extended ſteel with horrid might:
So Seas invade with ſtorm-imbaſted power
The ſhips defence; and o're her hatches tower.
Her yielding p'anks now ſpring: ſtern *Neptune* raves,
Charging her breaches with his deadly waves.

The prodigal clouds in ſhowers their ſubſtance ſpend,
Ambitious Seas to gloomy heaven aſcend;
All heaven deſcending to the lofty Main:
At leaſt ſo ſeem. Sails ſuck the falling rain;
Show'rs join with floods. No friendly ſtar now ſhone:
Blind Night in darkneſs, tempeſts, and her own
Dread terrors loſt: theſe horrid lightning turns
To light more fear'd; the Sea with lightning burns.
Now vaulting floods her upper deck oppreſt.
And as a Souldier, braver then the reſt,
Tempting to ſcale the walls with loſs aſſays,
At length enjoys his hopes; and ſo'r'd with praiſe,
Among a thouſand onely ſtands the ſhock:
So, while aſſailing waves the veſſel rock,
The tenth bold billow ruſheth in, nor ſinks
Until the ſhip beneath his fury ſhrinks.
Thoſe Seas, without, the laboring Bark aſſail:
Theſe ſack her hold. All tremble and look pale;
As at a ſiege, when foes enforce a wall;
While ſome within to execution fall.
Art fails, hearts ſink: on every riſing wave
Death ſits in triumph: and preſents a grave.
He weeps; he ſtands amaz'd; he calls them bleſt,
Whom funerals grace: he vows to heaven addreſt,
Looking at what he ſees not, and beſought
The Gods in vain: he on his parents thought,
His children, houſe, and what he left behind.
Alcyone poſſeſt all *Ceyx* mind;
Her onely names; now in her abſence joy'd,
Whoſe preſence was in heaven: and had employ'd
His eyes laſt duty, to deſcry the way
To her abode, but knew not where it lay.
The giddy Seas ſo whirl, ſuch pitchy clouds
Obſcure the ſky, Night, two-fold darkneſs ſhrouds.
Loud-bowling whirlwinds over-board now bore
The ſhivered Maſt; and now the Rudder tore.
A billow, with theſe ſpoil's encourag'd, raves;
Who Victor-like contemns the under-waves:
Nor lighter falls, then if ſome God had torn
Pindus and *Athos* from their roots, up-born
As high as heaven, and tumbled on the Main.
Nor could the ſhip ſuch force and weight ſuſtain:
But to the bottom ſinks. Moſt of her men
The Seas infold; who never ſeen again,

Accom-

Accomplished their fates: while others swim
On scattered planks, a plank upholding Him
Who late a Sceptre held. His father in-law,
And father, now invokes: but could not draw
(Alas!) from either succor. Still his Wife
Runs in his thoughts, in that short span of life
He wisht the waves would cast him on the sands
Of *Trachis*, to be buried by her hands.
Who swimming, sighs *Alcyone* her name
His last of speech; in Seas conceives the same.
Behold, an arch of waters, black as hell,
Asunder breaks: the breaking surges quell
Their sinking Burden. *Lucifer* that night
Became obscure; nor could you see his light.
And since he might not render up his place,
With pitchy clouds immur'd his darkned face.
Mean-while *Alcyone* (his fate unknown)
Computes the tedious nights; by day wrought on
A garment for her Lord; another makes
To wear her self: whose flattering hopes mistakes
In his return. Who holy fumes presents
To all the Gods; but most of all frequents
The Fane of *Juno*: at her altars pray'd
For him that was not. Grant success! (she said)
A quick return! Give he our right to none!
Of all her prayers the last succeds alone.
The melting Goddess could no longer brook
Her death-croft prayers; but from her altar shook
Her tainted hand; and thus to *Iris* spake:
Hast faithful Messenger, thy journey take.
To drowzy *Sleeps* dim palace: bid him send
A dream, that may present the woful end
Of *Ceyx* to *Alcyone*. This said;
She, in a thousand-colored robe array'd,
Her ample Bow from heaven to earth extends:
And in a cloud to his abode descends.
Near the *Cimmerians* lurks a Cave, in steep
And hollow hills; the Mansion of dull *Sleep*:
Not seen by *Phœbus* when he mounts the skies,
At height, nor stooping: gloomy mists arise
From humid earth, which still a twilight make:
No crested fowls shrill crowings here awake;
The chearful Morn: no barking Sentinel
Here guards; nor geese, who wakeful dogs excel,

Beasts tame, nor salvage; no wind-shaken boughs,
Nor strife of jarring tongues, with noises rouze
Secured Ease. Yet from the Rock a Spring,
With streams of *Lethe* softly murmuring,
Purls on the Pebbles, and invites Repose.
Before the Entry pregnant Poppy grows,
With numerous Simples; from whose juicy birth
Night gathers sleep, and sheds it on the Earth.
No doors here on their creeking hinges jarr'd:
Through-out this Court there was no door, nor guard.
Amid the *Heben* Cave a downy bed
High-mounted stands, with sable coverings spred.
Here lay the lazy God, dissolv'd in rest.
Fantastick dreams, who various storms expresst,
About him lay: then Autumn's ear far more;
Or leaves of trees, or sands on *Neptunes* shoar.
The Virgin entring, parts the obvious Dreams:
And fi'l the sacred Concave with the beams
Of her bright robe. The God with strife disjoins
His sieled lids; again his head declines,
And knocks his chin against his breast. Anon
Sleep casts off sleep; and softly leaning on
His elbow, asketh (for he knew her) why
She thither came? when *Iris* made reply;
Thou Rest of things, most meek of all the Gods;
O *Sleep*, the Peace of minds, from whose abodes
Care ever flies; restoring the decay
Of toil-tir'd Limbs to labor-burd'ning Day:
Send thou a Dream, resembling truth, in post
T' *Herculean Trachis*; that like *Ceyx* Ghost,
May to *Alcyone* his wrack unfold,
Saturnia this commands. Her message told,
Iris with-drew; who could the power of Sleep
Resist no longer. When she found it creep
Upon her yielding senses, thence she flies:
And by her painted Bow remounts the skies.
The Sire among a thousand sons, excites
Shape-feigning *Morpheus*: of whose brother Sprights
None (bid t' assume) with subtler cunning can
Usurp the gesture, visage, voice of man,
His habit, and known phrase. He onely takes
An humane form: Another shews a Snakes,
A Birds, a Beasts. This *Icelos* they call,
Whom heaven imbow'r; though *Phobetor* byll

Of

Of mortal birth. Next *Phantasus*; but he,
Of different faculty induces a tree.
Earth, water, stone, the several shapes of things
That life enjoy not. These appear to Kings,
And Princes in deep night: the rest among
The vulgar stray. Of all the airy throng
Their aged father onely *Morpheus* chose
To act *Thaumantia*'s charge. His eyes then close
Their drowzy lids, and hanging down his head,
Oppress with slumber, shrinks into his bed.
His noiseless wings by night flie *Morpheus* strains;
And with the swiftnesse of a thought, attains
Th' *Æmonian* towers; then laid them by, and took
The form of *Ceyx*. With a pallid look
He naked stood, like one depriv'd of life,
Before the bed of his unhappy Wife:
His beard all wet, the hair upon his head
With water dropt; who leaning on her bed,
Thus spake; while tears from seeming passion flow.
Dost thou, O wretched Wife, thy *Ceyx* know?
Or am I chang'd in death? look on the Lost;
And for thy husband thou shalt see his Ghost.
Thy pious prayers no favor could obtain:
Lo, I am drown'd, no longer hope in vain.
Cloud-crushing South-winds in *Ægæum* caught
Our ravisht ship, and wrackt her with her fraught:
My voice the floods oppress, while on thy name
I vainly call'd. This, neither wandring Fame,
Nor doubtful author tells: this I relate,
I, that there perisht by untimely fate.
Arise, weep, put on black: not undeplor'd
For pity send me to the *Stygian* Ford.
To this he adds a voice, such as she knew
Express her Lords; with tears appearing true,
And gesture of his hand. She sigh'd and wept;
Stretcht out her arms t' imbrace him as she slept,
But clasp't the empty air. Then cry'd, O stay!
Ah, whither wilt thou! Let us go one way.
Wak'd with his voice, and husbands ghost; with fear
She looks about for that which was not there.
For now the maids, rais'd with her shrieks, had brought
A taper in. Not finding what she sought,
She strikes her cheeks, her nightly linen tare,
Invades her breast; nor stays t' unbind her hair,

But

But tugs it off. Her Nurse the cause demands
Of such a violence. She wrings her hands,
And in the passion of her grief reply'd:
There's no *Alcyone*; none, none! she dy'd:
Together with her *Ceyx*. Silent be
All sounds of comfort. Those, these eyes did see
My shipwrackt Lord: I knew him; and my hands
Thrust forth t'have held him, but no mortal bands
Could force his stay. A Ghost: yet manifest:
My husbands Ghost: which, O but ill expresst
His form and beauty, late divinely rare!
Now pale, and naked, with yet-dropping hair.
Here stood the miserable; in this place:
Here, here (and sought his airy steps to trace.)
O this my sad miss-giving soul divin'd;
When thou forsook'st me to pursue the wind.
But since imbarqu'd for death, would I with thee.
Had put to Sea: an happy fate for me!
Then both together all the time assign'd
For life had liv'd; nor in our death disjoin'd.
Now here, I perisht there: on that Profound
Poor I was wrackt: yet thou without me drown'd.
O I, then floods more cruel; should I strive
To lengthen life, and such a grief survive!
Nor will I, nor forsake thee, nor defer.
Though one Urn hold not both, one sepulcher
Shall join our titles: though thy bones from mine
The Seas dissever, yet our names shall join.
Grief chok'd the rest. Sobs every accent part:
And sighs ascend from her astonisht heart.
Day springs: She to the shoar addrest her hast,
Even to that place from whence she saw him last.
And while she sadly utters, here he stay'd;
Here parting kist me; from thence anchor weigh'd;
While she such sighs recals; her steady eyes
Fixt on a Sea, far off she something spies;
But knows not what: yet like a corse. First she
Doth doubt: driven nearer (though not near) might see
A body plainly. Though unknown, yet much
The Omen mov'd her, since his fate was such.
Poor wretch, who e're thou art; and such (she said)
Thy Wife (if wed) by thee a widow made!
By floods driven nearer; the more near, the more
Her spirits faint; now nigh th'adjoining shoar.

She

She ſees now what ſhe knows; her husbands Corſe.
Woe's me! 'tis He, ſhe cries! at once by force.
Her face, hair, habit: trembling hands extends
To ſoul-leſs *Ceyx* and then ſaid: Here ends
My laſt of hopes: thus, O then life more dear;
O Husband, thus return'ſt thou! Art a Peer;
Had ſtretcht into the ſurges; which with-ſtood,
Which brake the firſt incurſion of the flood.
Thither forth-with (O wonderful!) ſhe ſprings;
Beating the paſſive air with new-grown wings,
Who, now a bird, the waters ſummit rakes
About ſhe flies, and full of ſorrow, makes
A mournful noiſe; lamenting her divorce:
Anon ſhe toucht his dumb and bloudleſs Corſe:
With ſtretching wings imbrac't her periſht bliſs;
And gave his colder lips a heatleſs kiſs.
Whether he felt it, or the floods his look
Uprais'd, the vulgar doubt: yet ſure he took
Senſe from her touch. The Gods commiſerate:
And change them both, obnoxious to like fate.
As late, they love: their nuptial faiths they ſhew,
Now little birds; engender, parents grow,
Seven Winter dayes with peaceful calms poſſeſt,
Alcyon ſits upon her floating neſt.
Then ſafely ſail; then *Æolis* incaves
For hir, the windes, and ſmoothes the ſtooping waves.
Some old man ſeeing theſe their pinions move
O'r broad-ſpread Seas, extolls their endleſs love.
By theirs, a neighbor, or himſelf, revives
An others fate. Yon' fable fowl that dives;
(And therewith ſhewes the wide-mouth'd Cormorant)
Of royal parentage may alſo vant.
Whoſe anceſtors from *Tros* their branches ſpred;
Ilus, *Aſſaracus*, *Joves Ganimed*,
Laomedon, and *Priamus* the laſt
That raign'd in *Troy*: to *Hector* (who ſurpaſt
In fortitude) a brother. If by power
Of Fate unchanged in his youths firſt flower,
He might perhaps as great a name have won,
Though *Hector* were great *Dymas* daughters ſon.
For *Alixothoe*, a countrey Maid,
Bare *Æſacus* by ſtealth in *Idas* ſhade.
He, hating Cities, and the diſcontents
Of glittering Courts; the lonely Woods frequents.

And

And unambitious fields; but made repair
To *Ilium* rarely: yet, he debonair,
Nor unexpugnable to love. Who spide
Eperia, oft desir'd, *Cebren's* side
(Her fathers river) drying in the Sun
Her flowing hair. Away the Nymph did run,
Swift as a frighted Hind the Wolf at hand;
Or like a fearful fowl thrust over-land
Beneath a Falcon. He pursues the chace:
Fear wings her feet, and love enforc't his pace.
Behold; a lurking Viper in this strife,
Seiz'd on her heel; suppressing flight with life,
Frantick, his trembling arms the dead include:
Who cry'd, Alas that ever I pursu'd!
I fear'd not this; nor was the victory
Worth such a loss. Ay me! two, one destroy.
They wound the Serpent. I th' occasion gave:
I, O more wicked; yet thy death shall have
My life for satisfaction. There-with flung
His body from a cliff which over-hung
The undermining Seas. His falling limbs
Upheld by *Tethys* pity; as he swims
With feathers cloth'd, nor power of dying gives.
To be compel'd, to live the Lover grieves:
Disdaining that his soul, so well apaid
To leave her wretched seat, should thus be staid.
And mounting on new wings, again on Seas
His body throws: the fall his feathers ease.
With that, enrag'd, into the deep he dives:
And still to drown himself as vainly strives.
Love makes him lean. A long neck doth sustain
His sable head; long-jointed legs remain.
Nor ever the affected Seas forsakes;
And now a suted name from diving takes.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE TWELFTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

A Snake-like Stone. Cycnus *a Swan;*
Cænus *the Maid, now* Cænus *and a Man*
Becomes a Fowl. Neleius *varies ſhapes:*
At laſt an Eagle, nor Alcides ſcapes.

OLD *Priam* mourns for *Æſacus*, nor knew
That he ſurviv'd, and with light feathers flew.
While *Hector* and his brethren dues, with tears,
Pay to the tomb which his inſcription bears.
But *Paris*, abſent from that obſequy,
Straight with his Rape, brought ten years war to *Troy*.
A thouſand ſhips, in one confederate,
Purſue his ſtealth, with all the *Achaian* State.
Nor vow'd revenge ſo long had been delaid,
If wrathful ſeas had not their paſſage ſtaid:
At fiſhy *Aulis*, in *Bœotia*,
Their wind-bound Navy in expectance lay.
Here (as of old) to *Jove* they ſacrifice.
While from the antique altar flames ariſe,
A blew ſcal'd Dragon, in the Armies view,
Aſcends a tree, which near the Altar grew.
A Neſt there was upon an upper bough,
With twice four Birds: theſe, and their Dam (which
Flutter'd about her young) the greedy Snake (now
At length devour'd. This all with wonder ſtrake.

When

When *Chalchas* cry'd (who could the truth divine)
Rejoyce, *Pelasgans*, 'tis a happy sign!
Proud *Troy* shall fall; though with long toyl and care,
These thrice three birds, thrice three years war declare.
She wound about a bough, gorg'd with her rape,
Became a stone, that held a Serpents shape.
Still *Nereus* in *Aonian* surges raves,
Nor war transfers. Some think the God of waves
Would *Troy* preserve, and save the wall's he made.
Thestorides dissents, who knew and said,
A virgins bloud must *Dian'* reconcile.
Now did the publick cause the private foil.
A King a father, *Iphigenia* stood
Before the Altar to reign her bloud.
The Priest then wept, so pity did subdue
The Goddess, who a cloud about her threw,
And while they prosecute her Rites, and pray'd
Produc't a Hinde to represent a Maid.
When fitter sacrifice had dull'd her rage,
Her fury and the Seas, at once asswage.
A forewinde then their thousand Vessels bore;
Who, suffering much, attain the *Phrygian* shore.
Amid the world, between Air, Earth, and Seas,
A place there is, the confines to all these.
Where all that's done, though far remov'd appear,
And every whisper penetrates the ear.
The house of *Fame*, who in the highest tower
Her lodging takes. To this capacious bower
Innumerable ways conduct, no way
Barr'd up, the doors stand open night and day.
All built of ringing brass, through-out resounds,
Things heard reports, and every word rebounds,
No rest within, no silence, yet the noise
Not loud, but like the murmuring of a voice.
Such as from far by rowling billows sent,
Or as *Jove* fainting thunder almost spent.
Hither the idle Vulgar come and go,
Millions of Rumors wander too and fro,
Lyes mixt with truths, in words that vary still.
Of these, with news unknowing ears some fill;
Some carry tales, all in the telling grows,
And every Author adds to what he knows.
Here dwels rash Error, light Credulity,
Dejected Fear, and vainly grounded Joy,

New

New rais'd Sedition, ſecret Whiſperings
Of unknown Authors, and of doubtful things.
All done in Heaven, Earth, Ocean, Fame ſurviews:
And through the ample world inquires of news.
She notice gave, how with a dreadful hoaſt
The *Grecian* Navy ſteered for their coaſt.
Nor unexpected came: the *Trojans* bend.
Their powers t' encounter, and their ſhores defend.
Firſt thou thy life, *Protefilaus*, loſt
By *Hectors* fatal Lance; the battel coſt
The *Greeks* much noble bloud: ſo clearly ſhone
Their fortitudes: great *Hector* yet unknown.
Nor no ſmall ſtreams of bloud their valours drew
From *Phrygian* wounds, who felt what *Greece* could do,
And now their mingled gores *Sigæum* ſtain:
Now *Neptunes Cyenus* had a thouſand ſlain,
Now on the Foe the fierce *Achilles* flew;
And with his Lance whole ſquadrons overthrew:
Seeking for *Cyenus*, or for *Hector*, round
About the field; at length brave *Cyenus* found
(For *Jove* nine years great *Hectors* life ſuſtains.)
Cheering his horſes with the flaxen mains,
His thundring charriot drives againſt his foe,
And ſhakes his trembling Lance: about to throw;
O youth, he ſaid, what ere thou art, rejoyce:
Achilles honours thee with death. His voice
His ſpear purſues; the ſteel no wound impreſt, (breſt,
Though ſtrongly thrown. When, bounding from his
He ſaid, Thou Goddeſs-born. Fame bruits thee ſuch;
Why wondreſt thou? (*Achilles* wondred much)
This helm with horſe-hair deckt, this ſhield I bear,
Defend not me: for faſhion theſe I wear.
So *Mars* his perſon arms. Should I diſplay
My naked breaſt, thy force could finde no way.
The grace to be *Nereis* ſon is ſmall.
This, who *Nereis*, who his Nymphs, who all
The Ocean guides: Then at *Achilles* threw
His Lance, that pierc't his plated ſhield, and through
Nine Ox-hides ruſht: the tenth did it reſtrain.
The Heroe caught it, and retorts again
The ſinging ſteel; again it gave no wound.
The third aſſay no better entrance found,
Though *Cyenus* bar'd his boſom to the blow.
He rages like a Bull in Circian ſhew;

Whoſe

Whose dreadful horns the scarlet, which provokes
His fury, toss with still deluded stroke:
Then searches if the head were off; that on:
What, is my hand, said he, so feeble grown?
On one is all my vigor spent? my power
Was more, when first I raz'd *Lyrnessus* tower:
When *Tenedos Eetian Thebes*, were filld
With bloud of theirs, by my encounters spild.
The red *Caycus* slaughtred natives dyde:
Twice *Telephus* my javelin powerful tryde.
Behold these heaps of bodies! these I slew:
Much could my hand have done! as much can do.
This said, his former deeds almost suspects,
And at *Menetes* breast his aim directs.
(A *Lycian* of mean rank) the thrilling dart
Quite through his faithless curass pierc't his heart:
Whose dying body struck the groaning ground.
Snatching the weapon from the reeking wound;
This hand, he said, this now victorious Lance
Shall urge thy fate: assist me equal chance!
With that, th' unerring dart at *Cycnus* flung,
Th' unevitated on his shoulder rung;
Which like a Rock the Lance repeld again:
Yet where it hit, it left a purple stain;
By vainly glad *Æacides* descry'd:
He woundless: this *Menetes* bloud had dy'd.
Then roaring, from his chariot leaps; and made
A horrid on-set with his flaming blade:
Who breaches in his Helm and shield beheld;
Yet he secure: his skin the steel repeld.
Now all impatient, with the Hilt his Foe's
Hard front invades with thick redoubled blows:
Prest on as he gave back, pursues, insists;
Nor lets the astonisht breathe. He faints; blew mists
Swim over his dim eyes: whose backward steps
A Stone with-stood, On whom *Achilles* leaps
With all his strength, and *Cycnus* up-ward cast
On sounding earth: there held the Heroe fast.
Then sets his shield and knees upon his brest;
And, drawing hard his Helmet strings, oppresst
His grasping jaws: the breathing path and way
Of life shuts up. About t' unarm his prey,
The body mist. To a Fowl as white as snow
By *Neptune* chang'd; whom by that name we know.

This

This toil, this fight gave many days of rest;
And either part from deeds of arms surceast.
While on their walls the watchful *Phrygians* ward,
And while the watchful *Greeks* their trenches guard,
A feast was kept: wherein *Æacides*,
For *Cycnus* death with Heifers bloud did please
Propitious *Pallas*. When the entrals laid
On burning altars, to the Gods convaid
An acceptable smell: a part addrest
To sacred use; the board receiv'd the rest.
Down lay the Heroes, fed on roasted flesh,
And generous wines their cares and thirst refresh.
Nor musick now, nor songs their ears delight;
But in discourse consume the shortned night.
The subject, Valour: of the valour shown
By their couragious foes, and of their own.
Promiscuously of passed dangers tell,
And former enterprizes. What so well
Could great *Achilles* speak of? or what were
A fitter theam for great *Achilles* ear?
Then spake he of his Conquest, in the fall
Of noble *Cycnus*: wondred at by all,
That weapons had no power to penetrate
His woundless body, which could steel rebate.
This the *Pelasgans*, this *Æacides*
Himself admires. When *Nestor* said to these:
Cycnus is he, who in your age alone
Contemned steel, and could be hurt by none.
I saw *Perrhæbian Cæneus* once indure
A thousand strokes; yet he from wounds secure.
Perrhæbian Cæneus, excellent in deeds,
On *Othrys* dwelt: and what belief exceeds,
A Woman born. This prodigy begets
Their greater wonder. Every one entreats
Achilles thus: Divinely eloquent;
O thou the wisdom of our age; consent
To our desires; for all desires the same:
Of *Cæneus* tell; how he a man became;
In what contention, or what battel known;
By whom, if so by any, overthrown.
Then He: Though age impair my memory,
And much beheld in youth my knowledge flye,
I much remember: yet, of all that are
Among so many acts of peace and war.

None

None deeper is imprinted in my brain.
And if the length of time not spent in vain
Can many accidents to knowledge give;
Two Ages finisht, in the third I live.
Not all the Virgins that *Thessalia* bare,
With *Elatcian Cænis* could compare,
For beauty. From the Cities bordering,
And those, *Æacides*, which call thee King
(For she her birth to your *Æmonia* ought)
A world of Lovers her affection sought.
And *Peleus* too perhaps had woo'd her bed;
But that already to thy mother wed,
Or else assur'd. *Cænis* still forbore
All nuptial ties. As on the secret shore
She walkt alone, the Sea-god her dissent
Enforc't to Rape: for so the rumor went.
Rapt with the joy of loves first tasted fruit;
All shall, said *Neptune*, to thy wishes sute;
Wish what thou wilt. So Fame the story told.
My wrong, said *Cænis*, makes my wishes bold:
That never like enforcement may befall:
Be I no woman; and thou giv'st me all.
Her latter words a deeper voice express,
Much like a mans: for now it prov'd no less.
The Sea-god had assented to her will:
And further adds, that steel should neither kill
Nor wound his person. Young *Aiacides*
Departs; rejoycing in such gifts as these:
Who great in every manly vertue grows;
And haunts the fields through which *Penæus* flows.
The son of bold *Ixion* now had wed
Hippodame: the salvage Centaures, bred
Of clasped Clouds, his invitation grac't;
In shady bowers at sundry tables plac't.
There were th' *Æmonian* Princes; there was I:
The Palace rung with our confused joy.
They *Hymen* sing; the Altars fume with flames:
Forth came th' admired Bride with troops of Dames.
We call *Perithous* happy in his choice:
But scarce maintain the Omen of that voice.
For *Eurytus*, more heady then the rest,
Foul rapine harbours in his salvage brest;
Incenst by beauty, and the heat of wine:
Lust and Ebriety in out-rage join.

Straight

Straight, turn'd-up boords the feast prophane: the faire
And tender spouse now haled by the hair.
Fierce *Eurytus Hippodame*; all took,
Their choice, or whom they could: sackt Cities look
With such a face, The women shreek: we rise.
When *Theseus* first; O *Eurytus*, unwise!
Dar'st thou offend *Perithous* as long
As *Theseus* lives? in one to suffer wrong
The great-sould *Heroe*, not to boast in vain,
Breaks through the throng, and from his fierce disdain
The Rape repriz'd. He no reply affords;
Such facts could not be justifi'd by words:
But with his fists the brave redeemer prest;
Assails his face, and strikes his generous brest.
Not far off stood an antique Goblet, wrought
With high-rais'd figures: this *Ægides* caught;
Hurld at the face of *Eurytus*: a flood
Of reeking wine, of brains, and clotted blood,
At once he vomits from his mouth and wound;
And falling backward, kicks the stained ground.
The Centaures, frantick for their brothers death,
Arm, arm, resound, with one exalted breath.
Wine courage gives. At first an uncouth flight
Of Flagons, Pots, and Boles, began to fight:
Late fit for banquets, now for bloud and broyls,
First *Amycus*, *Ophions* issue, spoils
The sacred places of their gifts; who ramps
Tears down a brazen Cresset stuck with Lamps:
This swings aloft, as when a white-hair'd Bull
The Sacrificer strikes; which crusht the skull
Of *Celadon* the *Lapithite*, and left
His face unknown; confusion form bereft.
Out start his eyes; his batter'd nose betwixt
His shiver'd bones flat to his pallat fixt.
Pellæan Pelades, a tressel tore
That propt the boord, and feld him to the flore.
He knocks his chin against his breast, and spude
Bloud mixt with teeth. A second blow pursude
The first; and sent his vexed soul to hell.
Next *Grynens* stood; his looks with vengeance swell:
Serves this, said he, for nothing? wherewith rais'd
A-loft a mighty altar: as it blaz'd,
Among the *Lapithites* his burden threw;
Which *Broteas*, and the bold *Orion* slew.

Orions

Orions mother *Mycale*, with fear
Could pale the Moon, and hale her from her ſphear.
Exadius cry'd: Nor ſhalt thou ſo depart
Had I a weapon. Of a voted Hart
The Antlers from a Pine he puls; they fix
Their forks in *Gryneus* darkned eyes: one ſticks
Upon the horn, the other in thick gore
Hung on his beard. A fire-brand *Rhœtus* bore,
Snatcht from the Altar; and *Chœraxus* head
Crackt through the skull, with yellow-treſſes ſpred.
The rapid flame his blazing curls ſurround,
Like corn on fire; bloud broyling in his wound
Horribly hiſſes: as red Steel that gloes
With fervent blaſts, which pliant tongues diſpoſe
To quenching cool-troughs, ſputters, ſtrives, conſumes
And hiſſing under heated water, fumes.
The wounded from his ſinged treſſes ſhakes
The greedy flame; and on his ſhoulders takes
A ſtone torn from the threſhold, which alone
Would load a Wain, at diſtant *Rhœtus* thrown.
This, falling ſhort, *Cometes* life invades:
And ſent his friend to everlaſting ſhades.
When *Rhœtus*, laughing may you all abound
In ſtrength ſo try'd; and aggravates his wound
By blows redoubled, with his burning brand.
Cruſht bones now ſink in brains. Then turns his hand;
On *Coritus*, *Evagrus*, *Dryas* flew:
Who *Coritus*, a youth, too timely flew.
What glory can the ſlaughter of a Boy
Afford, *Evagrus* ſaid? nor more could ſay,
For *Rhœtus* e're his jaws together came;
Hid in his throat and breſt the choking flame.
Then whisks the brand about his brows: aſſails
The valiant *Dryas*; but no more prevails:
For through his ſhoulder, who hath triumpht long
In daily ſlaughter, *Dryas* fixt his Prong.
Who groaning, tugs it out with all his might:
And ſoil'd with bloud, now ſaves himſelf by flight,
So *Lycidas Arnæus*, *Medon* (red
With his own bloud) *Priſenor*, *Caumus*, fled:
Wound-tardy *Mermerus*, late ſwift of pace;
Menelaus, *Pholus*, *Abas*, us'd to chace
The Bore; and *Aſtylos*, who fates fore-knew:
Who vainly bad his friends that war eſchue;

And

And ſaid to frighted *Neſſus*, Fly not ſo;
Thou art reſerv'd for great *Alcides* bow.
But yet *Eurynomus*, nor *Lycidas*,
Areus, nor *Imbreus*, unſlaughtred paſs:
All ſlain by *Dryas* hand. Thee *Caneus* too,
Though turn'd about to fly, a forewound-ſlue:
For looking back; the point between his ſights,
There, where the noſe joyns with the forehead, lights.
Unwakened with the tumult of this fray,
Diſſolv'd in death-like ſleep, *Aphidus* lay
Upon a Bears rough hide on *Oſſa* kild:
Whoſe lazy hand a mixed goblet held.
Plorbas far off the vainly hurtleſs ſpy'd:
And to the thong his fingers fitting, cry'd,
Thy wine hence-forth with *Stygian* water brew.
This ſaid, at ſlumber-bound *Aphidus* threw
His trembling dart: the ſteeled aſh made way
Through's naked neck, as he ſupinely lay.
Death was unfelt: his full throat voids a flood:
The hide and goblet, drown'd and fild with bloud,
I ſaw *Petræus* tearing from the ground
A well-grown Oak: while he imbrac't it round
With his ſtrong arms, now, this, now that way hal'd,
Perithous to the bole his boſom nail'd.
Stout *Lycus* by *Peritbous*: valour fell:
Perithous valour *Chromis* ſunk to hell.
Theſe leſs the glory of his acts elate
Then *Aclops* death, and *Dictys* ſtranger fate.
His eager Javelin *Helops* temples cleft:
Which at the right ear ruſhed through the left.
But *Dictys* from a broken mountain ſlides,
As he *Ixions* furious ſon avoids,
And head-long fell: his weight aſunder brake
A mighty Aſh, the ſtumps his entrails ſtake,
In ruſht revengeful *Phereus* with a ſtone
Torn from a rock: his mighty elbow-bone
(About to hurl) in ſhivers *Theſeus* crackt:
Nor leiſure had, or further care t' exact
His uſeleſs life, Then nimbly vaults upon
Byanor's back, before beſtir'd by none,
His knees clap to his ſides, his ſhaggy hair
His left hand hales: his eyes, that grimly ſtare
And threaten, cruſhes with his knotty Oak.
Dart fam'd *Lycæſpes*, and *Mediminus* ſtroke

To

To humble earth: ſo *Hippaſus*, whoſe beard
Reacht to his breaſt; and *Riphæus*, who appear'd
More tall then trees; with *Thereus*, who caught
Wild bears on *Othris* heretofore, and brought
Th' enraged purchaſe to his home alive.
Demoleon trets to ſee *Ægides* thrive.
With ſuch ſucceſs; and from the center ſtrives
To tear a Pine; which when he could not, rives
The yielding bole, and darts it at his foe.
Theſeus far off-eſpi'd the deadly throw;
Who by *Minerva*'s counſel (for ſo he
Would have us think) with-drew: and yet the tree
Not idle fell; but *Crantors* ſhoulder, breaſt,
And throat divides; which tortur'd life releaſt
He was (*Æacides*) thy fathers Squire;
Given by ſubdude *Amyntor* to thy ſire
(*Amyntor* the well-train'd *Dolopians* Guide)
In hoſtage for their peace, and faith affide.
When *Peleus* ſaw that ſpectacle of ruth;
Receive, O *Crantor*, O beloved youth,
This ſacrifice, he ſaid: and ſent a dart,
With all the rigor of his hand and heart,
At proud *Demoleon*; which the bones that joyn
His ribs transfixt; and quaver'd in the chine.
His hands from thence the headleſs Javelin pluck,
And hardly that: the head behind it ſtuck.
Anguiſh it ſelf the heat of wrath improves:
He rears afore, and paws him with his hooves.
Who with his ſhield and burganet defends
The ſounding ſtrokes: yet ſtill his ſword extends
And twixt his ſhoulders at one thruſt doth gore
His double breaſts. Yet had he ſlain before
Phlegæus, *Hyles*, with his Lances flight,
Hiphinous and *Danis*, in cloſe fight,
Adds *Dorylas* to theſe, who wore a skull
Of Wolf-skin tan'd, the ſharp horns of a Bull,
Inſtead of other weapon, fixt before,
And dyde in crimſon with *Lapian* gore.
To whom, with courage fir'd I ſaid in ſcorn,
Behold how much our ſteel excels thy horn.
And threw my Lance: not to be ſhun'd, he now
Claps his right hand upon his threatned brow,
Which both together naild. They rore: and while
Th' engaged with his bitter wound doth toyl,

Th

Thy father, who was neereſt, neereſt preſt:
And thruſt his ſword deep in, below his breſt.
He Bounds aloft, on th' earth his bowels trails;
The trailed kicks, the kickt in pieces hales;
Which winding, fetter both his legs and thighes:
So falls; and with a gutleſs belly dies.
Nor thee thy beauty, *Cyllarus*, could ſave:
If ſuch a two-form'd figure beauty have.
His chin began to bud with down of gold;
And golden curls his ivory back infold:
His looks a pleaſing vigor grac't; his breſt,
Hands, ſhoulders, neck, and all that man expreſt,
Surpaſſing arts admired images.
Nor were his beſtial parts a ſhame to theſe;
Add but a horſes head and creſt, he were
For *Caſtors* uſe; his back ſo ſtrong to bear,
So largely cheſted; blacker then the crow:
His tail and feet-locks, white as falling ſnow.
A number of that nation ſought his love;
Whom none but fair *Hylonome* could move:
None for attracting favor ſo excel,
Of all the half-mares that on *Othrys* dwell.
She, by ſweet words, by loving, by conſeſt
Affection, onely *Cyllarus* poſſeſt
With combs ſhe ſmooths her hair; her perſon trims
With all that could be graceful to ſuch limbs.
Of roſes, roſemary, and violets,
And oft of Lillies curious dreſſings pleats,
Twice daily waſht her face in ſprings that fall
From *Pegaſean* Hills; twice daily all
Her body bathes in cleanſing ſtreams and ware
The skins of beaſts, ſuch as were choice and rare,
Which flowing from her ſhoulder croſs her breſt,
Vail her left ſide. Both equal love poſſeſt:
Together on the ſhady mountains ſtray,
In woods and hollow caves together lay:
Then to the palace of the *Lapithite*
Together came; and now together fight:
A javelin from the left hand flung, thy breſt
O *Cyllarus*, beneath thy neck impreſt.
Her heart though ſlightly hurt (the dart out-haſt)
Grew forth-with cold; and all his body pal'd.
Hylonome his dying limbs receives;
Foments his wound, cloſe to his lips ſhe cleaves,

To stay his flying soul. But when she found
Lifes fire extinct; with words in clamour drown'd,
Even on that steel, which through his bosom past,
She threw her own: and him in death imbrac't.
Me thinks I see grim *Phæocomes* yet:
Who with two Lions skins, together knit,
Protects his double form. A log he took,
Which scarce two teems could draw; this darted, strook
The crown of *Phonolenides*; his brains
It through his battered skulls deep crannies strains;
Which from his mouth, eyes, ears, and nostrils gusht,
Like curds through wickar squeas'd; or juyces crusht
Through draining colendars. As he the dead
Prepares t' unarm, my sword his bowels shred.
Your father saw his downfall. *Chthonius* too,
And stout *Telebous* our fawchion slew.
The first a forked branch, the other bore
A lance; the lance this wound had given before;
Whereof you see the ancient scar. Then I,
Then should I have been sent t' have ruin'd *Troy*,
Then might I have restrain'd, if not o'rethrown
Great *Hector*. But, he either then was none,
Or else a child. Now spent with age, I wain.
What speak I of two-shapt *Pyretus* slain
By *Periphas*? Thy dart without a head,
Brave *Ampycus*, tour-hoov'd *Oicles* sped.
Macareus born by *Pelethronian* rocks,
Huge *Erigdupas* with a leaver knocks
To ecchoing earth. His dart *Cymelus* sheath'd
Deep in *Nessus* groyn and life bereav'd.
Nor would you think *Ampycides* alone
Could fate fore-tell; a lance by *Mopsus* thrown
Odites slew: this, as the Centaur rail'd,
His tongue t' his chin, his chin t' his bosom nail'd.
Five *Cæneus* slew; *Bromus*, *Antimachus*,
Ax-arm'd *Pyracmus*, *Helius*, *Stiphelus*.
Although forgetful by what wounds they fell;
Their names, and number, I remember well,
Giant-like *Latreus* lightneth to these broyls;
Arm'd with *Emathian Alesus* spoyls:
His years 'twixt youth and age; nor age impairs.
The strength of youth though sprinkled with gray hairs,
A *Macedonian* spear, a sword, and shield,
Confirm his pride: o'r-views the well-fought field,

Clashes

Claſhes his arms; and trotting in a round,
Enforc'd the air with this diſdaintul ſound.
Shall I indure thee *Cænis*? ſtill to me
Thou art a woman, and ſhalt *Cænis* be.
Thou haſt forgot thy births original,
And for what fact rewarded; by what fall
Advanc't to this man-counterfeiting ſhape.
Think of thy birth; think of thy ealie rape.
Go, take a Spindle and a Diſtaff; twine
The carded wooll; and arms to Men reſign.
While thus he ſcoffs; and circularly ran;
Cæneus his ſides gores with his lance, where Man
And Horſe unite. He, mad with anguiſh, flings
His ſpear at the *Phyllian* youth, which rings
On his unwounded face; and back recoils,
As Pebbles dropt on Drums, or Hail on Tiles.
Then ruſhing on, with thruſts aſſays to wound
His hardned ſides, the ſword no entrance found.
Nor ſhalt thou ſcape; the edg ſhall lance thy throat,
Although the point be dull. This ſaid, and ſmote
At once, The blow, as if on marble, ſounds:
And from his neck the broken blade rebounds.
When he his charmed limbs had open laid
Enough to wounds and wonder, *Cæneus* ſaid,
Now will we try, if thou our ſword canſt feel.
Then 'twixt his ſhoulders thruſt the fatal ſteel
Up to the hilts; which to and fro he waves
Deep in his guts, and wounds on wounds ingraves.
The frighted Centaures with a horrid cry,
On him alone, with all their weapons, fly.
Their Darts rebated, fall, but draw no bloud:
For *Cæneus* ſtill invulnerable ſtood.
This more amaz'd. Ah, *Monychus* exclaims,
One for us all, to all our endleſſe ſhames!
He ſcarce a man! nay he the man, and we
Are what he was: ſo poor our actions be.
What boots our mighty limbs? our double force?
The ſtrongeſt of all creatures, Man and Horſe.
In us by Nature join'd? ſure we are not
A Goddeſs birth; nor by *Ixion* got,
Who durſt the Queen of Deities imbrace:
This half-man conquers his degenerate race.
Stones, maſſie Logs, whole Mountains on him roul;
And with a pile of Trees cruſh out his ſoul.

Let woods oppreſs his jaws: o're-whelm with weight,
In ſtead of idle wounds. Thus he: and ſtraight
An Oak up-rooted by the furious blaſts
Of frantick winds, on valiant *Cæneus* caſts.
Th' example quickly *Othris* diſ-aray'd
Of all his trees; and *Pelion* wanted ſhade.
Preſt with ſo huge a burden, *Cæneus* ſweats:
And to th' o're-whelming Oaks his ſhoulders ſets.
But now the load above his ſtature climbs,
And chokes the paſſage of his breath. Sometimes
He faints; then ſtruggles to advance his crown
Above the Pile, and throw the timber down:
Sometimes the burden with his motion quakes;
As when an Earth-quake high-brow'd *Ida* ſhakes.
His end was doubtful; ſome there be, who tell
How with that weight his body ſunk to Hell;
Mopſus diſſents; who ſaw a fowl ariſe
From thence with yellow wings, and mount the skies;
(The firſt I ever ſaw) which flying round
About our tents, ſent forth a mournful ſound.
This he purſuing with his ſoul and ſight,
Cry'd, Hail thou Glory of the *Lapithite*:
O *Cæneus*, late a man at arms; but now
An un-match fowl! his witneſs all allow.
Grief whets our fury; brooking ill, that one
By ſuch a multitude ſhould be o're-thrown:
And ſorrow ſo long executes the fight,
Till half were ſlain; half ſav'd by ſpeed, and night.
Tlepolemus could not his tongue debar:
Since in the repetition of that war,
Of *Hercules* he had no mention made.
Old man, how can you ſo forget (he ſaid)
Alcides praiſe? my father oft would tell,
How by his hand the Cloud-born Centaurs fell.
To this ſad *Neſtor* anſwer'd: Why ſhould you
Compell me to remember, and renew
My ſorrow loſt in time? or iterate
Your fathers guilt; together with my hate?
His acts tranſcend belief, his high repute
Fill's all the world: which would I could refute,
But not *Polydamas*, *Deiphobus*,
Nor valiant *Hector*, are extol'd by us,
For who commends his foe? *Meſſene*'s walls
He raz'd; Fair *Elis*, *Pylus*, in their falls

Deteſt

Deteſt his fury; Cities which his hate
Had not deſerv'd with them did ruinate
Our Houſe with Sword and fire. Not now to tell
Of others, who by his ſtern out-rage fell;
Twice ſix fair-fam'd *Neleidæ* were we;
Twice ſix *Alcides* ſlew, excepting me.
Others have been ſubdu'd: but more then ſtrange
Was *Periclymen's* ſlaughter! who could change
And rechange to all figures. Such a grace
Great *Neptune* gave; the root of *Neleus* race.
He, forc'd to vary forms, at length appears
Like *Jove's* lov'd Fowl, who in her talons bears
Impetuous thunder; and in his deſcent
His face with his ſtrong beak and pounces rent.
At him his Bow, too ſure, *Alcides* drew,
As tow'ring in the lofty clouds he flew,
And ſtruck his ſide-join'd wing. The wound was ſlight;
But ſunder'd nerves could not ſuſtain his flight.
When tumbling down, his weight the arrow ſmote
In at his ſide, and thruſt it through his throat.
Now brave Commander of the *Rhodian* Fleet;
Think'ſt thou *Alcides* praiſe a ſubject meet
For my diſcourſe? Alone with ſilence we
Revenge our ſlaughtred brothers; and love thee.]
When *Neſtor* with melliſluous eloquence
Had thus much utter'd; they with ſpeech diſpenſe,
And liberal *Bacchus* quaff: then all aroſe,
And give the reſt of night to ſoft repoſe.
The God, whoſe Trident calms the Ocean,
For ſtrangled *Cycnus*, turn'd into a Swan.
Grieves with paternal grief. *Achilles* fate
He proſecutes with more then civil hate.
Ten years now well-nigh laps'd in horrid fights,
This unthorn *Sminthеus* his ſtern rage excites;
Of all our brothers ſons to us moſt dear;
Whoſe hands, with ours, *Troy's* walls in vain did rear:
O ſigh'ſt thou not to ſee the *Aſian* towers
So near their fall? their own, and aiding powers
By millions ſlain? the laſt of all their joy
Dead *Hector* drag'd about his fathers *Troy*?
Yet dire *Achilles*, who our labor gives
To utter ſpoil, then War more cruel, lives.
Came he within my reach, he then ſhould try,
The vengeance of my Trident: but ſince I

Cannot approach t' encounter with my foe;
Let him thy close and mortal arrows know.
Delius assents: his Uncles wrath intends;
With it, his own; and in a cloud descends
To th' *Ilian* host: amid the battel seeks
For *Paris*, shooting at un-noted *Greeks*.
Then shew'd a God, and said: why dost thou lose
Thy shafts so basely? nobler objects choose;
If thou of thine at least hast any care:
Thy brethrens deaths revenge on *Peleus* heir.
Then shew'd him stern *Achilles*, as he slew
The *Trojan* troops: and, while his bow he drew,
Directs the deadly shaft. This only might
Old *Priam*, after *Hectors* death, delight.
Him, who with conquest cloyd the jaws of death,
A faint Adulterer deprives of breath.
If by th' effeminate to be o'r-thrown,
Then should the Pollux of the *Amazon*
Have forct thy fate. The *Phrygian* fears the fame,
And strong protection of the *Grecian* Name,
Invincible *Æacides* now burns:
The God, who arm'd, his bones to ashes turns.
And of that great *Achilles* scarce remains
So much, as now a little Urn contains.
Yet still he lives; his glory lightens forth,
And fils the world: this answers his full worth.
This, O divine *Pelides*, soars as high
As thy great spirit, and shall never die.
And even his arms, to instance whose they were;
Procure a war, Arms for his Arms they bear,
Ajax, *Oilens*, *Deomedes*, nor
The less *Atrides*; not in age and war
The Greater: no not any; but the Son
Of old *Laertes* and bold *Telamon*,
Durst hope for such a prize. *Tantalides*,
To shun the burden and the hate of these,
The Princes bids to sit before his tent:
And puts the strife on their arbitrement.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE THIRTEENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Those purple flowers which Ajax *name display,*
His bloud produce. Enraged Hecuba
Becomes a Bitch. From Memnons *cinders rise*
Self-slaughtring Fowl: a yearly sacrifice.
What ever Anius *daughters handle proves*
Corn, Wine, or Oil: themselves transform'd to Doves.
From honour'd Virgins ashes Sons ascend,
Th' Ambracian *Judge a Stone. Light wings defend*
Molossus *royal issue.* Scilla *grows*
A horrid Monster. Murder'd Acys *flows*
With speedy streams. The kind Nereides
For Glaucus *sue: inthron'd in sacred Seat.*

THE Princes sat; the souldier crowns the field;
Up rose the Master of the seven-fold Shield.
With wrath impatient, his stern eyes survay
Sygæum, and the Navy which there lay.
Then throwing up his hands, O *Jove*, he said;
Before the Fleet must we our title plead?
And am I rivald by *Ulysses* clame?
Who made no doubt to fly from *Hectors* flame.
This, I sustain'd; from this that Navy freed.
'Tis safer to contend in word then deed.
I cannot talk, nor can he fight: as far
His tongue excels, as I exceed in war.

Nor need I to rehearse what you have seen
In act, renowned *Greeks*: what his hath been
Let *Ithacus* declare; perform'd by sight,
Without a witnesse, onely known to Night.
Great is th' affected prize, I must confess:
But such a Rival makes the value less.
For me, 'tis no ambition to obtain,
(Though great) what ever he could hope to gain.
Who now in this is honor'd, that can boast
He strove with me, when he the palm hath lost.
But were my valor question'd, I might on
My birth insist; begot by *Telamon*,
Who under *Hercules Troy*'s bulwarks scal'd:
In *Pegasæon* kell to *Colchis* sail'd.
His father, *Æacus*; the Judg of Souls.
Where *Sisyphus* his restless torment rouls.
High *Jupiter* upon a mortal Love
Got *Æacus*: I *Ajax*, third from *Jove*.
Nor let this pedigree assist my claim,
If great *Achilles* join'd not in the same.
He was my brother, his I ask. Why thus
Shouldst thou, thou son of damned *Sisyphus*,
Alike in theft and fraud, a stranger to
Achilles race, the right of this pursue?
Because I first assumed arms, descry'd
By no detector, are these arms deny'd?
Or rather for the last in field design'd?
Who with feign'd lunacy the war declin'd:
Till *Palamed* more politick, though more
Unhappy, did his coward-guile explore,
And drew him to avoided arms? Must he
Now wear the best, who all eschew'd? and we
Unhonor'd, robbed of a Kinsmans right,
Because we at the first appear'd in sight?
And would to *Jove* he had been truly mad;
Or still so thought: nor this companion had,
This tempter to foul actions, ever seen
The *Phrygian* tow'rs. Then shouldst not thou have been
O *Pæans* son, exposed by our crime
To *Lemnian* Rocks: where thou consum'st thy time
In lonely Caves obscur'd with woods, the stones
Provok'd to pity with thy daily groans,
And wishest him, what he deserves, thy pain,
If Gods there be, thou wishest not in vain.

Now

Now our Confederate (a Prince of brave
Command) to whom his shafts *Alcides* gave;
Broken with pain and famine, doth employ
Those arrows, that import the fate of *Troy*,
For food and clothing: yet he lives the while,
In that removed from *Ulysses* guile.
And *Palamed* might wish t'have been so left
Then had he liv'd, or been of life bereft
Nor by our crime. He hellishly inclin'd,
Bears his convicted madness in his mind;
And falsly him accus'd to have betray'd
Th' *Achaian* host; confirming what he said
By shewing sums of gold, which in his tent
Himself had hid. Thus he by banishment
Or death, our strength impairs; for this prefer'd:
So fights, so is *Ulysses* to be fear'd.
Though faithful *Nestor*, he in eloquence,
Surpass; his leaving *Nestor*, no defence
Of words can salve: who slow, through his hurt horses;
And clog'd with age, implor'd *Ulysses* force
To fetch him off; who left to odds of foes
His old acquaintance. This *Tydydes* knows
For no forg'd crime; who vainly call'd, to stay
His trembling friend, reviling his dismay.
The Gods with justice view our humane deeds.
Who would not late assist, assistance needs:
And now to be forsaken by the Law
Himself prescrib'd. He cry'd, I came, and saw
The coward quaking, pale, about to yield
His ghost for fear. I interpos'd my shield;
Bestrid him as he lay; and from that strife
Redeem'd (my least of praise) his coward life.
But if thou wilt contend, rejoin we there;
Revoke the foe, thy wounds, and usual fear;
Behind my target skulk: then plead. This man,
Who reel'd with wounds; freed, as unwounded ran.
Now *Hector* came, and brought the Gods along;
Rusht on all parts: not thou alone, the strong
And best-resolved shrink: so great a dread
He drew on all. Him, as he conquest led
Through bloud and slaughter, with a mighty stone
I struck to earth; him I sustain'd alone,
When he to all so bold a challenge made;
When for my lot you all devoutly pray'd.

Nor pray'd in vain: if you enquire the ſum
Of this our fight, I was not overcome.
With bloudy weapons, flames, and *Jove*, the men
Of *Troy* invade our navy: where was then
Your eloquent *Ulyſſes*? I, even I
A thouſand ſhips preſerv'd; whereon relye
The hopes of your return. Theſe arms for all
Your Fleet afford. The meed more honour ſhall
Receive then give: our glories juſtly peaſe;
Theſe arms do *Ajax* ſeek, not *Ajax* theſe,
Rheſus ſurpriſe, with ours let him compare,
That poor Spy *Dolon's*, *Hellenus* deſpair;
The rapt *Palladium*: nothing done by day;
He of no worth, take *Diomed* away.
If to ſuch mean deſerts theſe arms accrue;
Divide them: to *Tydides* moſt is due.
Why would he theſe? who ſtill unarmed goes,
Conceal'd; and cunningly intraps his foes?
This radiant Cask that ſhines with burniſht gold,
Will his deceit, and lurking ſteps unfold.
His neck can ſcarce *Achilles* helmet bear;
Nor can his feeble arms employ this ſpear:
His ſhield, whoſe orb the figured world adorns;
A cowards arm, inur'd to thieving, ſcorns.
O fool, that thus thy own undoing ſeeks!
If giving thee by th' error of the *Greeks*,
It will not make thee dreadful to thy foe;
But give occaſion of thy overthrow,
And flight, wherein thou onely doſt exceed,
Clog'd with ſo huge a weight, will fail thy need.
Beſides, thy ſhield in battle rarely born,
Is yet entire: but mine, all hackt and torn
With ſtorms of blows, a new ſucceſſor needs.
What boots ſo many words? behold our deeds.
Theſe arms deliver to the foes defence:
And let him keep, that takes the prize from thence,
Here *Ajax* ends. The Souldiers in the cloſe
A murmur rais'd, till *Ithacus* aroſe:
Who having fixed on the earth a ſpace
His eyes, unto the Princes rais'd his face;
And now expected, ſpake unto this ſenſe;
With all the grace of winning eloquence.
Grecians; if heaven with yours, had heard my prayer;
What now we ſeek had found no doubtful Heir;

Th' hadſt

Th' hadſt kept thy arms, *Achilles*, and we thee.
But ſince ſtern Fate, averſe to you and me,
So coveted an happineſſe denies,
(With that appears to weep, and wipes his eyes)
Who great *Achilles* with more right ſucceeds,
Then he, who gave you great *Achilles* deeds?
Favor not him becauſe he ſeem to be,
And is a ſot: nor blame this wit in me,
So bleſſe in your affairs: or take offence
That for my ſelf I arm my eloquence;
(If I have any) oft for you imploid.
Let none the glory of his own avoid.
For Anceſtors, divine original,
And deeds by us not done, we ours miſ-call.
Yet in that *Ajax* vants himſelf to be
Great-Grandchild unto *Jove*; no leſs are we.
Laertes was my Sire, *Arceſius* his;
His, *Jupiter*: in this deſcent none is
Condemn'd, nor baniſht. By the mother I
From *Hermes* ſpring: in both a Deity.
Not that more noble by the Mothers ſide,
Nor that my father had his hands undyde
In brothers bloud, do I enforce this clame:
Weigh but our worths: and cenſure by the ſame.
That *Telamon* and *Peleus* brethren were,
In *Ajax* is no merit. Not the neer
In birth, but Great in act, deſerve this grace:
Or if proximity in bloud have place,
Peleus his father, *Pyrrhus* is his ſon:
What right remains for *Ajax Telamon*?
To *Phthia* then, or *Scyros* carry theſe.
Teucer is Cozen to *Æacides*
As well as he; yet ſtirs not he herein:
Or if he ſhould, ſhould he the honor win?
Then ſince our actions muſt our ſuit advance;
Although my deeds ſurmount my utterance,
Their abſtract yet in order to relate:
Thetis, fore-knowing great *Achilles* fate,
Diſguis'd her ſon: ſo like a Virgin dreſt,
That all miſtook, and *Ajax* with the reſt.
When arms, with womens trifles, that might blind
Suſpect, I brought to tempt a manly mind
Yet was the Heroe Virgin like arraid,
Who taking up the ſpear and ſhield, I ſaid:

O God-

O Goddess-born, for thee the fate of *Troy*
Her fall reserves: why doubts thou to destroy
Great *Pergamus*? then made him leave those weeds:
And sent the Mighty unto mighty deeds.
His acts are therefore our. We *Telephus*
Foil'd by our Lance; the suppliant cur'd by us.
Strong *Thebes* we sackt: sackt *Lesbos* us renowns.
Chrysa and *Tenedos* (*Apollo*'s towns)
Cilla, and Sea-girt *Cyros*, in their falls
Our fame advance: we raz'd *Lernessus* walls.
To pass the rest; I gave, who could subdue.
The brave *Priamides*: I *Hector* slew.
For th' arms that found *Achilles* these I crave:
He dead, I ask but what, alive, I gave.
The griet of one, with all the *Greeks* prevails:
Euboean Aulis held a thousand sails.
The long-expected winds opposed stand,
Or sleep in calms. When cruel Fates command
Afflicted *Agamemnon* to assuage
With *Iphigenia*'s death, *Diana*'s rage.
But he dissents; the Gods themselves reproves;
And in a King a fathers passion moves.
His noble disposition ne're-the-less
I to the publick won: and must confess
(*Atrides* pardon;) we did prosecute
Before a partial Judg, as hateful suit.
Yet him his brother, Scepter, publick good
Perswade to purchase endless praise with bloud.
Then went I to the mother for her child:
Now not to be exhorted, but beguil'd.
Had *Ajax* thither gone, our flagging sails
Not yet had swell'd with still-expected gales:
Then on a bold embassage I was sent
To haughty *Troy*: to th' *Ilian* Court I went
Yet full of men; and fearless, urg'd at large
The common cause committed to my charge.
False *Paris* I accuse: rap'd *Helena*
I re-demand, with all they bore away.
Old *Priam* and *Antenor* just appear,
But *Paris*, with his brethren, and who were
His followers in that stealth, from wicked blows
Could scarce refrain. This *Menelam* knows
The first of dangers, wherein you and I
Together join'd. But what my policy

And

And force perform'd behooffful to this State,
In that long war, too long is to relate;
The first great battel fought, our wary foes
Long live immur'd: nor durst their powers expose.
Nine years expir'd, wars all the fields affright.
Mean-while what didst thou, onely fit to fight?
What use of thee? inquire my actions; I
The foe intrap, our trenches fortifie,
Encouraging the weary Souldier
To brook the tediousness of lingring war
With fair expectance: teach them ways to feed,
The use of arms: imploy'd at every need.
The King deluded in his sleep by *Jove*,
Bids us the care of future war remove.
The author was his strong apology.
Ajax should have with-stood; the sack of *Troy*
He should have urg'd; done what he could, have fought.
Why was the nobler siege by him unsought?
Why arm'd he not? a speech he might have made,
That would the wavering multitude have stay'd:
To him not difficult, who looks so high,
And speaks so big. What, if himself did fly?
I saw, and sham'd to see thee turn thy back,
To hoise thy sails unto thy honors wrack.
What do you? O what madness, mates, said I,
Provokes you to abandon yielding *Troy*?
Ten years nigh spent, what will you bear away
But infamy? I this and more did say;
Wherein my sorrow made me eloquent:
They thus perswaded, alter'd their intent.
The King a Councel calls; distrusts afford
No sound advice: durst *Ajax* speak a word?
When base *Thersites* durst the King provoke
With bitter words: who felt my scepters stroke,
Their doubts with hope of conquest I inspire:
And set their fainting courages on fire:
Since when, what he hath nobly done, by right
To me belongs, that thus restrain'd his flight.
Besides, what one of all the wiser *Greeks*
Makes choice of thee; or thine assistance seeks?
Tydides us approves, builds on our will;
Is confident in his *Ulysses* still.
Among so many, 'tis a grace for me
To be his consort; and the choice to free.

The

The danger of the foe, and night despis'd;
I *Delon*, then a counter-scout, surpris'd:
Nor him, till I had searcht his bosom, slew;
Informed what perfidious *Troy* would do.
All known, and nothing let to be enquir'd;
I now with praise enough might have retir'd.
Yet not so satisfy'd, I forward went;
And *Rhesus* slew, with his, in his own tent;
When, like a Victor, on his Chariot I
Return'd in triumph. Can you then deny
Achilles arms, whose horses were assign'd
For one nights hazard? *Ajax* is more kind:
What should I of *Sarpedons* forces tell,
O're-thrown by us? by us *Cæranos* fell,
Iphitides, *Alastor*, *Chromius*,
Alcander, *Prytanis*, *Noemonus*,
Halius, stout *Thoon*, bold *Pheridamas*,
With *Charopes Eunamus* fatal Pass
Sign'd by my Lance: and many more in view
Of hostile *Troy*, of meaner rank, I slew.
And I, O Countrey-men, have honor'd wounds,
Fair in their scars; nor trust to empty sounds:
Behold (said he, with that his bosom bares)
This breast, still exercis'd in your affairs.
No bloud for *Greece* in all these lengthful wars
Hath *Ajax* shed: let him produce his scars.
What boots it, though his deeds his brags approve;
That for our Fleet he fought with *Troy* and *Jove*?
I grant, he did so: nor will we detract
With hated envy from a noble act.
So he ingross not to himself alone
A common praise, but render us our own.
Actorides (for great *Achilles* held)
Troy's flames and Fautor from our ships repel'd.
He vainly glories that himself alone
Could answer *Hectors* opposition:
The King, his brother, and my self forgot:
Of nine the last, and but prefer'd by lot.
But what event, O great in valor, crown'd
Your famous combat? *Hector* had no wound.
Wo's me! with what a tide of grief I call
That time to mind; wherein the *Grecian* Wall,
Achilles, fell! tears, fears, nor sorrow stay'd
My forward zeal; his raised corps I laid

Upon

Upon these shoulders: these, even these did bear
Him, and his arms; which now I hope to wear.
Our strength can such a weight with ease sustain:
Our knowledg can your honor'd gift explain.
Was *Thetis* so ambitious for her son,
That such a brainless Souldier should put on
This heavenly gift, of so divine a frame?
Whose figured shield his ignorance would shame.
Wherein, the Ocean; Earth with Cities crown'd;
Skies deckt with Stars; cold *Arctos* never drown'd,
Sword-girt *Orion*, sad *Pleiades*,
The rainy *Kids*. He seeks, yet knows not, these.
Upbraids he me, that I this war did shun,
And time defer'd till other had begun?
Nor can consider, how he wounds in me
Achilles honor. If a crime it be
To counterfeit; we join in that defame:
If, in that tardy; I before him came.
Me, my kinde wife, his mother him with-drew:
Our flow'r to them we gave, the fruit to you.
Nor fear I, should I quit my own defence,
To suffer with so clear an excellence.
Nor was it *Ajax* found out me: and yet
Achilles was discover'd by my wit.
Left I should wonder why his fooliſh tongue
Should slander me, he you upbraids with wrong.
If *Palimedes* was accus'd by me
Without just cause, must not his judgment be
To you reproachful? neither *Nauplius* Seed
Could justifie so evident a deed:
Nor heard you onely of his treacherie,
The hire of treason laid before your eyes.
Philoctetes in *Lemnos* left, was none
Of my offence, do you defend your own:
You to his stay consented. Yet again
I must confess, I advis'd him to abstain
From travel, toils of war: and to appease
The anguish of his bitter wound with ease.
He did; he lives. Th' advice was good: success
As fortunate approves it for no less.
Since Fate designs him for the fall of *Troy*:
Spare me, and *Ajax* industry employ.
His tongue the mad with wrath and anguish will
Appease: he'l fetch him with some reach of skill.

First *Simois* shall retire, *Ide* want a shade,
Achaia promise to the *Trojans* aid;
E're my endeavors in your service fail,
And sottish *Ajax* with his wit prevail.
And *Philoëtes*, though obdure, thou be
Incenst against the King, these Lords, and me;
Though curses lighten from thy lips, though still
Thou covet my access, my bloud to spill;
Yet I'l attempt thee; and will bring thee back;
That neither may, what we so wish for, lack.
Thy shafts I must possess (so favor Fate)
As I possest the *Dardan* prophet late;
As I unknit the *Trojan* destiny,
And doubtful answer of the Gods; as I,
Amid a world of foes, the fatal Sign
Of *Phrygian Pallas* ravisht for her shrine.
Compare with me will *Ajax*? this unta'ne,
Troy's hop'd-for expugnation had been vain.
Where was strong *Ajax*? where the glorious boast
Of that great Souldier? why in terror lost?
How durst *Ulysses* trust himself to night, (light?
Passe through the watch, their threat'ning weapons
The walls not onely, but the highest tower
Of *Ilium* scale: and from her Fane the Power
That bears their fate inforce: and with this prey,
Repass the dangers of that horrid way?
Which, had not I atchieved, yet in field
Had *Ajax* vainly born his seven-fold shield.
That night *Troy* fell before *Laertes* son:
Won, when I made it that it might be won.
Why dost thou fleer on my *Tytides* so:
And nodst at me? our praises jointly grow.
Not for our Navy didst thou fight alone:
Thou by an host assisted, I by one.
Who knew that wisdom valor should command;
That these belong'd not to a strenuous hand:
Else he himself had join'd in this debate;
Or th' other *Ajax*, far more moderate;
Brave *Thoas*, fierce *Euriphylus*; with these
Idomeneus and *Meriones*
Of *Crete*; or *Menelaus*. For they are,
As strong, nor second unto thee in war:
Yet yield to our advice. Thou fit for fight,
Dost need my reason to direct thy might:

Thy

Thy valor wants fore-caſt; my care is ſet
Upon the future: thou canſt fight; and yet
The time and place muſt be by us aſſign'd:
Thou onely ſtrong in body; I in mind.
As skilful Pilots thoſe ſurpaſs, who row;
As wiſe Commanders, common Souldiers; ſo
I thee excel. Our vigor is leſs great
In bones and ſinews, yet my ſoul compleat.
Then O remunerate my vigilance:
And, Princes, for ſo many years expence
In anxious cares, this dignity extend
To my deſerts, Our work is at an end:
With-ſtanding fates remov'd: I, in that I
Have made it feaſible, have taken *Troy*.
Now by our mutual hopes, *Troy*'s overthrow,
Thoſe Gods which late I raviſht from the foe;
If ought remain to be diſcreetly done,
That courage craves, through danger to be won;
If in the *Ilian* deſtiny there be
A knot yet to unknit; remember me:
Or if you can forget; theſe arms reſign
To this; and ſhew *Minerva*'s fatal Sign. (charms
The Chiefs were mov'd. Here words approv'd their
And Eloquence from Valor wins thoſe arms.
He who alone, *Jove*, *Hector*, Sword and Fire
So oft ſuſtain'd; yields to one ſtroke of ire.
Th'unconquer'd ſorrow conquers; Then his blade
In haſt unſheath'd: Sure thou art mine, he ſaid;
Or ſeeks *Ulyſſes* this? this ſhall conclude
All ſenſe of wrong. And thee, ſo oft imbru'd
In *Phrygian* bloud, thy Lords muſt now imbrue:
That none but *Ajax Ajax* may ſubdue.
This ſaid; his breaſt, till then with wounds ungor'd,
The deadly ſword, where it could enter, bor'd.
Nor could draw back the ſteel with all his ſtrength;
Expel'd by guſhing gore. The bloud at length,
A purple flower ingendred on the ground:
Created firſt by *Hyacinthus* wound.
The tender leaves indifferent letters paint:
Both of his name, and of the Gods complaint.
The Conqueror, now hoiſing ſails, doth ſtand
For mild *Hyſiphile*'s and *Thoas* Land;
(Defam'd by Womens curſed violence)
To fetch the ſhafts of *Hercules* from thence.

Theſe

These, with their owner, to the camp convey'd,
Of that so long a war an end they made.
Now *Troy* and *Priamus* together fall.
Th' unhappy wife of *Priam* after all,
Her humane figure lost: whose raving Spright
And uncouth howling foreign fields affright.
The flames of *Ilium* stretch their hungry fire
To narrow *Hellespont*; nor there expire.
That little bloud which *Priams* age could shed,
Jove's altar drinks. By her anointed head
Apollo's Priest they drag, her hands in vain
To heaven upheld. The Victor *Greeks* constrain
The *Dardan* Dames; a deadly-hating prey:
Who imbrace their Country Gods; and while they may,
Behold their burning Fanes. Dire violence
Astyanax threw from that tower; from whence
He had seen his father, by his mother shown,
Fight for his Kingdoms safety, and his own.
North-winds to Seas invite, and prosperous gales
Sing in their shrowds; they hast to trim their Sails,
The *Trojan* Ladies cry, Dear Soil farewel!
We are hal'd to loath'd captivity! then fell
On earth now kist: and leave, with much delay,
Their Countries smoaking ruines. *Hecuba*
Her sad departure to the last defers:
Now found among her childrens sepulchres,
(A sight of ruth!) spread on their tombs; bewails,
Their cold bones kissing: whom *Ulysses* hales
From that sad comfort. Some of *Hectors* dust,
Up-snatcht, delivers to her bosoms trust.
Upon his tomb she left her hoary hairs
(A poor Oblation!) mingled with her tears.
Oppos'd to *Ilium's* ruines lies a Land,
Till'd by the *Bistones*; in the Command
Of *Polymnestor*. Danger to prevent,
To him his father *Polydorus* sent:
And wisely; had he not withal consign'd
A mass of gold, to tempt his greedy mind.
His foster-child, when lingring *Ilium* drew
To her last date, the *Thracian* Tyrant slew.
Whom, as if he his murder with the slain
Could cast away, he casts into the Main.
Now rode *Atrides* at the *Thracian* shoar;
Till winds forbore to storm; and Seas to roar.

When

When from the yawning earth *Achilles* roſe;
Like mighty as in life: whoſe looks diſcloſe
As ſtern a wrath, as when his lawleſs blade
Was on *Atrides* drawn, and frowning, ſaid:
Achaians, O ingrateful! can you thus
Depart? are our deſerts intomb'd with us?
Now honor me with what I covet moſt:
Let ſlain *Polixena* appeaſe my Ghoſt.
Then vaniſht. They th' ungentle Ghoſt obey'd;
And from her Mothers boſom drew the Maid,
(High-ſoul'd, unhappy, more then feminine,)
To his reſembled tomb; life to reſign
With Rites infernal. Of her birth ſhe thought:
And now unto the bloudy altar brought;
Seeing her ſelf the ſacrifice prepar'd:
And that *Neoptolemus* upon her ſtar'd
With Sword advanc'd, ſhe ſaid; untoucht with dread:
Our generous bloud to your intentions ſhed,
Diſpatcht; in throat or breaſt (I am prepar'd)
Your weapon ſheath. (With that her boſom bar'd)
Polyxena doth ſervitude deſpiſe:
And yet no God affects ſuch ſacrifice.
I onely wiſh my death might be unknown
To my afflicted mother. She alone
Diſturbs the joys of death: though *Priams* wife
My death ſhould leſs bewail, then her own life.
Nor let the touch of man pollute a maid:
That my free Soul may to the *Stygian* ſhade
Untainted paſs. If this be juſt, remove
Your hand, I ſhall more acceptable prove
Unto that God or Ghoſt, what e're he be,
To whom I am offer'd, if my bloud be free.
And if a dying tongue prevail at all;
I, late great *Priams* daughter, now a thrall,
Sollicite that my corps may not be ſold;
But given my mother: nor exchange for gold
Sad rites of ſepulture. In former years
Sh' had gold to give, now poor, accept her tears.
This having ſaid, for her, that would not weep,
The people wept: the Prieſt could hardly keep
His eyes from tears, yet did what he abhor'd,
And in her proffered boſom thruſt his ſword.
On doubling knees ſhe ſinks, with ſilent breath,
And chearfully imbraceth ſmil'd-on Death.

Then

Then when she fell, she had a care to hide
What should be hid; and chastly decent dy'd.
Her corps was carried by the *Trojan* dames:
Who in a funeral song repeat the names
Of *Priams* mourn'd-for Seed; what streams of gore
One House had spent. Thee, Virgin, they deplore:
And thee, O royal Wife, entitled late
The mother-Queen, and Glory of that State:
A Captive now, cast by a scorned lot
On conquering *Ithacus*; refus'd, if not
Forbearing *Hector*. *Hector*, so renown'd,
A master hardly for his mother found.
She hugs the corps that such a spirit kept.
Who for her countrey, children, husband, wept
So oft; now weeps for her: her lips she prest,
Her wounds fills with her tears. Then beats her brest:
Her hoary hair besmear'd with clotted gore,
And bosom torn, this spake she; and much more.
Poor daughter, our last sorrow: (what is left
For fortunes spite!) by bloudy death bereft
On thee I see my wounds. That of my seed
None may unwounded die, even thou must bleed;
In that a woman, thee I held secur'd:
But thou, O woman, suffer'd by the sword.
This bane of *Troy*, our utter ruine, who
So many of thy princely brothers slew;
Hath slain thee also. When he a corse was made
By *Paris* and *Apollo's* shafts, I said,
Now is *Achilles* to be fear'd no more.
Now dead, to us as dreadful as before.
Against my race his ashes rise: his tomb
Presents a foe. O my unhappy womb!
T' his fury fruitful! Ruin'd *Troy* descends:
And sad success the publick sorrow ends:
Yet they are ended. *Ilium* alone
To us remains: our sorrows freshly groan.
I, late so potent, and so fortunate
In husband, sons, and height of humane State;
To exile now am hal'd: despis'd, and torn
From my own sepulchres, from *Phrygia* born
To serve *Penelope*, that while I sew
Or spin at her commandment, she may shew
Her slave to *Ithacensian* dames, and say,
Lo, *Hectors* mother, *Priam's* *Hecuba*.

My

My ſorrows ſole relief, ſo many loſt,
Is offer'd to appeaſe an hoſtile Ghoſt.
Infernal ſacrifices to the dead,
Even to my foe, my curſed womb hath bred.
Hard heart, why breakſt thou not? What hopes ingage
Thine expectation? Miſchievous Old-age,
For what reſerv'ſt thou me? You cruel Powers,
Why lengthen you a poor old womans hours
To ſee new Funerals? O *Priam*, I
May call thee happy, after ruin'd *Troy*.
Happy in death. Thou ſeeſt not this ſad fate:
Thou loſt thy life together with thy ſtate.
Rich Funerals attend thee, royal Maid:
And by thine Anceſtors thou ſhalt be laid.
O no! thy mothers tears, an heap of ſand,
Muſt now content thee in a foreign Land.
All, all is loſt! Yet lives a little Boy
My laſt and youngeſt joy, when I could joy;
For whom I condeſcend to live a ſpace,
Here foſter'd by the courteous King of *Thrace*.
Mean-while why ſtay we with the cleanſing flood
To waſh theſe wounds, and look beſmear'd with bloud?
Then with an aged pace, her hoary hairs
All torn and ſcattered, to the Sea repairs.
And while the wretched ſaid; You *Troades*,
A Pitcher bring to draw the briniſh Seas:
She ſaw the caſt-up corps of *Polydor*
Stuck full of wounds upon the beachy ſhoar.
The Ladies ſhriek; ſhe dumb with ſorrow ſtood:
Whilſt inward grief, her voice, her tears, her bloud,
At once devour'd. And now, as if intranc'd,
Stares on the earth; ſometimes to heaven advanc'd
His ſcouling brows: oft on his viſage gaz'd;
But oftner on his wounds. By anger rais'd,
Arm'd, and inſtructed, all on vengeance bent,
Still Queen-like, deſtinates his puniſhment.
And as a Lioneſs, robb'd of her young,
Purſues the unſeen hunters ſteps: ſo, ſtung
With fury, when her ſorrow with her rage
Had join'd their powers; unmindful of her age,
But not of former greatneſs, ran with ſpeed
To *Polymneſtor*, author of this deed.
And craving conference, the Tyrant told
How ſhe ſhould ſhew him ſums of hidden gold

To-

To give her *Polydor*. This held for true;
He thirsty of his prey, with her with-drew.
And flattering her thus craftily begun:
Delay not, *Hecuba*, t' enrich thy son:
By all the Gods we justly will restore
What thou shalt give, and what thou gav'st before.
She with a truculent aspect beheld
The falsly swearing King; with anger swell'd.
Then calls the captive dames, upon him flies;
Who hides her fingers in his perjur'd eyes,
Extracts his eye-balls: more then usual strong,
With thirsty vengeance, and the sense of wrong,
Her hand drowns in his skull; the roots up-tore
Of his lost sight, imbru'd with guilty gore.
The men of *Thraca* incensed for their King,
Weapons and stones at *Hecuba* now fling.
She, snarling, bites the follow'd flints, her chaps,
For speech extended, bark. Of whose mis-haps,
That place is nam'd. She, mindful of her old
Mis-fortunes, in *Sithonian* desarts howld.
The *Trojans*, *Grecians*, those who love or hate;
Yea, all the Gods commiserate her fate,
Even spiteful *Juno* did to this descend;
That *Hecuba* deserv'd not such an end,
Aurora had no leasure to lament
(Although those arms she favor'd) the event
Of *Troy* or *Hecuba*. Domestical
And nearer grief afflicts her, for the fall
Of *Memnon*; whose life-bloud the Lance imbru'd
Of stern *Achilles*. This when first she view'd,
The rosie dye, that deckt the Morns up-rise,
Grew forth-with pale, and clouds immur'd the skies.
Nor could indure to see his body laid
On funeral flames: but with her hair display'd,
As in that season, to high *Jove* repairs;
And kneeling thus with tears, unfolds her cares.
To all inferior, whom the sky sustains
(For mortals rarely honor me with Fanes)
A Goddess yet, I come: not to desire
Shrines, Festivals, nor Altars bright with fire;
Yet should you weigh what I, a woman, do,
The night confine, and sacred day renew,
I merit such: such suit not now our state;
Nor such desires affect the desolate.

Of

Of *Memnon* rob'd, who glorious arms in vain
Bare for his Uncle, by *Achilles* slain
In flower of youth (so would you Gods) come I.
O chief of Pow'rs, a mothers sorrow, by
Some honor given him, lessen: death with fame
Recomfort! *Jove* assents. When greedy flame
Devour'd the funeral Pile; and curling fumes
Day over-cast: as when bright *Sol* assumes
From streams thick vapors, nor is seen below.
The flying sparkles dying jointly grow
Into one body. Color, form, life, spring
To it from fire, which lightness now doth wing.
First like a fowl, forth-with a fowl indeed:
Innumerable sisters of that breed:
Together whisk their feathers. Thrice they round
The funeral Pile; thrice raise a mournful sound.
In two battalions then divide their flight;
And like two strenuous nations fiercely fight:
Their opposite with beak and talons rend;
Cuff with their wings; in sacrifice descend,
Now dying, on the ashes of the dead:
Remembring they were of the Valiant bred.
These now sprung fowl, men of their author call
Memnonides. No sooner *Sol* through all
The Signs returns; but re-inforc'd again
In civil war they die upon the slain.
While others therefore do commiserate
Poor barking *Hecuba* in her chang'd fate:
Aurora her own grief intends; renews
Her pious tears which fall on earth in dews.
Yet fates resist that all the hopes of *Troy*
Should perish with her towers. The Son and Joy
Of *Cytherea*, with his houshold Gods,
And aged Sire, his pious shoulders loads.
Of so great wealth he onely chose that prize,
And his *Ascanius*: from *Antandros* flies
By Seas, and shuns the wicked *Thracian* shoar,
Defil'd with bloud of murdred *Polydore*:
With prosperous winds arriving with his train
At *Phœbus* town, where *Anius* then did reign,
Apollo's holy Priest; who, with the rest,
Into the Temple leads his honor'd Guest:
The City, with the sacred places, shows,
And trees held by *Latona* in her throes.

Incense

Incense on flames, and wine on incense pour'd:
Intrals of slaughtred beeves by fire devour'd;
His Guests conducts to court: on carpet spred
With *Ceres* and *Lyæus* bounty fed.
When thus *Anchises*; O to *Phœbus* dear!
I am deceiv'd, or, when I first was here,
Four daughters and a son thy solace crown'd.
He shook his head, with sacred fillets bound;
And sighing said, O most renown'd of men,
I was the father of five children then,
Whom now (such is the change of things!) you see
Half childless: for my absent son to me
Is of small comfort; who, my Vice roy, reigns
In Sea-girt *Andros*, which his name retains.
Him *Delius* with prophetick skill inspir'd,
A gift past credit, still to be admir'd,
My daughter *Bacchus* gave; above their sute:
That all they touch should presently transmute
To wine, to corn, and to *Minerva*'s oil.
Rich in the use. To purchase such a spoil,
Great *Troy*'s Depopulator, *Atrem* Heir.
(Lest you should think we have not born a share
In your mis-haps) with armed violence
Enforc'd them from me: charged to dispense
That heavenly gift unto th' *Argolian* Host.
They scape by flight: two to *Eubœa* crost;
Two fled to *Andros*: these the Souldier
Pursu'd, and threatned (if unrender'd) war.
Fear nature now subdu'd: his sisters were
By him resign'd; forgive a brothers fear.
Not *Hector*, not *Æneas* then were by
To guard his town, who so long guarded *Troy*:
About to bind their captive arms in bands;
Rearing to heaven their yet unchained hands,
O father *Bacchus* help! While thus they pray'd,
The Author of that gift presents his aid.
(If such a loss may be accounted so)
Yet how they lost their shapes I could not know;
Nor yet can tell. It self the sequel proves;
Converted to thy Wives white-feather'd Doves.
With such discourse they entertain the feast:
That ta'ne away, dispose themselves to rest.
With day they rose; the Oracle exquire;
Who bids them to their ancient Nurse retire.

And

And kindred ſhoars. Now ready to depart
The King preſents rich gifts, wrought with rare art;
A Scepter to *Anchiſes* gives: a brave
Robe, and a quiver, to *Aſcanius* gave:
A cup t' *Æneas*, which ſurpaſt the reſt;
By *Theban Therſes* ſent him once his Gueſt.
Mylean Alcon made what *Therſes* ſent;
And carv'd thereon this ample argument.
A City with ſeven gates of equal grace;
Theſe ſerve for names to character the place.
Before it, exequies, tombs, piles, bright fires,
Dames with ſpread hair, bare breaſts, and torn attires,
Decipher mourning: Nymphs appear to weep
For their dry Springs: ſap-ſearing Cankers creep
On naked trees: Goats lick the foodleſs ground.
In midſt of *Thebes*, *Orion*'s daughters crown'd
With fillers ſtand: This proffers to the Sword
Her manly breaſt; her hands her death afford,
For common ſafety. All the people mourn;
And with due funerals their bodies burn.
Yet leſt the world ſhould ſuch a linage loſe,
Two youths out of their virgin-aſhes roſe.
Theſe Orphans wandring Fame *Coronæ* calls:
Who celebrate their mothers funerals.
The antick braſs with burniſht figures ſhin'd:
Whoſe brim neat wreaths of gilt *Acanthus* bind.
Nor were the *Trojan* gifts of leſs expence:
Who gave a *Cenſer* for ſweet Frankincenſe,
An ample Chalice of a curious mold;
With theſe a crown, that ſhone with gems and gold.
In that the *Teucrans* ſprung from *Teucers* bloud,
They ſail to *Creet*: but *Jove* their ſtay with-ſtood.
Leaving thoſe hundred Cities, now they ſtand
For wiſht *Auſonia*'s deſtinated ſtrand.
Toſt by rough Winter, and the wrath of Seas,
They anchor at the faithleſs *Strophades*.
Then frighted by *Aello*; ſail away
By ſteep *Dulichium*, ſtony *Ithaca*,
Samus, high *Neritus* claſp'd by the Main;
All ſubject to the ſlie *Ulyſſes* reign.
Then at *Ambracia* touch, the ſtrife and grudg
Of angry Gods; the image of the Judg
Behold, by them converted into ſtone:
Now by *Actiacan Apollo* known.

Then the *Dodonian* ſpeaking Oak they view;
Chaonia where *Moloſſus* children flew
With aiding feathers from the impious flame;
Next to *Phæacia*, rich in Orchards came;
Then to *Epirus*: at *Butrotos* ſtay'd,
Whoſe Scepter now the *Phrygian* Prophet ſway'd;
And ſee reſembled *Troy*. Fore-told of all
By *Priams Helenus*, that would befall:
They reach *Sicania*. This three tongues extends
Into circumfluent Seas. *Pachinus* bends
To ſhowry *Auſter*; flowry *Sepher* blows
On *Lilybæus* brows; *Polorus* ſhows
His cliffs to *Boreas*, and the frozen *Bear*
That ſhuns the *Ocean*. Under this they ſtear
And ſtretch their Oars; who favored by the tide,
That night in *Zancle*'s crooked harbor ride.
The right-ſide dangerous *Scylla*, turbulent
Charybdis keeps the left; on ruine bent.
She belches ſwallowed ſhips from her profound:
Her ſable womb, dogs, ever rav-ning round;
Yet bears a virgins face: if all be true
That Poets ſing, ſhe was a virgin too.
By many ſought, as many ſhe deſpis'd:
To Nymphs of Seas, of Sea-Nymphs highly priz'd,
She bears her viſets; and to them diſcovers
The hiſtory of her deluded Lovers:
To whom thus *Galatea*, ſighing, ſaid;
While *Scylla* comb'd her hair,: You, lovely Maid,
Are lov'd of generous minded-men, whom you
With ſafety may refuſe, as now you do.
But I, great *Nereus*, and blue *Doris* Seed,
Great in ſo many ſiſters of that breed;
By thunning of the *Cyclops* love, provok'd
A ſad revenge. Here tears her utterance choak'd.
Theſe cleanſed by the marble-finger'd maid;
Who, having comforted the Goddeſs, ſaid:
Relate, O moſt ador'd, nor from me keep
The wretched cauſe that makes a Goddeſs weep;
For I am faithful. *Nereis* conſents
And thus her grief to *Cratis* daughter vents.
The Nymph *Simethis* bore a lovely Boy
To *Faunus*, *Acis* call'd; to them a joy;
To us a greater. For the ſweetly-Fair
To me an innocent affection bare.

His

His blooming youth twice-told eight birthdays crown,
And cloath his cheeks with ſcarce-appearing down,
As I the gentle boy, ſo *Polypheme*
My love purſu'd; our loves alike extream.
Whether my love to *Acis*, or my hate
To him were more, I hardly can relate.
Both infinite! O *Venus*, what a power
Hath thy command! He, ſtill auſtere and ſowr,
A terror to the woods, from whom no gueſt
With life eſcapes accuſtomed to feaſt
On humane fleſh; who all the Gods above,
With them *Olympus* ſcorn'd; now ſtoops to love.
Forgetful of his flocks and caves, a fire
Feeds in his breaſt, inflamed with deſire.
His feature now extends, now bends his care
To pleaſe: with rakes he combs his ſtubborn hair;
His briſtles barbs with ſcithes: and by the brooks
Unſollid mirror calms his dreadful looks:
His thirſt of bloud and love of ſlaughter ceaſe;
Leſs cruel now: ſhips come and go in peace.
When *Telemus* came from *Sicilian* Seas,
The Augur *Telemus Eurymides*,
And ſaid to *Polypheme*, thy brows large ſight
Shall by *Ulyſſes* be depriv'd of light.
O fool, he laughing ſaid, thou tell'ſt a lie;
A female hath already ſtoln that eye.
Thus flouts the Prophets true prediction:
And with extended paces ſtalks upon
The burd'ned ſhoar; or weary, from the wave,
Beat beach retireth to his gloomy cave:
A promontory thruſts into the main;
Whoſe cliffie ſides the breaking Seas reſtrain:
The *Cyclop* this aſcends; whoſe fleecy flock
Unforced follow. Seated on a rock;
His ſtaff, a well-grown Pine, before him caſt,
Sufficient for a yard-ſupporting maſt:
He blows his hundred reeds; whoſe ſqueaking fills
The far-reſounding Seas, and ecchoing hills.
Hid in an hollow rock, and laid along
By *Acis* ſide, I heard him ſing this ſong.
O *Galatea* more then Lilly-white,
More freſh then flowry meads, then glaſs more bright,
Higher then Alder-tree, then kids more blithe,
Smoother then ſhells whereon the ſurges drive,

More wisht then Winters Sun, or Summers air,
More sweet then Grapes, then Apples far more rare,
Clearer then Ice, more seemly then tall Planes,
Softer then tender curds, or down of Swans,
More fair, if fixt, then gardens by the fall
Of Springs inchas'd. Though thus, thou art withal
More fierce then salvage Bulls, who know no yoke,
Then waves more giddy, harder then the Oak,
Then Vines or Willow twigs more eas'ly bent,
More stiff then rocks, then streams more violent,
Prouder then Peacocks prais'd, more rash then fire,
Then Bears more cruel, sharper then the Brier,
Deafer then Seas, more fell then trod-on Snake;
And, if I could, what I would from thee take,
More speedy then the hound-pursued Hind,
Or chased clouds, or then the flying wind.
If known to thee, thou wouldst thy flight repent;
Curse thy delay, and labor my content.
For I have caves within the living stone;
To Summers heat, and Winters cold unknown:
Trees charg'd with Apples; spreading Vines that hold
A purple Grape, and Grapes resembling Gold.
For thee I these preserve, affected Maid,
Thou Strawberries shalt gather in the shade.
Autumnal Cornels, Plums with azure rind,
And wax-like yellow of a generous kind;
Nor shalt thou Chest-nuts want, if mine thou be,
Nor scalded Wildings, serv'd by every tree.
These flocks are ours; in valleys many stray,
Woods many shade, at home as many stay.
Nor can I, should you ask, their number tell:
Who numbers theirs, are poor. How these excel,
Believe not me, but credit your own eyes:
See how their udders part their straggling thighs.
I in my sheep-coats have new-weaned Lambs:
And frisking Kids late taken from their dams.
New milk, fresh curds and cream, with cheese well prest,
Are never wanting for thy pallats feast,
Nor will we gifts for thy delight prepare
Of easie purchase, or what are not rare:
Deer, red and fallow, Roes, light-footed Hares,
Nests, scal'd from cliffs, and Doves produc'd by pairs.
A rugged Bears rough twins I found upon
The Mountain late, scarce from each other known,

For

For thee to play with: finding these, I said,
My Mistress you shall serve. Come lovely Maid,
Come *Galatea*, from the surges rise,
Bright as the morning; nor our gifts despise.
I know my self; mine image in the brook
I lately saw, and therein pleasure took.
Behold, how great! nor *Jupiter* above
(For much you talk I know not of what *Jove*)
Is larger siz'd: cur's on my brows display'd,
Affright; and like a Grove my shoulders shade.
Nor let it your esteem of me impair,
That all my body bristles with thick hair.
Trees without leaves, and Horses without mains,
Are sights unseemly; grass adorns the Plains,
Wool sheep, and feathers fowl. A manly face
A beard becomes: the skin rough bristles grace.
Amid my fore-head shines one onely light;
Round, like a mighty shield, and clear of sight.
The Sun all objects sees beneath the sky:
And yet behold, the Sun hath but one eye.
Besides your Seas obey my fathers throne:
I give you hip for yours. Do you alone
Vouchsafe me pity, and your suppliant hear:
To you I onely bow; you onely fear.
Heaven, *Jupiter*, his lightning I despise:
More dread the lightning of thy angry eyes.
And yet your scorn my patience less would move,
Were all contemn'd. Why should you *Acis* love,
And slight the *Cyclop*? why to him more free?
Although himself he please; and pleaseth thee,
(Which frets me most) could I your darling get,
He then should find my strength and me like great.
His guts I could extract, squeez ou. his brains,
Throw his dissevered limbs about the plains:
And if with thee he mingle, mix thy wave
With his hot bloud; and make thy deep his grave,
For O, I fry! despis'd affection burns
With greater rage: my bulk to *Ætna* turns.
And all her flames are in my bosom pent:
Yet *Galatea*, wilt not thou relent?
This said, he rose; (for I beheld him well:)
Nor could stand still; but terrible and fell,
Hurries about the woods and well-known coast;
Much like a Bull that hath his Heifer lost.

Who me and *Acis*, too ſecure, eſpy'd,
And with a voice that ſuits a *Cyclop*, cry'd,
This hour ſhall be the laſt of all your joys;
Affrighted *Ætna* roared with the noiſe,
I under water div'd: he flying ſaid;
Help *Galatea!* You, O parents, aid
The utterly undone; and entertain
Your iſſue in the Empire where you reign.
A torn-off rock the following *Cyclop* threw:
Whoſe corner over-whelmed *Acis* ſlew.
We did, what could be licenſed by Fate:
Reſuming *Acis* to his Grand-ſires ſtate:
The purple bloud from his cruſht body fled;
Which preſently forſook the native red:
Firſt like a rain-diſcolored ſtream appears;
Then chriſtalline. The rock in ſunder teers:
Whoſe crannies with up-ſtarting reeds abound;
And in the breach inſulting waves reſound:
From whence a youth aroſe above the waſt;
His horned brows with quivering reeds imbrac't.
'Twas wondrous ſtrange: but that his looks appear
More blue, and he more great, it *Acis* were.
And ſo it was: although he now became
A living ſtream, which ſtill preſerves his name.
Here *Galatea* ends; th' aſſembly brake:
To ſmiling Seas the Nymphs themſelves betake.
Scylla returning, dares not truſt the Deeps:
But naked, nigh the thirſty gravel keeps;
Or weary, in the more-ſequeſtred-waves
Her comely limbs in cooling water bathes.
Lo, *Glaucus* in the Sea but lately known,
Transformed near *Eubœan Anthedon*,
Through yielding waves arrives: rapt with her ſight;
By gentle words attempts to ſtay her flight.
She faſter fled: who ſwift with fear aſcends
A lofty hill, which near the ſhoar extends:
Whoſe round congeſted ſummit, crown'd with wood,
Did over-peer the under-ſwelling flood.
There ſtays, ſecured by the place; nor knew
If Gods, or Monſter: much admires his hue,
His ſpreading locks, which all his ſhoulders vail;
And hinder-parts, that bear a fiſhes tail:
Perceived; leaning on a rock, he ſaid:
I am no beaſt, nor prodigy, fair Maid:

Nor

Nor *Proteus*, *Triton Athamantides*,
Are greater Gods, or more command in Seas,
Yet once a mortal; and did then frequent
Th' affected Seas. On those my labor spent.
Sometimes with nets I fishes hale to land:
Sometimes the line directed with my wand.
The shoar a meadow bounds; whereof one side
Is fring'd with weeds, the other with the tide.
On this nor horned cattel ever fed,
Nor harmless sheep, nor goats on mountains bred,
No Bees from hence their thighs with honey lade;
Those flowers no marriage-garlands ever made:
That grass ne're cut with sithes. Of mortals I
First thither came; my nets hung up to dry.
While I expos'd the fishes which I took;
By their credulity hung on my hook,
Or matcht in nets; (what would a lye behove?
Yet such it seems) my prey began to move,
Display their fins, and swim as on the floud.
While I neglect their stay, and wondring stood;
They all by flight avoiding my command,
Together left their owner and the Land.
Amaz'd, and doubting long; the cause I fought,
If either God, or Herb, this wonder wrought.
What herb, said I, hath such a power? in hast
An herb I pull'd, and gave it to my tast.
No sooner swallowed, but my intrails shook:
When forthwith I another nature took:
Nor could refrain; but said, O Earth, my last
Farewel receive! in Seas my self I cast.
The Sea-gods now vouchsafing my receit
Into their sacred fellowships, intreat
Both *Tethys* and *Oceanus*, that they
Would take, what ever mortal was, away.
Whom now they hallow, and with charms nine times
Repeated, purge me from my humane crimes:
And bad me dive beneath an hundred streams.
Forth-with the rivers rusht from sundry Realms;
And Sea-raisd Surges roll above my crown.
As soon as streams retire, and Seas were down,
Another body, and another mind;
Unlike the former, they to me assign'd.
Thus much of Wonder I remember well.
Thenceforth insensible of what befel.

Then first of all this Sea-green beard I saw,
These dangling locks, which through the deep I draw;
Broad shoulder-blades, blue arms of greater might;
And thighs which in a fishes tail unite.
What boots this form? my grace with Gods of Seas?
Or that a God? If thou affect not these?
While this he spake, and would have uttered more,
Coy *Scylla* flies. He with impatience bore
His Loves repulse: whom strong desires transport
To great *Titanian Circes* horrid Court.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE FOURTEENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Inchanted Scylla, *hem'd with horrid shapes,*
Becomes a Rock; Cercopeans *turn'd to Apes.*
Sibylla *wears t' a Voice.* Ulysses *men*
Transform'd to Swine, are re-transform'd again.
Picus *a Bird: his Followers Beasts. Despair*
Resolves sad-singing Canens *into Air.*
The mates of Diomed *unreconcil'd*
Idalia *turns to Fowl. An Olive wild*
Rude Apulus *deciphers.* Turnus *burns*
Æneas *ships: these* Berecynthia *turns*
To Sea-Nymphs; who Alcynous *ship with joy*
Behold a Rock. The Trojan *flames destroy*
Besieged Ardea; *from whose ashes springs*
A meager Hern, that bears them on her wings.
Æneas *Deify'd.* Vertumnus *tries*
All shapes. Rhamnusia, *for her cruelties,*
Congeals proud Anaxarete *to Stone,*
Cold Fountains boil with heat. T' an heav'nly throne
Mars Romulus *assumes.* Hersilia
Like grace receives: who join in equal sway.

NOW *Glaucus*, thron'd in tumid floods, had past
High *Ætna*, on the jaws of *Typhon* cast;
Cyclopian fields, where never Oxen drew
The furrowing plough, nor ever tillage knew;

Crookt *Zancle*; *Rhegium* on the other side;
The wrackful Straits, whose double bounds divide
Sicilia from *Ausonia*: forward drives.
Through spacious *Tyrrhen*, at length arrives
At herby Hills, *Phœbean Circes* seat,
With sundry forms of monstrous beasts repleat.
When, mutually saluting, *Glaucus* said:
O God, O Goddess, pity: on your aid
Alone relies (if my desert might move
So dear a grace) th' assuagement of my Love.
For none then I, *Titania*, better knows
The power of herbs, that was transform'd by those.
T' inform you better, in *Italia*
Against *Massena*, on a sandy Bay,
I *Scylla* saw: it shames me to recite
My slighted Courtship, answered by her slight.
Do thou, if charms avail, in charms untie
Thy sacred tongue: or soveraign Herbs apply,
If of more power. Yet I affect no cure,
Nor end of Love: like heat let her endure.
But *Circe* (none to such desires more prone,
Or that the cause is in her self alone;
Or stung by *Venus* angry influence,
In that her Father publisht her offence)
Reply'd: The willing with more ease pursue;
Who with the same, whom equal flames subdue;
For Thou O well deserv'st to be pursu'd:
Give hope, and, credit me, thou shalt be woo'd.
Rest therefore of thy beauty confident;
Lo, I, a Goddess, radiant *Sols* descent:
In herbs so potent, and no less in charms;
Proffer my self, and pleasures to thy arms.
Scorn her that scorns thee; her, that seeks, pursue:
And so at once be thou reveng'd of two.
Glaucus reply'd to her who sought him so:
First shady groves shall on the billows grow,
And Sea-weeds to the mountain tops remove:
E're I (and *Scylla* living) change my love.
The Goddess frets: who since she neither could
Destroy a Deity, nor, loving, would;
On her, prefer'd before her, bends her ire:
And high-incensed with repulst desire,
Forth-with infectious drugs of dire effects
Together grinds, and *Hecats* charms injects:

A Sea-

A Sea-green robe puts on, the Court forſakes
Through throngs of fawning beaſts: her journey takes
To *Rhegium* oppoſite to *Zancle*'s ſhoar;
And treads the troubled waves that loudly roar.
Running with unwet feet on that Profound;
As if ſh' had trod upon the ſolid ground.
A little Bay, by *Scylla* haunted, lies
Bent like a Bow; ſconſt from the Seas and Skies
Diſtemper, when the high-pitcht Sun invades
The world with hotteſt beams, and ſhorteſt ſhades;
This with portentous poiſons ſhe pollutes;
Beſprinkled with the juice of wicked roots:
In words dark and perplexed nine times thrice
Inchantments mutters with her magick voice,
Now Scylla came; and, wading to the waſt,
Beheld her lips with barking dogs imbrac't.
Starts back: at firſt not thinking that they were
Part of her ſelf, but rates them, and doth fear
Their threatning jaws: but thoſe from whom ſhe flies,
She with her hales. Then looking for her thighs,
Her legs, and feet; in ſtead of them ſhe found
The mouths of *Cerberus* inviron'd round
With rav'ning Currs: the backs of ſalvage beaſts
Support her groin; whereon her belly reſts.
Kind *Glaucus* wept; and *Circe*'s bed refus'd:
Who had ſo cruelly her Art abus'd.
But *Scylla*, ſtill remaining, *Circe* hates;
Who for that cauſe deſtroy'd *Ulyſſes* mates.
And had the *Trojan* navy drown'd of late,
If not before transform'd by powerful Fate,
Into a Rock: the ſtony Prodigy
Yet eminent, from which the Sea-men fly.
This, and *Charybdis* paſt with ſtretched oars;
The *Trojan* fleet now near th' *Auſonian* ſhoars,
Croſs winds, and violent, to *Libya* drave.
There, in her heart, and palace, *Dido* gave
Æneas harbor: with impatience bears
Her husbands flight: forth-with a Pile ſhe rears,
Pretending ſacrifice; and then doth fall
Upon his Sword: deceiv'd, deceiving all.
Flying from *Carthage*. *Eryx* he re-gain'd;
There where his faithful friend *Aceſtes* reign'd.
His fathers funerals he re-ſolemniz'd,
He puts to Sea, with ſhips wel-nigh ſurpriz'd

By *Iris* flames *Hippotades*, Command,
The Sulphur-fuming Isles, the rocky Strand
Of *Acheloian Syrens* leaving, lost
His Pilot: to *Inarime* then crost,
To *Prochyta*, and *Pithecusa*, wall'd
With barren hills; so of her people call'd.
For *Jupiter*, detesting much the slie
And fraudulent *Cercopians* perjury,
Into deformed beasts transform'd them then;
Although unlike, appearing like to men?
Contracts their limbs, their noses from their brows
He flats, their faces with old wrinkles plows;
And, covering them with yellow hair, affords
This dwelling; first depriving them of words,
So much abus'd to perjury and wrongs:
Who jabber, and complain with stammering tongues.
Then on the right-hand left *Parthenope*,
Misenus on the left, far-stretcht in Sea,
So named of his Trumpeter: thence, past
By slimy Marishes, and anchor cast
At *Cuma*; entring long-lov'd *Sibyls* Caves.
A passage through obscure *Avernus* craves.
T'his Fathers *Manes*. She erects his eyes,
Long fixt on earth, and with the Deities
Reception fill'd, in sacred rage reply'd:
Great things thou seek'st, O thou so magnify'd
For mighty deeds! thy piety through flame,
Thy arm through Armies consecrate thy name.
Yet fear not, *Trojan*, thy desires enjoy:
T'*Elysian* Fields, th'infernal Monarchy,
And Fathers shade, I will thy person guide:
No way to noble Vertue is deny'd.
Then to a golden bough directs his view,
Which in *Avernian Juno*'s Hort-yard grew:
And bad him pull it from the sacred tree.
Æneas her obeys: and now doth see
The spoils of dreadful Hell; his Grand-sires, lost
In death, and great *Anchises* aged Ghost:
There knows the customs of the *Latian* State;
The toil of future war, and following fate.
Then, in retreat, his weary steps apply'd.
And by discourse with his *Cumæan* Guide
His toil beguiles; as in that horrid way,
Through gloomy twi-light, he remounts to Day.

Whether

Whether, said he, thou bee'ſt a Deity,
Or of the Gods belov'd; for ever I
Will ſerve thee as a Goddeſs: and confeſs
That by thy favour I have won acceſs
Unto th' abodes of death; that by thee I
Eſcape from his infernal Monarchy.
And therefore will, when I to day return,
A Temple build, and incenſe to thee burn.
The Propheteſſe on him reverts her eye;
And ſighing, ſaid; I am no Deity:
To mortals offer no immortal Dues:
Leſt ignorance thy gratitude abuſe.
Yet had been free from deaths impetuous power,
Had I to *Phœbus* given my virgin flower.
While hopeful; tempting me with gifts, he ſaid,
Ask what thou wilt, my fair *Cumæan* Maid,
And take thy wiſh: I ſhew'd a heap of ſand;
And wiſht as many birth-days as my hand,
Contained grains: forgot to add the prime
Of youthful years, which ſhould have crownd my time.
Who this had granted alſo, if my bed
He could have won. His gifts deſpis'd, I led
A ſingle life, thoſe happy times are gone;
And craſie age with trembling ſteps comes on.
Seven ages have I liv'd, and live I muſt
Till years have equalled thoſe grains of duſt.
Three hundred Harveſts conſummate the ſum,
The hundred Vintages. The time will come,
When length of days my body ſhall abate,
And little leave in quantity or weight.
None then will think that I belov'd had been,
Or pleas'd a God. He, by whom all is ſeen,
(Such change ſhall I endure) or will not know,
Or elſe deny, that he had lov'd me ſo.
No eye ſhall ſee me: yet a voice alone
Fate will afford, by which I ſhall be known.
Thus *Sibyl*, as they climb'd that ſteep aſcent,
Pious *Æneas* through this *Stygian* vent
At *Cuma* roſe: and ſacrificing came
To ſhoars ſince called of his Nurſes name,
Neritian Macarem, the friend
Of *Ithacus* did here his travels end.
Who knowing *Achæmenides*, of late
On *Ætna* left, admires to ſee his mate

Lon

Long given for dead. What chance, or God, ſaid he,
O *Achæmenides*: hath ſet thee free?
How comes a *Grecian* ſouldier to be found
In *Trojan* veſſel? for what Country bound?
When *Achæmenides*: (not now forlorn.
Now like himſelf, his rags not pind with thorn)
May I fell *Polipheme* behold again,
Whoſe jaws ore-flow with bloud of ſtrangers ſlain;
If I this home prefer not far above
Ulyſſes ſhip, or leſs *Æneas* love
Then my own father, could I render more
Then all my All, the recompence were poor.
That now I ſpeak, I breath, Heaven, Sun-ſhine ſee
(Can I unmindful or ungrateful be)
Is by his bounty: that the *Cyclops* foul
And hungry maw had not devour'd my ſoul:
That now I may be buried when I die;
Or at the leaſt, not in his entrails lie.
O what a heart had I! with fear bereft
Of ſoul and ſenſe! when I behind was left,
And ſaw your flight! I had an Out-cry made,
But that afeard to have my ſelf betrayd.
Yours, almoſt had *Ulyſſes* ſhip deſtroyd:
I ſaw him rive out of the mountains ſide
A ſolid rock, and dart it on the Main:
I ſaw the furious Giant once again,
When mighty ſtones with monſtrous ſtrength he flung:
Like quarries by a warlike engine ſlung.
Leaſt ſhip ſhould ſink with waves and ſtones I fear:
Not then remembring, that I was not there.
He, when your flight had reſcu'd you from death,
O're *Ætna* paces; ſighing clouds of breath:
And groping in the woods, bereft of ſight,
Encounters juſtling rocks: mad with deſpight
Extends his bloudy arms to under waves,
The *Greeks* purſues with curſes; and thus raves.
O would ſome God *Ulyſſes* would ingage,
Or ſome of his, to my inſatiate rage!
I'd gnaw his heart, his living members rend,
Gulp down his bloud till it again aſcend,
And craſh his panting ſinews. O, how light
A loſs, or none, were then my loſs of ſight:
This ſpake, and more, My joints pale horror ſhook,
To ſee his grim, and ſlaughter-ſmeared look,

His

His bloudy hands, his eyes deſerted ſeat,
Vaſt limbs, and beard with humane gore concret.
Death ſtood before mine eyes (my leaſt diſmay:)
Now thought my ſelf ſurpriz'd; now, that I lay
Drownd in his paunch. That time preſents my view,
When two of ours on daſhing ſtones he threw:
Then on them like a ſhagged Lion lies:
Their entrails, fleſh, yet moving arteries,
White marrow, with craſht bones, at once devoures.
I, ſad, and bloudleſs ſtood: fear chil'd my powers,
Seeing him ear, and caſt the horrid food;
Raw lumps of fleſh, wine mixt with clotted bloud.
Even ſuch a fate my wretched thoughts propound.
Long lying hid, afraid of every ſound,
Abhorring death, yet coveting to die;
With maſt, and hearbs repelling famine; I,
Forlorn, to death and torment left, at laſt
This ſhip eſpy'd: and waſting it, in haſt
Ran to the ſhore, nor ſafety vainly ſeek:
A *Trojan* veſſel entertain'd a *Greek*.
Now, worthy friend, your own adventures tell;
And what, ſince firſt you put to ſea, befel.
He told how *Æolus* raign'd in *Thuſcan* Seas,
Storm-fettering *Acolus Hippodates*,
Who nobly gave to their *Dulichian* Guide
A wind, incloſed in an Oxes hide.
Nine days they ſailed with ſucceſsful gales;
Sought ſhores deſcry'd: the tenth had blancht their ſails
When greedy Sailers, thinking to have found
A maſs of envi'd gold, the wind unbound.
This through rough ſeas the Navy backward drives,
Which at th' *Æolian* port again arrives
To *Leſtrigonian Lamus* ancient town
From thence, ſaid he, we came, That Countreys crown
Antiphates then wore. Three thither ſent,
Two of us ſcarce by flight our death prevent:
The third the *Leſtrigonians* teeth embrude
With his hot gore. *Antiphates* purſude
Our flights; incites his troops; who tumbling down
Huge ſtones and trees, our men and veſſels drown:
One ſcap't; which us, and ſad *Ulyſſes* bore.
Jointly our loſt companions we deplore;
And grieving reach that Sea-environ'd land,
Which far from hence you ſee: Still may it ſtand

Far

Far from my sight! beware thou Goddess Son,
Just *Trojan* Prince, for now the wars are done,
With them for ever end our enmity,
From *Circes* Mansion, O *Æneas* flie.
There anchoring; mindful of the *Cyclops* strand,
And fell *Antiphates*, we fear to land.
But casting lots, the lot elected us,
Faithful *Polites*, sage *Eurylochus*,
Elpenor prone to wine, and eighteen more
To visit *Circe* on that unknown shore.
Approaching, we before the Portal staid,
A thousand Lions, Bears, and Wolves invade
Our hearts with fear, which needed not, for they
Instead of teeth their flattering tails display,
And fawning follow; till their hand-maids came
And led us through that Marble-cover'd frame
Unto their Mistris. On a throne of State,
She in a sumptuous inward chamber sate:
With gold her under garment richly shone;
And over it a purple Mantle thrown,
Nereides, and Nymphs, nor carded wooll,
Nor following twine with busie fingers pull:
But weeds dispose in order; mingled flowers
Select in maunds, and herbs of different powers,
At her direction: who the vertue knew
Of every simple, of their compounds too;
And gives them their due weight. Saluted, she
Salutes again; her chearful looks as free,
As her full bounty to supply our need
Who bids her ready damsels mix with speed
The pulp of Barley, Honey, Curds, strong wines;
And to this sweet receit hid juyces joyns.
Then gave the cup with her own sacred hand;
Which thirstily we drunk, while with her wand
The direful Goddess strokes our crowns, I shame
To tell; yet tell: I presently became
With bristles rough: thinking as I was wont,
T' have spoke, and shew'd my grief in words, I grunt.
My looks hung down, my mouth extends t' a snout,
My stiffer neck with swelling brawns sticks out;
And go upon those hands, wherewith of late
I took the cup. With those whom frightful fate
Had thus un-man'd (so great a potency
In potions lurks) included in a Sty.

Alone

Alone *Eurylochus* the ſhape of Swine
Avoids: alone refus'd the proffered wine.
Which had not he rejected, with the reſt
Himſelf had been a briſtle-bearing Beaſt.
Nor ſhould *Ulyſſes* our miſ-haps have known:
Or forced *Circe* to reſtore his own.
Peace-bearing *Hermes* gave him a white flower;
Call'd *Holy* by the Gods; of wonderous power,
Sprung from a Sable root: inform'd withal
By heavenly councel, enters *Circe*'s Hall.
Proffering th' inſidious Cup, her magick wand
About to raiſe he thruſt her from her ſtand;
And with drawn ſword the trembling Goddeſs frights.
When vowed faith with her fair hands ſhe plights;
And grac't him with her nuptial bed: who then
Demands in dowry his transfigur'd men
Sprinkled with better juice, her wand reverſt,
Above our crowns, and charms with charms diſperſt;
The more ſhe ſings, we grow the more upright,
Our briſtles ſhed, our cloven feet unite,
Shoulders and arms poſſeſs their former grace.
With tears our weeping General we embrace
And hang about his neck: nor ſcarce a word
Breathes through our lips, but ſuch as thanks afford.
From hence our Paſs was for a year deferr'd;
In that long time much ſaw I, and much heard:
Of which, a Maid (one of the four, prepar'd
For ſacred ſervice) cloſely this declar'd.
For while my Chief with *Circe* ſports alone,
She ſhew'd a young-mans Image of white ſtone
Clos'd in a ſhrine, with crowns imbelliſhed;
Who bore a Wood-pecker upon his head.
Demanding whoſe it was, why placed there,
Why he that Bird upon his ſummit bare?
I will, reply'd ſhe, O *Macareus*, tell
In this my Miſtris-power: obſerve me well.
Saturnian Picus in *Auſonia* raign'd,
Who generous horſes for the battle train'd.
His form, ſuch as you ſee: whom had you known,
You would have thought this feature were his own.
His mind as beautiful. Nor yet could he
Four *Græcian* wraſtlings in th' *Olympicks* ſee.
The *Dryades*, in *Latian* mountains born,
His looks attract: nor Nymphs of fountains ſcorn

To

To sue for pity. Those whom *Albula*,
Numicus, *Anio*, *Almo* short of way,
And heady *Nar* sustain; the shady Floud
Of *Farfarus*, the *Scythian Cynthias* woo'd.
Environ'd marishes, and neighbouring Lakes.
Yet for one onely Nymph the rest forsakes:
Whom whilome on Mount *Palatine*, the fair
Venilia to the two fac'd *Janus* bare.
The Maid, now marriageable, honoured
Laurentian Picus with her nuptial bed,
Her beauty admirable: yet more fam'd
For artful songs; and there of *Canens* nam'd,
Her voice the woods and rocks to passion moves;
Tames salvage beasts, the troubled Rivers smooths,
Detains their hasty course, and, when she sings,
The birds neglect the labour of their wings,
While her sweet voice cœlestial musick yields,
Young *Picus* follows in *Laurentian* Fields,
The salvage Bore, upon a fiery Steed;
Arm'd with two darts: clad in a *Tyrian* weed
With gold close-buckled. Thither also came
The Daughter of the Sun; who left her name
Retaining fields, and on those fruitful hills
Her sacred lap with dewy Simples fills.
Seeing unseen, his sight her sense amaz'd:
The gathered hearbs fell from her as she gaz'd:
Whose bones a marrow-melting flame enclos'd:
But when she her distraction had compos'd,
About t' impart her wish, the following press,
And swiftness of his horse, forbid access.
Thou shalt not so escape said she, although
The winds should wing thee; if my self I know,
If hearbs retain their power, if charms at least
My trust deceive not. Then creates a Beast
Without a body, bid to run before
The Kings pursuit; and made the airy Bore
To take a thicket, where no horse could force
His barr'd access. He leaves his foaming horse
On foot to follow a deceitful Shade.
With equal hopes: and through the forrest straid.
New Vowes she straight conceiveth, aid implores:
And Gods unknown with unknown charms adores.
Wherewith inur'd t' eclipse the pale-fac't Moon:
And cloud her Fathers splendor at high Noon,

And

And now with pitchy fogs obſcures the day,
From earth exhal'd. His Guard miſtake their way,
In that deceitful Night, and from him ſtray'd.
When ſhe, the time and place befitting, ſaid:
By thoſe fair eyes, which have inthralled mine;
And by that all-alluring face of thine,
Which makes a Goddeſs ſue; aſſwage the fire
By thee incenſt; and take unto thy Sire
The all-illuminating Sun: nor prove
Hard-hearted to *Titanian Circes* love.
Her, and her prayers, deſpis'd. What e're thou art,
I am not thine, ſaid he, my captive heart
Another holds; and may ſhe hold it long.
Nor with a ſtranger will I ever wrong
Our nuptial faith, ſo long as Nature gives
Life to my veins, and *Janus* daughter lives.
Titania, tempting oft, as oft in vain;
Thou ſhalt not ſcape my vengeance, nor again
Return to *Canens*. What the wrong'd can do,
A wronged Lover, and a Woman too,
Thou ſhalt, ſaid ſhe, by ſad experience prove:
For I a woman, wrong'd, and wrong'd in love.
Twice turns ſhe to the Eaſt, twice to the Weſt:
Thrice toucht him with her wand, three charms expreſt,
He flies; at his unwonted ſpeed admir'd;
Then ſaw the feathers, which his skin attir'd:
Who forth-with ſeeks the woods; and angry ſtill,
Hard Oaks aſſails, and wounds them with his bill.
His wings the purple of his cloak aſſume:
The gold that claſpt his garment turns to plume,
And now his neck with golden circle chains:
Of *Picus* nothing but his name remains.
The Courtiers *Picus* call, and ſeek him round
About the fields, that was not to be found.
Yet *Circe* find (for now the day grew fair,
The Sun and Winds ſet free to cleanſe the air)
And charge her with true crimes; their King demand
With threatning looks, and weapons in their hand.
She ſprinkles them with juice of wicked might.
From *Erebus* and *Chaos* conjures *Night*,
With all her Gods; and *Hecate* intreats,
With tedious mumblings. Woods forſake their ſeats,
Their leavs look pale; Herbs bluſh with drops of gore,
Earth groans, dogs howl, rocks hoarſly ſeem to roar:

Upon

Upon the tainted ground black Serpents slide;
And through the air unbodied spirits glide.
Frighted with terrors, as they trembling stand,
She strokes their wondering faces with her wand:
Forth-with the shapes of salvage beasts invest
Their former forms; not one his own possest.
Phœbus now entring the *Tarteſſian* Main,
Sad *Canens* with her eyes and soul, in vain
Expects her Spouse. Her servants she excites
To run about the woods with blazing lights.
Who not content to weep, to teer her hair,
And beat her breasts (though these expres her care)
In hast forsakes her roof; and frantick, strays
Through broad-spred fields. Six nights, as many days,
Without or sleep, or sustenance, she fled
O're hills and dales, the way which fortune led.
Now tir'd with grief and travel. *Tyber* last
Beheld the Nymph: on his cool banks she cast
Her feeble limbs: there weeps, and weeping sung
Her sorrows with a softly warbling tongue.
Even so the dying Swan with low-rais'd breath,
Sings her own exequies before her death.
At length her marrow melts with griefs despair:
And by degrees she vanisheth to air.
Yet still the place doth memorize her fame:
Which of the Nymph the Rurals *Canens* name.
In that long year, much, and such deeds as these
I saw and heard. Un-nerv'd with slothful ease,
Again we put to Sea: by *Circe* told
Of our hard passage, and the manifold
Disasters to ensue, I grew afraid
(I must confess) and here arriving, stay'd.
Macarews ends. *Cajeta* Urn inclo'd,
This verse had on her marble tomb impos'd.
Here, with due fires, my pious Nurse-child me
Cajeta burnt; from *Grecian* fires set free.
They loose their cables from the grassie strand;
Avoiding *Circes* guileful palace, stand
For those tall groves, where *Tyber*, dark with shades,
In *Tyrrhen* Seas his sandy streams unlades.
The throne of *Faunus* son, the *Latian* star
Lavinia gains; but not without a war.
War with a furious Nation is commenc'd;
Stern *Turnus* for his promis'd wife incens'd:

While

While all *Hetruria* to *Latium* ſwarms;
Hard victory long ſought with penſive arms,
To get Recruits from foreign States they try:
Nor *Trojans*, nor *Rutulians* want ſupply.
Nor to *Evander* town *Æneas* went
In vain: though vainly *Venulus* was ſent
To baniſht *Diomeds* City, late immur'd:
Thoſe fields *Japygian Daunus* had aſſur'd
To him in dowre. When *Venulus* had done
His embaſſie to *Tydeus* warlike ſon:
The Prince excus'd his aid; as loth to draw
The ſubjects of his aged father-in-law
T' unneceſſary war: that none remain
Of his to arm. Leſt you ſhould think I feign;
Though repetition Sorrow renovates;
Yet, while I ſuffer, hear the worſt of fates.
After that *Pergamus* our prey became,
And lofty *Ilium* fed the *Grecian* flame:
A Virgin, for a Virgins rape, let fall
Her vengeance, to *Oleius* due, on all.
Scattered on faithleſs Seas with furious ſtorms,
We, wretched *Grecians*, ſuffer'd all the forms
Of horror: lightning, night, ſhow'rs, wrath of skies,
Of Seas, and dire *Capharean* cruelties.
T' abridg the ſtory of ſo ſad a fate;
Now *Priam* would have pitied our eſtate.
Yet *Pallas* ſnatcht me from the ſwallowing Main;
Then from my ungrateful Country chas'd again,
For *Venus*, mindful of her ancient wound,
New woes inflicts. Much on the vaſt Profound,
Much ſuffering in terreſtrial conflicts, I
Oft call'd them happy, whom the injury
Of publick tempeſts, and the harborleſs
Caphareus drown'd: envy'd in our diſtreſs
The worſt endur'd; with Seas and battels tir'd,
My men an end of their long toil deſir'd.
But *Acmon*, full of fire, and fiercer made
By uſual ſlaughters: What remains (he ſaid)
O mates, which now our patience would eſchew?
Though willing, what can *Cytharea* do
More then ſh' hath done? when worſe miſ-haps affright,
Then prayers avail: but when miſ-fortunes ſpight
Her worſt inflicts, then fear is of no uſe:
And height of ills ſecurity produce.

Let

Let *Venus* hear: although she hate us all
(As all she hates that serve our General)
Yet let us all despise her empty hate;
Whose Power hath made us so unfortunate.
Pleuronion Acmon angry *Venus* stung:
Revenge reviving with his lavish tongue.
Few like his words: the most severely chid
His tongues excess. About to have reply'd,
His speech, and path of speech, at once grew small,
His hair converts to plume; plumes cover all
His neck, back, bosom: larger feathers spring
From his rough arm, his arm was now a wing.
His feet divide to toes, hard horn extends
From his chang'd face, and in a bill descends.
Rhetenor, *Nycteus*, *Lycus*, *Abas*, *Ide*,
Admire! and in their admiration try'd
Like destiny. Most of my Souldiers grew
Forth-with new Fowl; and round about us flew.
If you inquire, what shape their own un-mans;
They are not, yet are like to silver Swans.
These barren fields, with this poor remnant, I,
As son-in-law to *Daunus*, scarce enjoy:
Thus far *Oenides*. *Venulus* forsakes
Tydides Kingdom: by *Puteoli* takes
His way, and through *Mesapia*: there survey'd
A Cave, inviron'd with a sylvan shade,
Distilling streams, by half-goat *Pan* possest:
Which erst the Wood-nymphs with their beauties blest.
They terrify'd at first with sudden dread,
From home-bred *Apulus*, the shepherd, fled:
Straight, taking heart, despised his pursuit:
And danced with a measure-keeping foot.
He scoffs: their motion clown-like imitates:
Nor onely raileth, but obscenely prates;
Nor ceaseth, till a tree invests his throat.
A tree whose berries his behaviour note.
An Olive wild, which bitter fruit affords,
Becomes disleafned with his bitter words.
Th' Embassador returns without the sought
Aetolian succors: the *Rutulians* fought
'Gainst foes and fortune; of that hope depriv'd:
Whole streams of bloud from mutual wounds deriv'd.
Lo, fire-brands to the Navy *Turnus* bears:
And what escaped drowning, burning fears.

Pitch,

Pitch, Rozen, and like ready food for fire,
Now *Vulcan* feed: the hungry flames aſpire
Up to the Sails along the lofty maſt;
And catch the yards, with curling ſmoke imbrac't.
But when the Mother of the Gods beheld
Thoſe blazing Pines, from top of *Ida* fell'd:
Loud Shalms and Cymbals uſher'd her repair:
Who, drawn by bridled Lions through the air,
Thus ſaid: Thy wicked hands to ſmall effect,
O *Turnus*, violate what we protect.
Nor ſhall the greedy fire a part of thoſe
Tall woods devour, which ſheltred our repoſe.
With that ſhe thunders, pouring down amain
Thick ſtorms of skipping hail, and clouds of rain.
Th' *Aſtræan* Sons in ſwift concurſions join;
Toſſing the troubled air, and *Neptunes* brine.
One ſhe imploys, whoſe ſpeed the reſt out-ſtrips;
That brake the Cables of the *Phrygian* Ships,
And drave them under the high-ſwelling Floud.
The timber ſoftens, fleſh proceeds from wood,
The crooked Stern to heads and faces grows,
The Oars to ſwimming legs, fine feet, and toes;
What were their holds, to ſlender ſides are grown,
The lengthful keel preſenting the back-bone;
The yards to arms, to hair the tackling grew:
As formerly, ſo now, their color blue.
And they, but lately of their floods afraid;
Now in the floods, with Virgin paſtime, play'd.
Theſe Sea-Nymphs, born on mountains, celebrate
The Seas, forgetful of their former ſtate.
Yet weighing, what themſelves ſo oft endur'd
On high-wrought waves, oft ſinking ſhips ſecur'd;
Excepting ſuch, as *Grecians* carry: thoſe
They hate, yet mindful of the *Trojan* woes.
Who ſaw *Ulyſſes* ſhips in ſurges quell'd
With pleaſed eyes; with pleaſed eyes beheld
Alcinous ſhip, in ſwiftneſs next to none,
Unmoveable; the wood transform'd to ſtone.
'Twas thought this wondrous prodigy would fright
The *Rutuli*, and make them ceaſe from fight.
Both parts perſiſt, both have their Gods to friend;
And Valor no leſs potent: nor contend
Now for *Lavinia*, for *Latinus* crown,
Nor dotal Kingdom; but for fair renown:

Aſham'd

Aſham'd to lay their bruiſed arms aſide,
Till death to conqueſt had the quarrel try'd.
Venus her ſon victorious ſees at length,
Great *Turnus* fell; ſtrong *Ardea* falls, of ſtrength
While *Turnus* ſtood, devour'd by barbarous flame,
In dying cinders buried. From the ſame
A Fowl, unknown to former ages, ſprings;
And fans the aſhes with her hovering wings.
Pale color, leanneſs, ſhrieking ſounds of wo,
The image of a captive City ſhow.
Who alſo ſtill the Cities name retains:
And with ſelf-beating wings of Fate complains.
And now *Æneas* vertues terminate
The wrath of Gods, and *Juno*'s ancient hate.
An opulent foundation having laid
For young *Iulus*, by his merit made
Now fit for Heaven: the Pow'r, who rules in Love,
The Gods ſolicits; then, imbracing *Jove*:
O Father, never yet to me unkind;
Now O inlarge the bounty of thy mind.
A Deity, mean, ſo it a Deity be,
Æneas give; that art to him by me
A Grand-father: th' unamiable realms
Suffice it once t' have ſeen, and *Stygian* ſtreams.
The Gods agree; nor *Juno*'s looks diſſent,
Who with a chearful freeneſs forward bent,
Then *Jove*; He well deſerves a Deity:
Thy ſute, fair Daughter, to thy will enjoy.
She, joyful, thanks returns: and through the air,
Drawn by her yoked Doves, lights on the bare
Laurentian ſhoars; where ſmooth *Numicius* creeps
Through whiſp'ring reeds into the neighbor Deeps.
Who bids him from *Æneas* waſh away
All unto death obnoxious, and convey
It ſilently to Seas. The horned Flood
Obeys; and what ſubſiſts by mortal food,
With water purg'd, and onely left behind
His better parts. His mother the refin'd
Anoints with ſacred Odors, and his lips
In *Nectar*, mingled with *Ambroſia*, dips;
So deify'd: whom *Indiges Rome* calls;
Honor'd with altars, ſhrines, and feſtivals.
Two-nam'd *Aſcanius Latium* then obey'd,
And *Alba*: next, the Scepter *Sylvius* ſway'd.

His

His Son *Latinus* held that ancient name,
And crown. Him *Epitus*, renown'd by Fame,
Succeeds. Then *Capis*. *Capetus*, his Son
Succeeded him. Next *Tiberine* begun
His reign; who, drown'd in *Thuscan* waters, gave
Those streams his name: Who *Remulus* got, and brave-
Soul'd *Acrota*. But *Remulus* was slain
With thunder; Who the Thunderer durst feign.
More moderate *Acrota* resign'd his throne
To *Aventine*, upon the Mount whereon
He reign'd, intomb'd; which yet his name retains.
Over the *Palatines* next *Procas* reigns.
Pomona flourisht in those times of ease:
Of all the *Latian Hamadryades*,
None fruitful Hort-yards held in more repute;
Or took more care to propagate their fruit.
Whereof so nam'd. Nor streams, nor shady groves,
But trees producing generous burdens loves.
Her hand an hook, and not a javelin bare:
Now prunes luxurious twigs, and boughs that dare
Transcend their bounds: now slits the bark, the bud
Inserts; inforc'd to nurse anothers brood.
Nor suffers them to suffer thirst, but brings
To moisture-sucking roots, soft-sliding Springs.
Such her delight, her care. No thoughts extend
To loves unknown desires: yet to defend
Her self from rapeful Rurals, round about
Her Hort-yard walls; t' avoid, and keep them out.
What left the skipping *Satyres* unassay'd;
Rude *Pan*, whose horns Pine-brissled garlands shade;
Silenus, still more youthful then his years;
Or he who theeves with hook and member fears,
To tast her sweetness; but far more then all
Vertumnus loves; yet were his hopes as small.
How often, like a painful Reaper, came
Laden with weighty sheaves; and seem'd the same:
Oft wreaths of new-mow'd grass his brows array,
As though then exercis'd in making hay.
A goad now in his hardned hands he bears,
And newly seems to have un-yok'd his Steers.
Oft Vines and fruit-trees with a pruning hook
Corrects, and dresses; oft a Ladder took
To gather fruit: now with his sword the God
A Souldier seems; an Angler with his rod:

And various figures daily multiplies
To win access, and please his longing eyes.
Now, with a staff, an old-wife counterfeits;
On hoary hair a painted Mitre sets,
The Hort-yard entring, admires the fair
And pleasant fruits: So much, said he, more rare
Then all the Nymphs whom *Albula* enjoy,
Half spotless flowers of Maiden chastity:
And kist the gratified. Nor did the Virgin know,
(So innocent) that old-wives kist not so.
Then, sitting on a bank, observeth how
The pregnant boughs with Autumns burthen bow,
Hard by, an Elm, with purple clusters thick'd:
This praising, with the vine so closely join'd:
Yet, saith he, if this Elm should grow alone,
Except for shade, it would be priz'd by none:
And so this Vine, in amorous foldings wound,
If but dis-join'd, would creep upon the ground.
Yet art not thou by such examples led:
But shunst the pleasures of a happy bed.
I would thou wer't not *Helen*, was so sought,
Nor she, for whom the lustful *Centaures* fought,
As thou shouldst be; no nor the wife of bold
Or cautelous *Ulysses*. Yet, behold
Though thou averse to all, and all eschue;
A thousand men, Gods, Demi-gods, pursue
The constant Scorn, and every deathless Power
Which *Alba*'s high and shady hills imbower.
If thou art wise, and would'st well married be?
Or an old woman trust, who credit me,
Affects thee more then all the rest, refuse
These common wooers, and *Vertumnus* choose.
Accept me for his gage; since so well none
Can know him; by himself not better known.
He is no wanderer; this his delight:
Nor loves, like common lovers, at first sight.
Thou art the first, so thou the last shalt be:
His life he only dedicates to thee.
Besides, his youth perpetual; excellent
His beauty; and all shapes can represent
With what you will, what ever hath a name:
Such shall you see him. Your delights, the same:
The first-fruits of your Hort-yard are his due;
Which joyfully he still accepts from you.

But

But neither what these pregnant trees produce
He now desires, nor herbs of pleasant juice:
Nor ought, but onely You. O pity take:
And what I speak, suppose *Vertumnus* spake.
Revengeful Gods, *Idalia*, still severe
To such as slight her, and *Rhamnusia* fear,
The more to fright you from so foul a crime,
Receive (since much I know from aged Time)
A story, generally through *Cyprus* known;
To mollifie an heart more hard then stone.
Iphis, of humble birth, by chance did view
The high-born *Anaxarete*, who drew
Her bloud from *Teucer*. Seeing her, his eyes
Extracts a fire, wherein his bosom fries.
Long strugling, when no reason could reclaim
His fury, to her house the Suppliant came.
Now to her Nurse his wretched love display'd;
And by her foster'd hopes implor'd her aid;
Now humbly sues unto one of most repute
In her affection, to prefer his sute.
The pleading Wan his sad lines often bears,
Oft Mirtle-garlands, sprinkled with his tears,
Hangs on the posts: on the hard threshold laid
His tender sides, his sighs the doors up-braid.
But she more cruel then the Seas, imbroil'd
With rising storms; more hard then Iron, boil'd
In fire-red furnaces; or rooted rocks;
Disdains the lover, and his passion mocks.
Who to her froward deeds adds bitter words
Of no less scorn; nor hope to love affords.
Impatient of his torment, and her hate;
These words his last, he utters at her gate:
O *Anaxarete*, thou hast o're-come!
Nor shall my life be longer wearisom
To thy disdain. Triumph, O too unkind!
Sing *Peans*, and thy brows with Laurel bind!
Thou hast o're-come; lo, willingly I die:
Proceed, and celebrate thy cruel joy.
Yet is there something in me, ne're the-less,
That thou wilt praise; and my deserts confess.
Think how my love and life together left
My breast: at once of two clear lights bereft.
Nor rumor, but even I will death present
In such a form, as shall thy pride content;

But O you Gods, if you our actions see,
(This onely I implore) remember me!
Let after-ages celebrate my name:
And what you take from life, afford to fame.
Then heaves his meagre arms and watry eyes
To those known posts, oft crown'd with wreaths, and ties
An halter to the top. Such wreaths, he said,
Best please; hard-hearted, and inhumane Maid!
Then, turning toward her, she forward sprung:
When by the neck th' unhappy Lover hung:
Struck by his sprawling feet, wide open fly
The sounding doors; and that sad deed descry.
The servants shriek; the Vainly-raised bore
T' his mothers house; his father dead before.
His breathless corps she in her bosom plac'd;
And in her arms his heatless limbs imbrac'd.
Lamenting long, as woful parents use;
And having paid a woful mothers dues;
The mournful Funeral through the City led:
And to prepared fires conveys the dead.
This sorrowful Procession passing by
Her house, which bordred on the way, their cry
To th' ears of *Anaxerete* arrives:
Whom now stern *Nemesis* to ruine drives.
We'l see, said she, these sad solemnities:
And forth-with to the lofty window hies.
Whence, seeing *Iphis* on his fatal bed,
Her eyes grew stiff; bloud from her visage fled,
Usurpt by paleness. Striving to retire,
Her feet stuck fast; nor could to her desire
Divert her looks; the hardness of her heart
It self dilated into every part.
This *Salamis* yet keeps, to clear your doubt,
In *Venus* Temple; call'd, the *Looker-out*.
Inform'd by this, O lovely Nymph, decline
Thy former pride, and to thy Lover join.
So may thy growing fruits survive the frost:
Nor ripening by the grapeful winds be lost.
When this the God, who can all shapes induc,
Had said in vain: again himself he grew:
Th' abiliments of heatless age depos'd.
And such himself unto the Nymph disclos'd.
As when the Sun, subduing with his rays
The muffling clouds, his golden brow displays.

Who

Who force prepares: of force there was no need;
Struck with his beauty, mutually, they bleed.
Unjust *Amulius*, next th' *Ausonian* State
By strength usurpt. The nephews to the late
Deposed *Numitor*, him re-inthrone;
Who *Rome*, in *Pales* Feasts, immur'd with stone.
Now *Tatius* leads the *Sabine* Sires to war.
Tarpeia's hands her fathers gates unbar.
To death with armlets prest; her treasons meed,
The *Sabine* Sires like silent Wolves proceed
T' invade their sleeping sons, and seek to seize,
Upon their gates; barr'd by *Iliades*.
One *Juno* opens: though no noise at all
The hinges made; yet by the bars loud fall
To *Venus* known: who this had shut; but knew
That Gods may not, what Gods have done, undo.
Ausonian Nymphs the places bordering
To *Janus* held, inchased with a Spring
Their aid sh' implores. The Nymphs could not deny
A sute so just, but all their floods untie.
As yet the Fane of *Janus* open stood:
Nor was their way impeached by the flood.
Beneath the fruitful Spring they Sulphur turn;
Whose hollow veins with black Bitumen burn.
With these the vapors penetrate below;
And waters, late as cold as *Alpin* snow,
The fire it self in fervor dare provoke;
Now both the posts with flagrant moisture smoke.
These new-rais'd streams the *Sabine* Power exclude,
Till *Mars* his Souldiers had their arms indu'd.
By *Romulus* then in battalia led:
The *Roman* fields the slaughtred *Sabines* spred;
Their own the *Romans*: Fathers, Sons-in-law,
With wicked steel, bloud from each other draw.
At length conclude a peace; nor would contend
Unto the last. Two Kings one throne ascend
With equal rule. But noble *Tatius* slain,
Both Nations under *Romulus* remain.
When *Mars* laid by his shining casks; and then
Thus spake unto the Sire of Gods, and men:
Now, Father, is the time (since *Rome* is grown
To such a greatness, and depends on One)
To put in act thy never-failing-word;
And *Romulus* an heavenly throne afford.

You, in a Synod of the Gods, profest
(Which still I carry in my thankful breast)
That one of mine (this O now ratifie!)
Should be advanc'd unto the starry sky.
Jove condescends: with clouds the day benights;
And with flame-winged thunder earth affrights.
Mars, at the sign of his assumption,
Leans on his Lance, and strongly vaults upon
His bloudy charriot; lashes his hot horses
With sounding whips, and their full speed inforces:
Who, scouring down the airy region, stay'd
On fair mount *Palatine*, obscur'd with shade:
There *Romulus* assumeth from his throne,
Rendring not King-like justice to his own.
Rapt through the air, his mortal members wast,
Like melting bullets from a Slinger cast:
More heavenly fair, more fit for lofty shrines;
Our great and scarlet-rob'd *Quirinus* shines:
Then *Juno* to the said *Hersilia*
(Lost in her sorrow) by a crooked way
Sent *Iris* to deliver this Command:
Star of the *Latian*, of the *Sabine* Land;
Thy sexes glory: worthy then, the vow
Of such an husband, of *Quirinus* now;
Suppress thy tears. If thy desire to see
Thy husband so exceed, then follow me
Unto those woods, which on mount *Quirin* spring;
And shade the Temple of the *Roman* King.
Iris obeys: and by her painted Bow
To earth descending, told *Hersilia* so.
When she, scarce lifting up her modest eyes:
O Goddess (which of all the Deities
I know not; sure a Goddess) thou clear light
Conduct me, O conduct me to the sight
Of my dear Lord: which when the Fates shall shew;
They heaven on me, with all their gifts, bestow.
Then, with *Thaumantias*, entring the high
Romulian Hills, a Star shot from the sky,
Whose golden beams inflam'd *Hersilia's* hairs:
When both together mount th' enlightned Air.
The builder of the *Roman* City took
Her in his arms, and forth-with chang'd her look:
To whom the name of *Ora* he assign'd.
This Goddess now is to *Quirinus* join'd.

OVID'S

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

The Fifteenth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

Black Stones convert to White. Pythagoras
In Illium's flourishing time Euphorbus was,
Of transmigration, of the change of things,
And strange effects, the learned Samian sings.
Recurd Hippolytus is deify'd;
Whom safer Age, and name of Virbius hide.
Egeria thaws into a Spring. From Earth
Prophetick Tages takes his birth from birth.
A Spear a Tree. Graine Cippus verture stain
The Crown, his horns pitifull. Apollo's Son
Assumes a Serpents shape. The Soul of Wars
Great Cæsar, slain, becomes a Blazing Star.

MEan-while a man is sought that might sustain
So great a burden, and succeed the reign
Of such a King: when true-foreshewing Fame
To God-like *Numa* destinates the name.
He, with his *Sabine* cites unsatisfy'd
To greater things his able mind apply'd
In Natures search. Incited with these cares,
He leaves his Countries *Cures*, and repairs
To *Croto*'s City: asks, what *Grecian* hand
Those walls erected on *Italian* Land?
A Native then, in time and knowledg old,
Who much had heard and seen, this story told;

Jove's son, enriche with his *Iberian* prey,
Came from the Ocean to *Lacinia*
With happy steps: who, while his cattel fed
Upon the tender clover, entred
Heroick *Croto's* roof; a welcom Guest:
And his long travel recreates with rest.
Who said, departing; In the following age
A City here shall stand. A true presage.
There was one *Myculus*, *Argolian*
Alemon's issue: in those times, no man
More by the Gods affected. He, who bears
The dreadful Club, to him in sleep appears:
And said: Be gone, thy Countreys bounds forsake;
To stony *Esarus* thy journey take.
And threatens vengeance if he disobey.
The God and sleep together flew away.
He, rising, on the Vision meditates:
Which in his doubtful Soul he long debates.
The God commands; the Law forbids to go;
Death due to such as left their Countrey so.
Clear *Sol* in Seas his radiant fore-head vail'd;
Swart Night her brows exalts, with stars impal'd;
The self-same God the same command repeats:
And greater plagues to disobedience threats.
Affraid, he now prepares to change his own
For foreign seats. This through the City blown:
Accus'd for breach of Laws, arraign'd, and try'd;
They prove the fact, not by himself deny'd.
His hands and eyes then lifting to the sky:
O thou, whom twice Six Labors deifie;
Assist, that art the author of my crime!
White stones and black they us'd in former time;
The white acquit; the black the prisoner cast:
And in such sort this heavy sentence past.
Black stones all threw into the fatal Urn:
But all to white, turn'd out to number, turn.
Thus by *Alcides* power the sad Decree
Was strangely chang'd, and *Myculus* set free.
Who; thanking *Amphitryoniades*,
With a full fore-wind crost th' *Ionian* Seas.
Lacedemonian Tarentum past,
Fair *Sybaris*, *Neathus* running fast.
By *Salentinum*, *Thurin's* crooked Bay,
High *Temesis*, and strong *Japygia*:

Scarce

Scarce searching all that shoars Sea-beaten bound,
The fatal mouth of *Æsarus* out-found.
A Tomb, hard by, the sacred bones inclos'd,
Of famous *Croton*: here, as erst impos'd,
Alemons son erects his City-walls;
Which of the intombed he *Croton* calls.
Of this Original, this City boasts:
Built by a *Grecian* on *Italian* coasts:
Here dwelt a *Samian*, who at once did flie
From *Samos*, Lords, and hated Tyrannie:
Preferring voluntary banishment;
Though far from heaven, his mind's divine ascent
Drew near the Gods; what Natures self denies
To humane Sight, he saw with his Souls eyes.
All apprehended in his ample brest;
And studious cares; his knowledg he profest
To silent and admiring men: and taught
The Worlds original, past humane thought:
What Nature was, what God: the cause of things;
From whence the Snow, from whence the Lightning springs;
Whether Jove thunder, or the winds, that take,
The breaking Clouds: what caus'd the Earth to quake;
What course the Stars observ'd; what-e're lay hid
From vulgar sense: and first of all forbid
With slaughtred creatures to defile our boards:
In such, though unbeliev'd; yet learned Words.
Forbear your selves, O Mortals, to pollute
With wicked food: fields smile with corn, ripe fruit
Weighs down their bough; plump grapes their vines adorn;
There are sweet herbs, and savory roots, which fire (tire;
May mollifie; milk, honey, redolent
With flowers of thyme. Thy pallat to content:
The prodigal Earth abounds with gentle food;
Affording banquets without death or blood.
Bruit beasts with flesh their raw-nous hunger clay;
And yet not all; in pastures horses joy.
So flocks, and herds. But those whom Nature hath
Indu'd with cruelty, and salvage wrath
(Wolves, Bears, *Armenian* Tigers, Lions) to
Hot bloud delights! How horrible a Sin,
That intrails bleeding intrails should intomb!
That greedy flesh, by flesh should fat become!
While by one creatures death another lives!
Of all, which Earth, our wealthy mother, gives;

Can nothing please, unless thy teeth thou imbrue
In wounds, and dire *Cyclopean* fate renew?
Nor satiate the greedy luxury
Of thy rude palate, except another die:
But that old Age, that innocent estate,
Which we the Golden call'd, was fortunate.
In herbs, and fruits, her lips with blood undy'd.
Then Fowl through air their wings in safety ply'd;
The Hare, then fearless, wandred o're the plain;
Nor Fish by their credulity were ta'ne.
Not treacherous, nor fearing treachery,
All liv'd secure. When he, who did envy
(What God soe're it was) those harmless cates,
And cramb'd his guts with flesh, set ope the gates
To cruel Crimes. First, Slaughter without harm
(I must confess) to Piety, did warm
(Which might suffice) the rocking steel in blood
Of salvage beasts, which made our lives their food:
Though kill'd; not to be eaten. Sin now more
Audacious; the first sacrifice, the Boar
Was thought to merit death; who bladed corn
Up-rooting, left the husbandman forlorn.
Vine-browzing Goats at *Bacchus* altar slain,
Fed his revenge: in both, their guilt their bane.
You sheep, what ill did you? a gentle beast,
Whose udders swell with *Nectar*, born t'invest
Expos'd man with your soft wool: and are
Alive, then dead, more profitable far.
Or what the Ox? a creature without guile,
So innocent, so simple; born for toil.
He most ungrateful is, deserving ill
The gift of corn; that can un-yoke, then kill
His painful Hind, that neck with ax to wound
In service gall'd; that had the stubborn ground
So often till'd; so many crops brought in.
Yet not content therewith, t'ascribe the sin
To guiltless Gods: as if the Powers on high
In death of labor-bearing Oxen joy:
A spotless Sacrifice, fair to behold,
('Tis death to please) with ribbands trickt, and gold,
Stands at the altar, hearing prayers unknown!
And sees the meal upon his fore-head thrown,
Got by his toil: the knife smear'd in his gore,
By fortune in the Liver seen before.

The

The entrals, from the panting body rent,
Forth with they search, to know the Gods intent.
Whence springs so dire an appetite in man
To interdicted food? O Mortals, can,
Or dare you feed on flesh? henceforth forbear,
I you intreat, and to my words give ear;
When limbs of slaughtred Beeves become your meat;
Then think, and know, that you your servants eat.
Phœbus inspires; his Spirit we obey:
My *Delphos*, heaven it self, I will display;
The Oracle of that great Power unfold:
And sing what long lay hid; what none of old
Could apprehend. I long to walk among
The lofty stars: dull earth despis'd, I long
To back the clouds; to sit on *Atlas* crown:
And from that height on erring men look down
That reason want: those thus to animate
That fear to die; t' unfold the book of Fate.
O you, whom horrors of cold death affright;
Why fear you *Styx*, vain names, and endless Night;
The dreams of Poets, and feign'd miseries
Of forged Hell? Whether last flames surprize,
Or Age devour your bodies; they nor grieve,
Nor suffer pains. Our Souls for ever live:
Yet evermore their ancient houses leave
To live in new; which them, as Guests, receive.
In *Trojan* wars, I (I remember well)
Euphorbus was *Panthous* son; and fell
By *Menelaus* Lance: my shield again
At *Argos* late I saw, in *Juno*'s Fane
All altar, nothing finally decays:
Hither and thither still the Spirit strays;
Guest to all Bodies: out of beasts it flies
To men, from man to beasts; and never dies.
As pliant wax each new impression takes;
Fixt to no form, but still the old forsakes;
Yet it the same: so souls the same abide,
Though various figures their reception hide.
Then lest thy greedy belly should destroy
(I prophesie) depressed Piety,
Forbear t' expulse thy kindreds Ghosts with food,
By death procur'd, nor nourish blood with blood,
Since on so vast a Sea, my Sails unfurl'd,
And stretcht to rising winds; in all the World

There's

There's nothing permanent; all ebb and flow:
Each image form'd to wander to and fro.
Even time, with restless motion slides away
Like living streams: nor can swift Rivers stay,
Nor light-heel'd Hours. As billow billow drives,
Driven by the following; as the next arrives:
To chase the former: times so flie, pursue
At once each other; and are ever new:
What was before, is not; what was not, is:
All in a moment change from that to this.
See, how the Night on Light extends her shades:
See, how the Light the gloomy Night invades,
Nor such Heav'ns hue, when Midnight crowns repose,
As when bright *Lucifer* his taper shows:
Yet changing, when the Harbinger of Day
Th'enlightned World resigns to *Phœbus* sway.
His raised Shield, Earths shadow scarcely fled,
Looks ruddy; and low-sinking, looks as red,
Yet bright at Noon; because that purer skie
Doth far from Earth, and her contagion flie.
Nor can Night-wandring *Dian*'s wavering light
Be ever equal, or the same: this night
Less than the following, if her horns she fill:
If she contract her Cirtle, greater still.
Doth not the image of our age appear
In the successive quarters of the year?
The Spring-tide, tender-sucking infancy
Resembling: then the juiceful blade sprouts high:
Though tender, weak; yet hope to plow-men yields:
All things then flourish: flowers the gaudy fields
With colors paint: no virtue yet in leaves.
Then following Summer greater strength receives:
A lusty Youth: no age more strength affords,
More fruitful, or more burning in desires.
Maturer Autumn, heat of Youth allay'd
The sober mean 'twixt youth and age, more stay'd:
And temperate, in Summers wane repairs:
His reverent temples sprinkled with gray hairs.
Then comes old Winter, void of all delight,
With trembling steps; his head or bald or white:
So change our bodies without rest or stay,
What we were yesterday, nor what to day,
Shall be to morrow. Once alone of men
The seeds and hopes, the womb and mansion when

Kind

Kind Nature shew'd her cunning; not content
That our vext bodies should be longer pent
In mothers stretched intrails, forth with bare
Them from that prison, to the open air.
We strengthless lie, when first of light possest;
Straight creep upon all four, much like a Beast:
Then, staggering with weak nerves, stand by degrees,
And by som: stay support our feeble knees:
Now, lusty, swiftly run. Our Youth then past,
And those our milder times, we post in hast
To inevitable Age: this last devoures
The former, and demollisheth their powers.
Old *Milo* wept, when he his arms behold,
Which late the strongest beast in strength excel'd,
Big, as *Alcides* brawns, in flaggy hide,
Now hanging by slack sinews. *Helen* cry'd
When she beheld her wrinkles in her Glass;
And asks her self, why she twice ravisht was.
Still-eating Time, and thou O envious Age,
All ruinates: diminisht by the rage
Of your devouring teeth, All that have breath
Consume, and languish by a lingring death.
Nor can these Elements stand at a stay,
But by exchanging alter every day.
Th' eternal World four bodies comprehends,
Ingendring all. The heavy Earth descends
To Water, clog'd with weight: to light, aspire,
Depress by none, pure Air, and pure Fire.
And though they have their several seats; yet all
Of these are made, to these again they fall.
Resolved Earth to Waters rarifies,
To Air extenuated Waters rise,
The Air, when it it self, again refines,
To elemental Fire extracted, shines.
They in like order back again repair
The grosser Fire condenseth into Air:
Air, into Water: Water thickning, then
Grows solid, and converts to Earth again.
None holds his own: for Nature ever joys
In changes, and with new forms the old supplies.
In all the World not any perish quite,
But only alter habits, shapes, and sights.
For, to begin to be, what we before
Were not, is to be born: to die, not more

Then

Then ceasing to be such: although the frame
Be changeable, the substance is the same,
For nothing long continues in one molds.
You Ages, you to Silver grew from Gold;
To Brass from Silver; and to Iron from Brass.
Even places of such change of fortunes pass;
Where once was solid Land, Seas have I seen;
And solid Land, where once deep Seas have been.
Shells, far from Seas, like quarries in the ground;
And anchors have on mountain tops been found.
Torrents have made a valley of a plain;
High hills by deluges born to the Main.
Deep standing lakes suck'd dry by thirsty sand;
And on late thirsty earth now lakes do stand.
Here Nature, in her changes manifold,
Sends forth new fountains; there shuts up the old.
Streams, with impetuous earth-quake, heretofore
Have broken forth; or sunk, and run no more.
So *Lycus*, swallowed by the yawning Earth,
Takes in another world his second birth.
So *Erasinus*, now is hid, now yields
His rising waters to *Argolian* fields.
And *Mysus*, his first head and banks disclaim'd,
Else-where ascended, and is *Caicus* nam'd.
Cool *Amphrysus* watering *Sicily*,
Now fills his banks, now leaves his channel dry.
Men formerly drunk of *Anigrus* streams:
Not to be drunk (if any thing by dreams
The Poets tell) since *Centaurs* therein washe
Their wounds, by great *Alcides* arrow gasht.
So *Hypanis* deriv'd from *Scythian* hills,
Long sweet, with bitter streams his chanel fills.
Antissa, *Tyrus*, and *Egyptian Pharus*,
The floods imbrac'd; yet now no Ilands are:
Th' old Planter's new *Lucadia* Continent:
Which now the Sea hath from *Epirus* rent:
So *Zancle* once in *Italy* conjoin'd;
Till interposing waves their bounds disjoin'd.
If *Bura* and *Helice* (*Grecian* Towns)
You seek; behold, the Sea their glory drowns:
Whose buildings, and declined walls, below
Th' ambitious flood as yet the Sailers show.
An Hill by *Pittheus Troezen* mounts, uncrown'd,
With sylvan shades, which once was level ground.

For

For furious winds (a story to admire)
Pent in blind caverns, strugling to expire;
And vainly seeking to enjoy th' extent
Of freer air, the prison wanting vent;
Puffs up the hollow earth extended so,
As when with swelling breath we bladders blow.
The tumor of the place remained still,
In time grown solid, like a lofty hill.
To speak a little more of many things,
Both heard and known; New habits sundry Springs
Now give, now take. Horn'd *Hammons* at high Noon
Is cold; hot and Sun-rise, and setting Sun.
Wood, put in bubling *Asbestus* is fir'd,
The Moon then farthest from the Sun retir'd:
Ciconian streams congeal his guts to stone
That thereof drinks; and what therein is thrown.
Crathis, and *Cybaris* (from your mountains told)
Color the hair-like Amber, or pure Gold.
Some Fountains, of a more prodigious kind,
Not onely change the body, but the mind.
Who hath not heard of obscene *Salmacis*?
Of th' *Æthiopian* Lake? for who of this,
But onely tast, their wits no longer keep,
Or forth-with fall into a deadly sleep.
Who at *Critorius* Fountain thirst remove;
Loath wine, and abstinent, meer water love.
Whether it by antipathy expel
Desire of wine; or (as the Natives tell)
Melampus having with his herbs and charms,
Snatcht *Prætus* frantick daughters from the harms
Of entred Furies, their wits physick cast
Into this Springs infusing such distast.
With streams to these oppos'd, *Lyncestus* flows,
They reel, as drunk, who drink too much of those.
A Lake in fair *Arcadia* stands of old,
Call'd *Pheneus*; suspected, as two-fold:
Fear, and forbear, to drink thereof by night;
By night unwholsome, wholsom by day-light.
So other lakes and streams have other power.
Ortygia floated once, fixt at this hour:
Once *Argo* fear'd the justling *Cyanes*;
Which rooted now, resist both winds and Seas;
Nor *Ætna*, burning with imbowel'd fire,
Shall ever, or did always, flames expire.

For

For whether *Tellus* be an Animal,
Have lungs, and mouths that smoking fumes exhale;
Her organs alter, when her motions close
These yawning passages, and open those.
Or whether winds, in caves imprisoned, rage;
Justling the stones, and minerals which have
The seed of fire, inkindled with their rage;
Their furious flames the falling winds asswage.
Or if Bitumen do the fire provoke;
Or Sulphur burning with more subtil smoke:
When Earth that food and oily nourishment
With-draws, the matter by long feeding spent;
The hungry fire of sustenance bereft,
Ill-brooking famine, leaves by being left.
In *Hyperborean Pallene* live
A People, if to fame we credit give,
Who, diving three times thrice in *Tritons* lake,
Of Fowl the feathers and the figure take:
The like they say the *Scythian* Witches do
With Magick Oils: incredible, though true,
If we may trust to trial: see you not
Small creatures of corrupted flesh begot?
Bury your slaughtred Steer (a thing in use)
And his corrupted bowels will produce
Flow'r-sucking Bees; who, like their parent slain,
Love labor, fields, and toil in hope of gain.
Hornets from buried horses take their birth.
Break off the Crabs bent claws, and in the earth
Bury the rest; a Scorpion without fail
From thence will creep, and menace with his tail.
The Caterpillers, who their cob-webs weave
On tender leafs (as Hinds from proof receive)
Convert to pois'nous Butterflies in time.
Green Frogs, ingendred by the seed of slime,
First without feet, then legs assume; now strong
And apt to swim, their hinder-parts more long
Then are their former, fram'd to skip and jump.
The Bears deformed birth is but a lump
Of living flesh: when licked by the Old,
It takes a form agreeing with the mold.
Who sees the Young of honey-bearing Bees
In their hexangular inclosure, sees
Their bodies limb-less: these unformed things
In time put forth their feet, and after, wings.

The

The ſtar-imbelliſht Fowl, which *Juno* loves
Jowes Armor-bearer, *Cytherea's* Doves,
And birds of every kind; did we not know
Them hatcht of eggs, who would conjecture ſo?
Some think the pith of dead-men, Snakes becomes;
When their back-bones corrupt in hollow tombs.
Yet theſe from others do derive their birth.
One onely Fowl there is in all the Earth,
Call'd by th' *Aſſyrians* Phœnix, who the wane
Of age repairs, and ſows her ſelf again.
Nor feeds on grain nor herbs, but on the gum
Of Frankincenſe, and juicy Amomum.
Now, when her life five ages had fulfil'd;
A neſt her horned beak and talons build
Upon the crownet of a trembling Palm:
This ſtrew'd with Caſſia, Spickuard, precious Balm,
Bruis'd Cinamon, and Myrrh; thereon ſhe bends
Her body, and her age in Odors ends.
This beeeding Corps a little Phœnix bears:
Which is it ſelf to live as many years.
Grown ſtrong; that load now able to tranſfer,
Her cradle, and her parents ſepulcher,
Devoutly carries to *Hyperions* town:
And on his flamy Altar lays it down,
If theſe be wonderful, admire like ſtrange
Hyæna's, who their ſex ſo often change:
Thoſe foodleſs creatures, fed by air alone;
Who every color, which they touch, put on.
The Lynx, firſt brought from conquered *India*
By vine-bound *Bacchus*, his hot piſs, they ſay,
Congeals to ſtone. So Coral, which below
The Water is a limber weed, doth grow
Stone-hard, when toucht by air. But Day will end,
And *Phœbus* panting Steeds to Seas deſcend,
Before my ſcant Oration could purſue
All ſorts of ſhapes, that change their old for new.
For this we ſee in all is general,
Some Nations gather ſtrength, and others fall.
Troy, rich and powerful, which ſo proudly ſtood;
That could for ten years ſpend ſuch ſtreams of bloud;
For buildings, onely her old ruines ſhows;
For riches, tombs; which ſlaughtred Sires incloſe.
Sparta, *Mycenæ*, were of *Greece* the flowers;
So *Cecrop's* City, and *Amphyon's* towers:

Now

Now glorious *Sparta* lies upon the ground;
Lofty *Mycenæ* hardly to be found;
Of *Oedipus* his *Thebes* what now remains,
Or of *Pandion's Athens*, but their names?
Now fame reports that *Rome* by *Dardans* sons
Begins to rise, where yellow *Tyber* runs
From fountful *Apennines*; and there the great
Foundation of so huge a fabrick lear.
This therefore shall by changing propagate,
And give the World an Head. Of such a fate
The Prophets have divin'd. And this of old,
As I remember, *Priams Helen* told
To sad *Æneas*, of all hope forlorn,
In sinking *Troy's* eclipse. O Goddess born,
If our *Apollo* can presage at all;
Troy thou in safety, shalt not wholly fall.
Both fire and sword shall give thy virtue way:
Flying, with thee, thou *Ilium* shalt convey;
Until thou find a Land, as yet unknown,
To *Troy* and thee, more friendly than thy own.
A City built by *Phrygians* I foresee,
So great none ever was, is, or shall be.
Others shall make it great: but He, whose birth
Springs from *Iulus*, Sovereign of the Earth,
He, having rul'd the World, shall then ascend
Æthereal thrones, and heaven shall be his end.
This, I remember, with prophetick tongue,
Sage *Helen* to divine *Æneas* sung.
We joy to see our kindreds City grow;
The *Phrygians* happy in their over-throw.
But lest our heedless Steeds too far should range
From their proposed course; All suffer change:
The heavens themselves, what under them is found;
Earth, what thereon, or what is under ground.
We, of the World a part, since we as well
Have Souls as Bodies, which in beasts may dwell:
To those, which may our parents Souls invest,
Our brothers, dearest friends, or men at least:
Let us both safety, and respect afford:
Nor heap their bowels on *Thyestes* board.
How ill inur'd! to shed the blood of man,
How wickedly is he prepar'd, who can
Asunder cut the throat of Calves, and hears
The bellowing breeder with relentless ears.

Or

Or silly Kids, which like poor infants cry,
Stick with his knife! or his oracity
Feed with the fowl he fed! O to what ill
Are they not prone, who are so bent to kill!
Let Oxen till the ground and die with age:
Let sheep defend thee from the Winters rage:
Goats bring their udders to thy pail. Away
With nets, grins, snares, and arts that do betray:
Deceive not birds with lime, nor Deer inclose
With terrors, nor thy baits to fish expose.
The hurtful kill: yet onely kill: nor eat
Defiling flesh, but feed on fitter meat.
With other, and the like Philosophy
Instructed. *Numa*, now return'd, was by
Th' intreating *Latins* crown'd. Taught by his Bride
The Nymph *Ægeria*, by the Muses guide,
Religion institutes, a People rude
And prone to war, with Laws and Peace indu'd,
His reign and age resign'd to funerals:
Plebeians, *Roman* Dames, Patricians, all
For *Numa* mourn. His wife the City fled:
Hid in *Aricia*'s Vale, the ground her bed,
The woods her shroud, disturbs with groans and cries
Orestean, *Diana*'s sacrifice.
How oft the Nymphs who haunt that Grove and Lake
Reprov'd her tears, and words of comfort spake!
How oft the *Thesean* Hero, moderate
Thy sorrow, said! not onely is thy fate
To be deplor'd: on worse mis-fortunes look,
And you will yours with greater patience brook.
Would mine were no example to appease
So sad a grief: yet mine your grief may ease.
Perhaps y' have heard of one *Hippolytus*,
By Step-dames fraud, and fathers credulous
Belief bequeath'd to death. Admire you may
That I am he, if credit, what I say:
Whom *Phædra* formerly solicited,
But vainly, to defile my fathers bed.
Fearing detection, or in that refus'd,
She turns the crime, and me of hers accus'd.
My father, banishing the innocent,
Along with me his winged curses sent.
Toward *Pytthean Trœzen* me my chariot bore:
And driving now by the *Corinthian* shoar,

The

The smooth Seas swell; a monstrous billow rose,
Which, rouling like a mountan, greater grows,
Then, bellowing, at the top asunder rends:
When from the breach, breast-high, a Bull ascends:
Who at his dreadful mouth and nostrils spouts
Part of the Sea. Fear all my followers routs:
But my afflicted mind was all this while
Unterrify'd; intending my exile.
When the hot horses start, erect their ears:
With horror rapt, and chased by their fears,
O're ragged rocks the totter'd charriot drew:
In vain I strive their fury to subdue,
The bits all frothi with foam, with all my strength
Pull the stretcht reins, I lying at full length:
Nor had their heady fright my strength o're-gone,
Had not the fervent wheel, which rolls upon
The bearing Axletree, rusht on a stump;
Which brake, and fell asunder with that Jump:
Thrown from my chariot, in the reins fast-bound,
My guts drag'd out alive, my sinews woond
About the stump, my limbs in pieces hal'd;
Some stuck behind, some at the chariot trail'd;
My bones then breaking crackt, not any whole,
While I exhal'd my faint and weary Soul.
No part of all my part you could have found,
That might be known: for all was but one wound.
Now say, self-torred Nymph, or can, or dare
You your calamities with ours compare?
I also saw those Realms, to Day unknown:
And bath'd my wounds in smoking *Phlegeton*.
Had not *Apollo*'s Son imploy'd the aid
Of his great Art; I with the dead had stay'd.
But when by potent herbs, and *Paeons* skill,
I was restor'd, against stern *Pluto*'s will:
Lest I, if seen, might envy have procur'd:
Me, friendly *Cynthia* with a cloud immur'd:
And that, though seen, I might be hurt by none;
She added age, and left my face unknown.
Whether in *Delos*, doubting, or in *Creet*;
Rejecting *Creet* and *Delos* as unmeet,
She plac'd me here. Nor would I should retain
The memory of One by horses slain:
But said; hence-forward *Virbius* be thy name:
That wer't *Hippolytus*; though thou the same.

One

One of the leſſer Gods, here, in this Grove.
I *Cynthia* ſerve; preſerved by her love.
But others miſeries could not abate
Ægeria's ſorrows, nor prevent her fate.
Who, couched at the baſes of an hill,
Thaws into tears, that ſtream-like ran; until
Apollo's Siſter, pitying her woes,
Turn'd her t' a Spring; whoſe current ever flows.
The Nymphs and *Amazonian* this amaz'd,
No leſs then when the *Tyrrhen* Plough-man gaz'd
Upon the fatal clod, that mov'd alone:
And for an humane ſhape, exchang'd its one.
With infant lips, what was but earth of late,
Reveal'd the myſteries of future fate:
Whom Natives *Tages* call'd. He firſt of all
Th' *Hetrurians* taught to tell what would befal.
Or when aſtoniſht *Romulus* of old
Did, on mount *Palatine*, his Lance behold
To flouriſh with green leaves: the fixed foot
Stood not on Steel, but on a living root.
Which, now no weapon, ſpreading arms diſplay'd,
And gave admirers unexpected ſhade.
Or when as *Cippus* in the liquid graſs
Beheld his horns, which his belief ſurpaſs.
Who lifting oft his fingers to his Brow,
Felt what before he ſaw: nor longer now
Condemns his ſight. Return'd with victory,
His eyes and horns erecting to the ſky:
You Gods, what-e're theſe prodigies portend,
If proſperous, he ſaid, let them deſcend
On *Romans* and on *Rome*: but if they be
Unfortunate, O let them fall on me.
An Altar then of living turf erects,
The fire feeds with perfumes, pure wine injects,
And with the panting intrails of a beaſt
New ſlain, conſults, to know the Gods beheſt.
This, when the *Tyrrhen* Augur had beheld,
And ſaw therein endeavors that excel'd,
Although obſcure, he from the ſacrifice
To *Cippus* horns converts his ſteady eyes:
Hail King, to thee, and to thoſe horns of thine,
This place, and *Latian* towers, their rule reſign.
Delay not, enter thou the yielding gate.
Haſt, *Cippus*, haſt: ſuch is the Will of Fate.

Thou

Thou shalt be crown'd a King upon that day:
And safely on eternal Scepter sway.
He, starting back, from *Rome* diverts his face:
And said, you Gods, far hence this Omen chase.
Better that I in banishment grow old,
Then me, a King, the Capitol behold.
Hiding his horns with leavy ornaments,
The people and grave Senate he convents.
Then mounts a Mound, late by the Souldier made,
And praying first (as was the custom) said:
Unless expell'd your City, here is one
Will be your King; though not by name, yet known
By his strange horns. I heard the Augur say,
If once in *Rome*, you all should him obey.
He might, unhopt, have entred without fear:
But I with-stood; though none to me more near.
Be he, *Quirites*, into exile sent:
Or, if he merit such a punishment,
Bind him in heavy chains, and keep him sure:
Or with the Tyrant's death your fears secure.
The troubled people such a murmuring make;
As when fan-ill the roaring surges rake
On rattling shoars; or when loud *Eurus* breaks
Through rifted Pines: then one distinctly speaks
In this confusion, asking, Which is he?
All seeking for the horns they could not see,
Cippus reply'd; 'Tis I for whom you look.
Then from his head (with-held) his garland took;
And shew'd the horns which on his fore-head grew.
Not one but sigh'd, and down his count'nance threw:
And those clear brows (a thing beyond belief)
Adora'd with merit, they behold with grief.
Nor suffer him his honor to debase:
But on his head a Laurel Garland place.
And since he his own entrance did with-stand:
The Nobles, in due favor, so much Land
To *Cippus* gave, as well two Oxen might
Round with a Plough from morning until night.
The monumental figure of his horns,
So much admir'd, the golden Posts adorns.
Now Muses, Goddesses of Verse, relate
(You know, nor years your memory abate)
How *Æsculapius* in our City found
A Temple, by circumfluent *Tyber* bound.

A deadly

A deadly plague the *Lesion* air distil'd:
Souls from their seats the pale disease exil'd.
Wearied with funerals, when physick fail'd;
Nor any humane industry prevail'd;
They seek celestial aid. To *Delphos* sent,
Built in the round Earths navel, and present
Their prayers to *Phabus*; that he would descend
To their relief, and give their woes an end.
His Temple, Lawrel, and his Quiver, shake:
Who thus, they trembling, from his Tripod spake:
What here you seek, you nearer should have sought:
And seek it nearer yet. *Apollo* ought
Not now to cure you, but *Apollo's* Seed.
Go with success; and fetch my son with speed.
The Senate having heard this Oracle,
The City search, where *Phabus* Son should dwell:
The hoar of *Epidaure* the Legate seeks:
There anchoring, h' intreats th' assembled *Greeks*
To send their God: who might the *Ausonian* state
To health restore; and urg'd the charge of Fate.
They vary in opinion, some assent
To send this succour; many, not content
To lose their own in giving others aid,
Strive to retain him, and the rest dissuade.
While thus they doubt, the Day declin'd his Light:
And Earth-born shadows cloth'd the world in Night.
The Health-giving God, in sleep, appears to stand
As in his Fane; a staff in his left hand;
And stroking with his right his reverend beard;
From his hope-rendring brest these words were heard:
Fear not, I come; my shape I will forsake:
View, and mark well this staff-infolding Snake:
Such will I seem, yet shew of greater size;
So great as may a Deity comprize.
He with the Voice, with him and Voice away
Sleep flew: fled Sleep pursu'd by chearful Day.
The stars now vanquisht by the morning flame;
The doubtful Nobles to the Temple came,
Intreat him by celestial signs to shew
Whether he were content to stay or go.
This hardly said, the God in Serpents shroud,
His high crest gold-like glistering, hist aloud.
His Statue, Altar, Gates, the Marble floor,
And golden roof, shook at th' approaching Pow'r.

He,

He, in his Fane, breast-high his body rais'd;
Rolling about his eyes that flame-like blaz'd.
All tremble. The chast Priest, his tresses ty'd
With sacred fillet, knew the God, and cry'd,
'Tis he! 'tis he! all you that present are
Pray with your hearts and tongues: O heav'nly-Fair,
Propitious prove to these who thee implore!
All that were there the present Power adore!
Reiterating what the Priest had said:
With heart and tongue the *Romans* also pray'd,
He, by the motion of his lofty crest,
And doubled hisses, signs to their request.
Then sliding down the polisht stairs, his look
Reveres on his old altars; now forsook:
Salutes his shrine, and Temple deckt with towers;
Then creeping on the ground, strewd with fresh flowers,
Indenteth through the City; stopping where
The Harbor is defended by a Peer.
The following troops, and those whose zeals assist
In honouring him, with gentle looks dismist;
He climbs th' *Ausonian* ship: which felt the weight,
And sunk with bearing of so great a fraight.
The joyful *Romans* offering on the strand
A Bull to *Neptune*: anchor weigh, and land
Forsake with easie gales. Rais'd on his train,
He, leaning, looks upon the blue-wav'd-Main.
Through *Ionian* Seas by friendly *Zephyrm* born,
They fell with *Italy* on the sixth morn.
Lacinian Juno's Fane, *Scyllæan* shoars,
Japygia past, they shun with nimble oars
Amphrysian rocks; *Ceraunian*, whether cleft;
Romechium, *Caulon*, and *Narycia* left:
Sicilian Straits o're-come, and wrackful Seas;
Sail by the mansion of *Hyppodates*:
By *Temesa*, in metals fruitful; by
Leucosia, and the *Pæstan* Rosary.
Near *Capree*, and *Minerva*'s Fore-land row,
Surrentine hills, where wines so generous grow;
Heraclea, *Stabiæ*, *Naples* born to ease,
Cumæan Sybils Temple: next to these,
Hot Baths; *Linternum*, sweet with Mastick flow'r,
Vulturnus, who his sandy channel scours,
Sinnessa, swarming with white Snakes, ill-ayr'd,
Minturnæ, and where piety prepar'd

His

His Nurſe a tomb: forth-with the manſion make
Of fell *Antiphrates*; and the Lake,
Beſieged *Trachas*: thence directly bore
To *Circe*'s Ile, and *Antium*'s ſolid ſhore.
The Sea now ſwelling high, this harbor holds
The Sail-wing'd ſhip. The God his wreaths unfolds;
And, with huge doublings, o'r the yellow ſand
Slides to his father's Temple on that ſtrand:
Rough waves aſſwag'd the *Epidaurian* Gueſt
His fathers Altar leaves; to Seaward preſt,
Slicing the ſandy ſhore with ruſtling ſcales:
And, by her ſtern the ſhip aſcending, ſails:
Till he to *Caſtrum*, to *Lavina*'s name.
Retaining Seat, and mouth of *Tyber* came.
All hither throng; ſons, daughters, mothers, ſires;
The Nuns who keep the *Phrygian Veſta*'s fires.
With lowd ſalutes of joy. On either ſide
The River, as the Veſſel ſtems the tide,
Altars, with incenſe fed, the air perfume:
And knives from Sacrifices heat aſſume.
Rome entring, the Worlds Head, He winds about
The lofty Maſt; and from on high thruſts out
His glittering head, to chuſe a fitting place.
The arms of *Tyber* do an Iſle embrace,
With equal ſtream from either bank divides;
Thither *Apollo*'s ſacred Serpent ſlides,
Who now cœleſtial ſhape aſſuming, ends
Their miſeries, and health to all extends.
He here, a forreign Power, makes his aboad.
In his own City *Cæſar* is a God.
Glorious in Peace and War: whom wars ſurceaſe
With triumphs crown'd, his government in peace.
Nor race of wonder with ſuch quickneſs run;
More make a blazing Star, then his great Son.
For of all *Cæſars* acts, none may compare
With his adopting ſo divine an Heir.
For, was it more t'o'r-come the *Britiſh* Iſle;
Fill the ſeven mouthes of paper-baring *Nile*
With conquering ſails? *Numidian* rebelling,
Cinyphian Juba, *Pontus* proudly ſwelling
In *Mithridates* to ſubject to *Rome*?
Meriting many, to triumph for ſome?
Then him beget, in whoſe dominion
The Gods ſo abundantly have favour'd man?
To the other they a Deity decreed?

That this might not from mortal birth proceed.
Which when fair *Venus* saw; and saw withal,
Conspiring weapons threat the High-Priests fall;
Her color fled: to every God she met,
She said, behold, what snares for me are set!
To murder me in him how Treason strives;
Who onely of *Iulus* race survives!
Still must I undeserv'd afflictions bear!
How lately wounded by *Tydides* spear!
Now ill-defended *Troy* again is lost:
My son *Æneas*, with long terrors tost
On wrathful Seas, I saw descend to Hell!
Then war with *Turnus*; or, the truth to tell,
With *Juno* rather. How remember I
Old harms sustain'd in my posterity!
I, through this fear, all former fears forget.
Lo, they their wicked swords against me whet:
O help! restrain their furies! nor, for shame,
With th' High-Priests bloud extinguish *Vesta*'s flame.
Thus through all heav'n, her sorrows vainly speak;
And melt the Gods: who since they could not break
The ancient Sister adamantine doom
By sure Ostents demonstrate Woes to come.
Arms, clashing in the air with clouds o're-cast:
Terrible Trumpets, and the Cornet's blast,
Proclaim the murder: *Sols* afflicted look,
And pale eclipse, the World with terror strook.
Oft, Meteors through the air their flames extend:
Oft, drops of bloud from purple clouds descend.
Black rust obscures dim *Lucifers* aspect:
And *Cynthia*'s chariot bloudy stains infect.
The *Stygian* Owl each where disturbs their sleep
With ominous screeches: Ivory Statues weep.
The sacred Groves resound with yelling cries,
And fearful menaces. No sacrifice
The Gods appease: the headless inwards show
Signs of succeeding Tumults, Death, and Wo.
Dogs nightly, in the Court, about the Gods,
And holy Temples howl. From sad abodes
The Dead arise, and wander here and there:
Rome trembling, both with Earthquakes, and with fear.
These Warnings of the Gods no changes wrought
In Fate, or Treason. Murd'rous swords were brought
Into the Temple: for no place might sort
With such a Slaughter, but the sacred Court.

Then

Then *Venus* ſmote her breaſt: who ſought to ſhroud,
And ſnatch him thence in that Æthereal cloud,
Which *Paris* from *Atrides* rage convey'd:
And freed *Æneas* from *Tydides* blade.
Daughter, ſaid *Jove*, canſt thou reſiſt the doom
Of conquering Fates? Into their manſion come:
There ſhalt thou ſee Decrees that needs muſt paſs,
Writ in huge folds of ſolid ſteel and braſs,
Which ſafe, eternal, ever fixed there;
My thunder, lightnings rage, nor ruine fear.
In laſting Adamant there mayſt thou read,
What ſhall to thy great Progeny ſucceed.
I read, remember well, and will relate
What may inform thee in ſucceeding fate.
He, whom thou ſtriv'ſt to ſave, his Race hath run
Of Time and Glory: whom thou, and his Son
Shall make in heav'n a God; on Earth, with pray'r
The Temples dignify'd. His names great Heir
Alone his load ſhall bear; and ſtrongly ſhall
By our conduct revenge his Fathers fall.
By his good fortune *Mutina* ſhall ow
To him her peace: *Pharſalian* fields ſhall flow
With bloud; bloud twice *Philippi* ſhall imbrue:
On red *Sicilian* Seas he ſhall ſubdue
A mighty name. Th' *Ægyptian* Spouſe ſhall fall.
Ill truſting to her *Roman* General:
To make our ſtately *Capitol* obey
Her proud *Canopus*, ſhall in vain aſſay.
What need I of thoſe barbarous people tell,
And Nations, which by either Ocean dwell?
He ſhall the habitable Earth command;
And ſtretch his Empire over Sea and Land.
Peace giv'n to Earth; he ſhall convert his care
To civil Rule, juſt Laws; and by his fair
Example virtue guide. Then looking to
The future times, and Nephews to enſue:
A Son ſhall bleſs him from an holy womb,
To him he ſhall reſign his name, and room.
Nor ſhall, till full of age, aſcend th' abodes
Of heav'nly Dwellers, and his kindred Gods.
Mean-while from this ſlain corps his Soul convey
Unto the ſtars, and give it a clear Ray:
That *Julus* may with friendly influence
Shine on our Capitol and Court from thence.
This ſaid: inviſible fair *Venus* ſtood

Amid the Senate; from his cops, with bloud
Defil'd, her *Cæsar* new-fled spirit bare
To heaven, nor suffer'd to resolve to air.
And, as in her soft bosom born, she might
Perceive it take a Power, and gather light.
When once let loose, It forth-with up-ward flew?
And after it long blazing tresses drew.
The radiant Star his Sons great acts beheld;
Out-shining his: and joy'd to be exceld.
Though he would have his Fathers deeds preferd
Before his own: yet free-tongu'd Fame deter'd
By no commandment, yields th'avoided Bayes
To his clear brows; and but in this gain-sayes:
So *Atreus* yields to *Agamemnons* fame;
Ægeus so to *Theseus*: *Peleus* name
Stoops to *Achilles*. That I may confer
Th'illustrious to their equals, *Jupiter*
So *Saturn* tops. *Jove* rules the arched sky,
And triple world; the Earths vast Monarchy
T' *Augustus* bowes: both Fathers, and both sway.
You Gods, *Æneas* guides, who made your way
Through fire and sword; you Gods of men become;
Quirinus, Father of triumphant *Rome*;
Thou *Mars*, invincible *Quirinus* Sire,
Chast *Vesta*, with thy ever-burning fire,
Among Great *Cæsars* Houshold-Gods inshrin'd;
Domestick *Phœbus*, with his *Vesta* joyn'd;
Thou *Jove* whom in *Tarpeian* towers we adore;
And You, all You, whom Poets may emplore:
Slow be that day, and after I am dead,
Wherein *Augustus*, of the world the Head.
Leaving the Earth, shall unto heaven repair;
And favour those that seek to him by prayer.

And now the work is ended, which, *Jove*'s rage,
Nor fire, nor Sword shall raze, nor eating Age.
Come when it will my deaths uncertain hower;
Which of this body onely hath a power:
Yet shall my better part transcend the skie;
And my immortal name shall never dye,
For where-so-ere the *Roman* Eagles spred
Their conquering wings, I shall of all be read:
And, if we Poets true presages give,
I, in my Fame eternally shall live.

FINIS.

THis Book, together with the Commentary and Pictures, and Notes in the *Margin*, with the first Book of *Virgil's Æneis*, is printed in a large Volume, and to be sold by *Abel Roper* at the Sun in *Fleetstreet*.

THE TABLE.

The first number signifieth the Book, the second the Verse, the figures whereof are printed in the Margin, which refer to every fifth line in the *Metamorphosis* in *Latin*.

A

ABas *transform'd to a Newt*, *lib.* 5. *vers.* 427.
Actæon, *lib.* 3. *verse* 139, 190, 229.
Achelous *his contention with* Hercules, *lib.* 9. *vers.* 5.
Achilles, *lib* 12. *v.* 80, 580, 617. *l.* 13. *v.* 165, 162, 285, 440.
Acis *to a stream*, *l.* 13. *v.* 751.
Adonis, *l.* 10. *v.* 503, 524, 710.
Ægeria *into a fountain*, *l.* 15. *verse* 463, 547.
Æneas, *l.* 13. *v.* 625. *l.* 14. *v.* 104, 530, 581.
Æsacus *son of* Priam, *a Cormorant*, *l.* 11. *v.* 750. *The poetical reason of his frequent diving*, 785.
Æscalaphus, *l.* 5. *v.* 538.
Æsculapius, *l.* 2. *v.* 630, 643. *l.* 15. *v.* 534, 625.
Æsons *age renew'd*, *l.* 7. *v.* 158.
Ætna, *l.* 5. *v.* 352. *l.* 15. *v.* 340.
Ages, *l.* 1. *v.* 89.
Aglauras, *l.* 2. *v.* 728, 821.
Ajax *and* Ulysses, *l.* 13. *v.* 1. *His acts*, ibid.
Alba, *the line of the* Albanian *Kings*, *l.* 14. *v.* 604.
Ambracia, *l.* 13. *v.* 714.
Andromeda, *l.* 4. *v.* 665.
Anius, *l.* 13. *v.* 632.
Ants *chang'd to Men*, *lib.* 7. *verse* 625.
Apollo, *l.* 1. *v.* 441, 452, 517. *l.* 2. *v.* 542, 681. *l.* 4. *verse* 193, 204. *l.* 5. *verse* 329. *l.* 6. *verse* 123.
Apulus *a Tree*, *l.* 14. *verse* 515.
Arachne, *l.* 6. *v.* 136.
Ardea *a Town*, *into a Bird*, *l.* 14. *v.* 575.
Arethusa, *l.* 5. *v.* 487.
Argonautes, *l.* 7. *v.* 1.
Argus, *l.* 1. *v.* 614.
Ariane, *l.* 8. *v.* 176.
Arne, *a Chough*, *l.* 7. *v.* 469.
Atalanta *and* Hippomenes, *l.* 10. *v.* 560.
Atalanta *of* Tegea *lov'd by* Meleager, *l.* 8. *v.* 318.
Atlas, *l.* 4. *v.* 631. *supporting the Heavens*, *v.* 663. *l.* 9. *v.* 274.
Augustus Cæsar, *l.* 15. *verse* 446, 815.

B

BAcchus *born*, *l.* 3. *v.* 310. *His Nurses age renewed*. *l.* 7. *v.* 296.
Battus, *l.* 2. *v.* 689.
Byblis *and* Caunus, *l.* 9. *v.* 435.

C

CAcus, *lib.*9. *v.* 198.
Cadmus *and* Harmione, l.4. *v.*464.
Cæsars *triumph, death and translation to the Gods, lib.* 15. *v.*745, *&c.*
Cæneus, *l.*8. *v.* 306. *l.* 12. *v.* 171,480.
Caliſto, *l.*2.*v.*401. *To a Bear, v.* 478.
Callirrhoes, *l.*9. *v.*413.
Calydonian *Boar, lib.* 8. *v.* 271.
Canens *the wife of* Picus, *into air, l.*14. *v.*416.
Caſtor *and* Pollux, *lib.*8. *v.* 301,374.
Centaures *and* Lapithites, *l.* 12. *v.*210.
Cephalus *and* Procris, *lib.*7. *v.*692,845.
Cercopians *turn'd to Apes for their perjury, l.*14. *verſe* 90.
Cerambus, *l.*7. *v.*355.
Cerberus, *lib.* 4. *v.*450. *lib.* 7. *verſe* 410. *lib.* 9. *verſe* 185.
Ceres, *lib.* 5. *verſe* 341, 438, 643. *lib.* 6. *verſe* 119. *lib.* 8. *verſe* 785, 802. *lib.* 10. *v.*431.
Ceyx *and* Halcyone, *lib.* 11. *v.*271,411.
Chamæleon, *l.*15. *v.*410.
Chaos, *l.* 1. *v.* 5.
Charybdis, *l.*7. *v.*65. *lib.* 13. *v.* 731.
Chione, *lib.* 11. *verſe* 302, 320.
Cippus, *l.*15. *v.*565.
Circe, *lib.* 13. *verſe* 969. *lib.* 14. *verſe* 8, 25, 255, 346, 273.
Clowns *of* Lycia *become Frogs, l.*6. *v.* 318.
Clytie *an Heliotrope, l.* 4. *v.* 256.
Combe, *l.*7. *v.*385.
Coral, *lib.*4. *v.*740. *The poetical reaſon of hardning of it, l.*15. *v.*415.
Coronis, *l.*2. *v.*542.
Crocus *and* Smilax, *lib.*4. *v.* 284.
Crow *once a maid, lib.* 2. *v.* 547.
Cupid, *lib.*1. *verſe* 453, 455, 469. *lib.*5. *v.* 365, 379.
Cyane *l.*5. *v.*411,425.
Cygnus *King of* Liguria, *lib.* 2. *v.* 368.
Cyparisſus, *lov'd of* Apollo, *chang'd into a Cypreſs-tree, why that tree us'd at funerals, lib.* 10. *v.*106.

D

DÆdalion, *lib.* 11. *verſe* 292.
Dædalus, *lib.* 8. *verſe* 159, 184.
Danae, *l.*4. *v.*611,697. *l.* 6. *v.*113.
Daphne *and* Apollo, *l.* 1. *v.* 451,549.
Daphnis *a ſtone, lib.*4. *verſe* 276.
Deianira, *l.*9. *v.*158.
Deluge, *l.*1. *v.*281.
Dercetis, *l.*4. *v.*45.
Deucalion, *l.*1. *v.*163.
Diana, *l.*3. *v.*863. *l.*5. *v.*330. *l.*8. *v.*270.

Dido,

Dido, *lib.* 14. *verse* 75.
Diomedes, *his Travels after the ſack of* Troy, *l.* 14. *v.* 457. *His ſouldiers chang'd to fowl.* ibid.
Diomedes *of* Thrace, *lib.* 9. *v.* 194.
Dog *of* Cephalus, *lib.* 7. *v.* 755.
Dragon *ready to devour the head of* Orpheus *turn'd ſtone*, *lib.* 11. *v.* 56.
Dryades, *l.* 3. *v.* 443. *l.* 8. *v.* 753.
Dryope, *l.* 9. *v.* 327.

E

Echinades, *lib.* 8. *v.* 578.
Echo, *lib.* 3. *verſe* 350. *Chang'd to a Voice*, *v.* 394.
Elements *interchange*, *lib.* 15. *v.* 238.
Eriſichthon, *lib.* 8. *v.* 746, 831.
Euripylus, *l.* 7. *v.* 365.
Europa *and* Jupiter, *l.* 2. *v.* 834.
Eyes *the Conduits of Love*, *l.* 3. *v.* 440. *l.* 14. *v.* 373.

F

Fame, *lib.* 9. *v.* 138. *l.* 12. *v.* 39.
Famin's *habitation and habit*, *l.* 8. *v.* 791.
Fate *above the power of the Gods*, *l.* 9. *v.* 430. *l.* 15. *v.* 780, 807.
Fear, *l.* 5. *v.* 626.
Feaſt *of* Ceres, *lib.* 10. *verſe* 431. *Of* Pallas, *l.* 11. *verſe* 712.
Fountains, *l.* 3. *v.* 407. *l.* 15. *v.* 309. *l.* 4. *v.* 285.
Furies, *lib.* 4. *verſe* 452, 480. *Fury*, *v.* 497, 502. *l.* 5. *v.* 80. *l.* 11. *v.* 29.

G

Galanthis *chang'd to a Weeſil*, *l.* 9. *v.* 307.
Ganimede, *l.* 10. *v.* 155.
Giants *war with the Gods*, *l.* 1. *v.* 152.
Glaucus, *lib.* 13. *verſe* 950. Glaucus *and* Scylla, *verſe* 601.
Golden *age*, *l.* 1. *v.* 89. *l.* 15. *v.* 96.
Golden *Fleece*, *lib.* 6. *v.* 721. *l.* 7. *v.* 156.

H

Hector, *l.* 12. *v.* 75. *l.* 13. *v.* 81. *Drag'd of* Achilles, *l.* 12. *v.* 591.
Hecuba, *lib.* 13. *v.* 406, 485, 569.
Helena, *lib.* 12. *v.* 5. *l.* 13. *v.* 200. *l.* 15. *v.* 232.
Hell, *l.* 4. *v.* 432. Hell *Torments*, ibid.
Hercules, *lib.* 9. *verſe* 5, 101, 161, 182. *Is deified*, *v.* 240. *lib.* 11. *v.* 213, 216. *lib.* 15. *v.* 12.
Hippolytus, *l.* 15. *v.* 497.
Hippomenes *and* Atalanta, *l.* 10. *v.* 560.
Hyacinthus, *l.* 10. *v.* 163. *l.* 13. *v.* 396.
Hydra, *l.* 9. *v.* 68, 192.
Hymen's *Rites*, *lib.* 4. *verſe* 759.

Hymn to Bacchus, *lib.* 4. *v.* 11.
Hyrie *dissolv'd to a Lake*, *l.* 7. *v.* 373.

I

Jasons *Expedition for the Golden Fleece*, *l.* 7. *v.* 1.
Jason *and* Medea, *lib.* 7. *verse* 5.
Icarus, *l.* 8. *v.* 196, 223.
Ilythia, *lib.* 9. *verse* 284, 285.
Ino *and* Melicertes, *lib.* 4. *v.* 479. *Transfated to Sea-Gods*, *v.* 525. *Their Attendants to Statues and Sea-fowls*, *v.* 544.
Io, *lib.* 1. *v.* 585.
Iolaus, *twice a youth*, *lib.* 8. *v.* 400.
Iphigenia, *l.* 11. *v.* 28.
Iphis *chang'd to a Boy*, *lib.* 9. *v.* 669. Iphis *and* Anaxerete, *l.* 14. *v.* 700.
Ityс, *l.* 6. *v.* 621.

L

Lamedon *founder of* Troy, *lib.* 11. *v.* 197.
Lapithites *and* Centaures, *l.* 12, *v.* 210.
Latinus, *l.* 14. *v.* 449.
Leucothoe, *lib.* 4. *verse* 120, 250.
Lincus, *l.* 5. *v.* 649.
Lucifer *the morning star*, *lib.* 11. *v.* 814, 296.
Lycaons *cruel inhospitality*, *l.* 1. *v.* 165, 232.
Lycas, *l.* 9. *v.* 155. *Congeals to stone*, *v.* 212.

M

Mars *and* Venus, *lib.* 4. *v.* 169.
Medea, *lib.* 7. *v.* 8, 208, 192, 199, *&c.* 398.
Medea *and* Neptune, *lib.* 6. *v.* 119.
Medusa, *l.* 4. *v.* 617, 769, 740, *v.* 793.
Meleager, *l.* 8. *v.* 270.
Memnon, *lib.* 13. *verse* 577, 605.
Menephron, *liber.* 7. *verse* 388.
Menthe *a Nymph chang'd to the herb Mint*, *lib.* 10. *verse* 728.
Men *sprung from stones*, *lib.* 1. *verse* 398. *From Dragons teeth*, *lib.* 3. *verse* 101. *lib.* 7. *verse* 121. *From Mushroms*, *lib.* 7. *verse* 394. *From Ants*, *lib.* 7. *verse* 624.
Mercury, *l.* 7. *v.* 670.
Mercury *and* Jupiter, *entertain'd by* Baucis *and* Philemon, *l.* 8. *v.* 632.
Metra *exchangeth shapes*, *l.* 8. *v.* 745, 854.
Midas, *l.* 11. *v.* 94, 102, 110, 150.
Milky *way*. *l.* 1. *v.* 168.
Mineides, *l.* 4. *v.* 389.
Moly, *l.* 14. *v.* 291.
Moon, *l.* 15. *v.* 196.
Muses, *and their abodes*, *lib.* 5, *v.* 250, 288.
Mycilus *founder of* Crotona, *l.* 15. *v.* 19.
Myrmidons, *l.* 7. *v.* 625.
Myrtha, *l.* 10. *v.* 300, 490.

N

NAis, *lib.*4. *verse* 49.
Narciſſus *and* Eccho, *l.* 3. *v.* 340. *In love with his own beauty*, v. 415. *Transform'd to a flower*, v. 504.
Nemeſis, *l.* 3. *v.* 406. *l.* 14. *v.* 696, 752.
Neptune, *l.* 1. *v.* 275, *lib.* 2. *v.* 573. *lib.* 4. *v.* 793. *l ib.* 6. *verſe* 70, 115. *lib.* 11. *verſe* 195.
Neſſus *ſlain by* Hercules, *l.* 9. *v.* 101.
Night, *lib.* 8. *v.* 81. *lib.* 15. *v.* 651.
Nilus, *lib.* 1. *v.* 422. *lib.* 2. *v.* 254.
Niobe, *l.* 6. *v.* 146, 303.
Niſus, *l.* 8. *v.* 8.
Numa, *l.* 15. *v.* 1, 480.
Nyctimene, *l.* 2. *v.* 590.
Nymphs *of the water*, *lib.* 2. *v.* 238.

O

OCyrhoe *transform'd to a Mare*, *l.* 2. *v.* 636.
Olenus *and* Lethæa, *lib.* 10. *v.* 68.
Orions *Daughters ſacrificed for the* Thebans, *lib.* 13. *v.* 686.
Orpheus *deſcends to Hell, cauſeth a ceſſation of Torments there by his muſick*, *lib.* 10. *v.* 12. *Attracteth trees*, v. 90. *His ſong*, v. 146 *Torn to pieces by the* Thracian Bacchides, *l.* 11. *v.* 1.
Oſyris, *l.* 9. *v.* 694.

P

PAllas, *l.* 2. *v.* 753. *l.* 6. *v.* 1, 27, 70, 77.
Pan, *l.* 1. *v.* 689. *l.* 11. *v.* 151, 638.
Parents *curſes ſeldom vain*, *l.* 15. *v.* 505.
Paris *the father of* Corytus, *lib.* 7. *v.* 363. *His rape of* Helen, *l.* 12. *v.* 5. *l.* 13. *v.* 200.
Parliament *of the Gods*, *l.* 1. *v.* 167.
Parnaſſus, *l.* 1. *v.* 316.
Paſiphae, *lib.* 8. *v.* 136. *l.* 9. *v.* 738.
Patroclus, *l.* 13. *v.* 274.
Pegaſus, *l.* 4. *v.* 787. *l.* 6. *v.* 119.
Peleus. *l.* 7. *v.* 479. *l.* 11. *v.* 218, 270, 410.
Pelops, *l.* 6. *v.* 405.
Penelope, *l.* 14. *v.* 673.
Pentheus, *lib.* 3. *v.* 511. *His Oration in contempt of* Bacchus, *v.* 531. *Torn in pieces by his mother*, v. 709.
Perdix *chang'd to a Partridg*, *l.* 8. *v.* 236.
Periclymenes, *lib.* 12. *verſe* 543.
Perimele, *l.* 8. *v.* 591.
Peſtilence *deſcribed*, *l.* 7. *v.* 520. *l.* 15. *v.* 627.
Phaeton, *l.* 1. *v.* 838.
Philemon *and* Baucis, *lib.* 8. *v.* 632.
Phœnix, *lib.* 15. *verſe* 393, 405.
Picus *chang'd to a Bird*, *lib.* 14. *verſe* 346. *His ſervants to Beaſts*, v. 397.

Pierides

Pierides *and the Muses*, *l.* 5. *v.*294. *Chang'd to Pies*, *l.* 5. *v.*662.
Pigmalion, *lib.* 10. *v.* 244. *Amorously wooes a Statue*, *v.*250.
Pluto *and* Proserpine, *l.*5.*v.* 365, 402.
Polydectes, *l.*5. *v.*242.
Polyphemus *and* Galatea, *l.*13. *v.*740.
Priamus, *lib.* 13. *verse* 405, 410.
Priapus, *l.*14. *v.*640.
Prœtus, *l.*5. *v.*238.
Progne *and* Tereus, *l.* 6. *v.* 422. Progne *a Swallow*, *v.* 670.
Prometheus, *l.*2. *v.* 364.
Propœtides *turn'd to Statues for their prostitution*, *l.* 10. *v.* 239.
Proteus, *lib.* 2. *verse* 9. *lib.*8. *verse* 736. *lib.* 11. *verse* 222, 250.
Proserpine, *l.*5. *v.*385.
Punishments *in Hell*, *lib.* 4. *v.*457.
Pyramus *and* Thisbe, *lib.*4. *v.*55.
Pyreneus, *l.*5. *v.*269.
Pythagoras *his Oration and dehortation from eating of flesh*, *l.*15. *v.*75. *He*, Euphorbius *in the* Trojan *war*, v.160.
Python, *l.*1. *v.*438.

R

RAin-bow, *lib.* 6. *verse* 63.
Rape *of* Proserpine, *l.*5. *v.* 385.
Raven, *why black*, *lib.* 2. *v.* 534,632. *Sacred to* Apollo, *v.* 540.
Rome, *by whom built*, *lib.*15. *v.*431.
Romulus *and* Remus, *l.* 14. *v.*774. *Deified by the name of* Quirinus, *v.* 808. *His spear flouriseth*, *lib.* 15. *v.* 559.

S.

SAcrifices *to* Jupiter, Minerva, *and* Mercury, *lib.* 4. *v.*753. *To* Pallas, *l.*12. *v.* 150. *To Devils*, *l.*7. *v.*241.
Sailers *chang'd to Dolphins*, *l.*3. *v.*582. *In a storm at Sea*, *l.* 11. *v.* 465. *Their observations of the Stars*, *l.*3. *v.*594.
Salmacis *and* Hermaphroditus, *l.*4. v.285.
Saturn, *lib.*6. *v.*126. *l.*9. *v.* 499.
Scylla *daughter of* Nisus, *l.*8. *v.*18. *Chang'd to a Lark*, *v.*147.
Scylla *daughter of* Phorcus, *l.*14. *v.* 60,73.
Seyron, *l.*7. *v.*445.
Scython, *l.*4. *v.*279.
Seasons *of the year*, *l.*1. *v.*116. *l.*2. *v.*27. *l.*15. *v.*200.
Self-love, *l.*3. *v.* 416.
Semele, *l.*3. *v.*260.
Semiramis, *l.*4. *v.*48.
Serpents *spring from* Medusa's *bloud*, *l.*4. *v.*617.
Sirens, *lib.*5. *v.*551. *l.* 14. *v.* 87.
Sisyphus, *l.*4. *v.*46.
Sinope *described*, *l.*11. *v.*593.

Smilax *and* Crocus, *lib.*4. *v.* 284.
Spheres *motion*, *l.*2. *v.* 70.
Stones *chang'd from black to white*, *l.* 15. *v.* 41.
Syrinx, *l.*1. *v.*689.

T

TAges *the* Thuſcan *Sooth-ſayer ſprung from a clod*, *l.*15. *v.*555.
Tantalus, *l.*4. *v.*459.
Tears *of Fauns, Nymphs, &c. to a Fountain*, *l.*6. *v.* 393.
Telamon, *l.*7. *v.*479.
Tempeſt *at Sea deſcribed*, *l.* 11. *v.* 456.
Therſites, *l.*13. *v.*231.
Theſeus, *l.*7. *v.*405, 436.
Thetis *changeth ſhapes*, *l.*11. *v.* 218.
Thyeſtes, *l.*15. *v.*462.
Tiberius, *l.*15. *v.*836.
Tireſias *changeth ſex*, *lib.* 3. *v.*316. *Struck blind*, *verſe* 335.
A Prophet, v. 336.
Trees, *l.*10. *v.* 95, 225.
The Tyrrhen *Pirats*, *lib.*3. *v.* 582.

V

VEnus *and* Adonis, *lib.*10. *v.* 524, 539.
Venus *and* Mars, *l.*4. *v.*169.
Vertumnus *varying ſhapes*, *l.* 14. *v.*641.
Ulyſſes *his Travels*, *lib.*14. *v.* 158. *His Mates transform'd to Swine*, *v.* 276. *And again recover their ſhapes*, *v.* 300.
Vulcans *Net*, *lib.*4. *v.*176.

W

WEaving, *lib.* 6. *v.* 19, 45. Witchcraft, *l.*7. *v.* 367. *lib.*8. *v.*452. *lib.*9. *v.*298. *lib.*15. *v.*360.
Wolf *deſtroying the Herd of* Peleus *chang'd to Marble*, *l.*11. *v.*354.
World *created*, *lib.* 1. *v.*21. *Drowned*, *v.*263. *To periſh by fire*, *v.*255.
Writing *in Tables us'd of old*, *l.*9. *v.*423.

Y

YOuth *renewed*, *l.*7. *v.*165, 237, 278, 281, *&c. l.* 9. *v.*400.

Z

ZEtes *and* Calais, *l.* 6. *v.* 712.
Zodiack, *l.*2. *v.*80, 130.
Zones, *l.*1. *v.*45.

FINIS.

LEt this Eook, with the Figures in the Margin referring to every fifth line in the *Metamorphoſis* in Latin, be printed, according to the refined Copy, which came forth with the Commentary and Pictures.

SA. BAKER.

May 6. 1638.